

THE
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ART I.—THE EDUCATIONAL WRONGS OF THE
MIDDLE CLASSES.

THE greatest, if severest, critic of English education, says of the Englishman: 'He abhors simplicity, and therefore his governments do not often give it to him.' The true Briton might urge in self-defence that he is essentially simple, that he does one thing at a time, that he asks one thing at a time from his government. But in the widest and deepest sense the stricture is undeniably just. With a quick eye for what is immediately necessary, the Englishman does not care to exhaust a political problem, or to work out a social question to its logical consequences. He does not demand the simplicity of principle, of principle wrought into detail, and expressing itself in symmetry of organisation: he is indifferent, if not averse to completeness or consistency.

No better illustration of this national feature can be found than the history of education in Britain. The great doctrine that the education of a nation is essentially a concern of the State has only been forced by degrees upon the English mind. Accepted shortly after the French Revolution by the great nations of Europe, it was long rejected in Britain; nor can we say that it has even yet been fully recognised in this country. It has first established itself in the sphere of elementary education, and vast progress has been made since the time, not so far remote, when small grants were doled out to elementary schools as a sort of poor relief. English education is not yet altogether

emancipated from the ominous patronage and control of the Charity Commission; but for elementary education we need have no fears: it is provided for on a scale of liberality at least equal to that of any other nation. Here, however, the inconsistency of the national genius comes in. We shut our eyes to the fact that a system of education made for the benefit of one class at the expense of all classes of the community gives to all classes a claim for something in return for their contributions.

The greatest sufferers by this one-sided policy are the middle classes. They along with the higher classes contribute the greater part of the cost of national education; but in return they receive no public support for their own education. The result, is that the provision for middle-class education, both in England and Scotland, is the most meagre, irregularly distributed, and unsatisfactory to be found in any great European state. Their claim to such assistance is not so much seriously denied; it is only generally ignored, or now and then derided by the Philistine democrat. But it must ere long be fully considered, and it may be worth while to enquire at some length on what grounds it is based. We need not at present show the disastrous effects of this inconsistency upon the quality of secondary education. We shall confine ourselves to demonstrating the absolute injustice of the exclusion of the middle classes from the benefit of State aid to their own schools. Great Britain as a whole suffers from this injustice, but we will only take the case of Scotland, giving some illustrations drawn from the south-west district, in the full assurance that those who have a similar local knowledge of other districts will be able to draw the same conclusions from like premises.

If we consider the public school system of Scotland as managed by the School Boards, we find that the total cost of the education given in these schools during the year 1880 was £668,774. About a fourth of this sum (£187,445), is contributed by the parents of scholars in the shape of fees. A further sum of £7,275 is paid by Parochial Boards on behalf of scholars whose parents are unable to pay fees. On the other hand the local rates supply £205,011, and the government grants amount to £253,727. From these two sources therefore public funds

contribute £458,738, or two-thirds of the total cost of the education of children whose parents are able to pay school fees. From whose pockets are these funds derived? The School Board of Glasgow received from the rating authorities for the year 1880-81, the sum of £43,861. It is estimated that as much of this sum is raised from houses above £12 rental as from those below that limit; but a large portion of the rate is levied upon other than household property, owned as a general rule by classes who do not send their children to the elementary schools. In rural parishes a much larger part of the rate falls upon landed proprietors and farmers who are not availing themselves of the public schools.* The incidence of imperial taxes may be somewhat more favourable to the wealthy class. But on the whole it may be safely asserted that throughout Scotland ratepayers who are deriving no benefit from the public schools contribute from a half to two-thirds of the total cost of their maintenance.

At the same time there is a marked deficiency, in some cases, a total absence of public secondary education which the middle classes require; and where such schools do exist, the means of their support are lamentably defective. The whole revenue from public sources enjoyed by Secondary Schools in Scotland is estimated at £3,400 a year. This is the *quid pro quo* which the upper classes receive for a contribution of, say, £300,000 to elementary education.

The deficiency of Secondary Schools is most conspicuous in the south-west of Scotland. Until lately there was no public higher school in Greenock, a town with a population of 60,000. The School Board of that town have lately assumed the management of a Secondary School; but they have no

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authority to support it by public funds, its organization is still in embryo, and its success is a matter of experiment. In Kilmarnock, with 25,000 inhabitants, there is no Secondary School, and pupils travel daily by rail to attend schools in the county town. In other towns similar deficiencies exist, and although efforts have been made to supply them by establishing higher departments in elementary schools, the results have been very unsatisfactory. Moreover, where Secondary Schools do exist, they are very poorly endowed; and even where managers are well-meaning and teachers able, the staff of the school is unduly small, often underpaid, and generally exposed to violent financial fluctuations, most injurious to the stability and success of a school. Thus the Ayr Academy receives no public assistance beyond £100 a year from the common good of the Burgh; but it probably suffers less than most schools, as it draws fees from a large and wealthy community. The Royal Academy in Irvine is a good example of the difficulties under which a poorly endowed school labours, and at the same time of the spirited efforts made by private persons to overcome these disadvantages. Since the re-organization of this school under the present able and accomplished rector, the annual expenditure upon the school has been about £1200 a year. The fees, which are as high as can be reasonably expected, supply from £750 to £850 of this amount; the common good of the Burgh contributes only £115; and the deficiency, amounting one year to £335, has been met by private subscriptions from gentlemen who form a guarantee committee. Now it says much for the public spirit of these gentlemen, that they have been willing to make a handsome subscription for the education not only of their own children, but for that of children whose parents do not subscribe to this fund. But such a sacrifice is too much to expect,—too good to last.* Accordingly about two years ago, in order to reduce the expenditure to the

* Since the above was written, the course of events has fully justified these apprehensions. The rector has removed to another school, the guarantee fund has been withdrawn, and the school has been left to shift for itself.

level of the income, a sweeping reduction of the teaching staff was made. This was found, however, to interfere so much with the efficiency of the school, that the staff was shortly after restored to something like the old footing. Now it seems clear that if fees are as high as can be paid, and that a further sum amounting to about a third of the whole expenditure, is required to maintain a school in efficiency, the middle class ratepayers have a right to demand this moderate return for the much larger contribution which they make to elementary education. In Dumfries the total expenditure upon the Academy is about £1850, of which the town funds supply the very small fraction of £140 per annum, although there are also funds to the amount of £170 providing free education for a number of scholars. The fees range from £6 to £10 a-year, which does not seem unreasonably high. But a reduction of fees is apparently demanded; there are no public funds to draw upon, and a few months ago the problem was solved by sweeping reductions of the chief teachers' salaries, varying from 15 to 45 per cent. The salary of the rector is now £330. Professor Blackie sighs for the day when the rector of the high school in a provincial town will have a position and income equal to those of the sheriff. If the degradation of our higher schools goes on, it will soon be difficult to find a man of culture and ability to accept a post in them. The only public Secondary School in the south-west of Scotland that has a fair endowment is the Kirkcudbright Academy. The total expenditure of this school is about £600 per annum, and the town funds supply nearly £200 a-year, while there are also funds for free education and school prizes. It is characteristic of the utterly disorganised state of our secondary education, that the smallest Secondary School in the district we are considering should have twice the endowment of the largest.

But the most striking phase of the present inconsistent and unfair distribution of public funds is to be found in the development which the public elementary schools have taken in certain populous places. In Glasgow and other towns a demand for public schools a grade higher than the elementary has sprung up, and has been supplied by the School Boards. In these

schools drawing and scientific subjects not included in the Code are taught, and the elementary science and foreign languages recognised by the Code are carried to a much greater length than the Code contemplates. These schools are therefore used by a class who want much more than elementary education, and who are able and willing to pay a fee considerably higher than ninepence a-week, which is the limit in any school receiving a government grant. But the schools cannot be maintained without the government grant, and therefore they are called elementary; while the government insists that, to bring them under this designation, the School Boards shall not allow parents to pay more than ninepence a-week, however willing they may be to do so. This has happened in Glasgow, Kilmarnock, and Stranraer. Surely the government which does not contribute a sixpence to the cost of secondary education, and yet forces back the money of these parents into their pockets, is unconsciously propagating the doctrines of Socialism.

The net result of this arrangement is that all classes up to a certain point, including many who are able and willing to pay for what they want, have the greater part of the cost of their education defrayed by the State, while beyond this point are the middle classes, who, broadly speaking, receive nothing. Thus a foreman in a mill with a wage of £3 a-week gets for his children an education in elementary and more advanced subjects largely at the expense of the public: while a poor clergyman with £200 a-year gets no public assistance for the more expensive education which his children require; in fact, if he lives in a provincial town, he may be unable to get this education on any terms, although willing at a sacrifice to pay the whole cost of it. Certain parliamentary patrons of Scottish education appear to think that the only problem pressing for solution is how to provide higher education for the poor scholar in country schools, at a cost to the country, if need be, of £20 or £30 a-head. Before sanctioning such a lavish expenditure, let us hope that the heavily-taxed middle classes will remind their representatives that justice comes before generosity, and urge their own prior and much more important claims. The position

of the middle classes in Britain as contributing largely to the support of a national system of schools, and at the same time deriving no benefit from it, is unparalleled in Europe. It might well justify a financial revolt: let us hope that it will lead to a more constitutional policy, to a general and decided demand for a redress of this grievance, and for a reasonable and systematic support of secondary education from public funds, such as will place the middle classes of this country on an equal footing in the international race with other and more favoured nations. *

We have only to look to the leading continental States to see how this problem is solved in a thoroughly just and statesmanlike manner. Taking Germany, we find that in the year 1864 the economically managed and highly efficient system of Secondary Schools in Prussia cost about £387,000. Of this sum the scholars' fees contributed £178,958, rather less than the half, and the national and municipal funds £139,665, or fully a third, the remainder being made up from school endowments or private benefactions. We have not thought it necessary to quote general statistics of a later date than Mr. Arnold's Report, as the general features of the German school system remain the same. But we may select a single case of a later date as a specimen. The *Jahresbericht über das Schulwesen der Stadt Dresden*, for 1878, informs us that the cost of education in the four great public Secondary Schools in Dresden (one of which is an excellent high school for girls) amounted to £18,656.

*It need hardly be said that the injustice of the present situation would be greatly aggravated by the introduction of free elementary education, if such a step can be imagined in this country at the present time. Free education would no doubt simplify some of the problems with which School Boards have to deal; and if the educational system of a country includes schools for all classes, the advantages derived by all classes would obviate any objection on the score of injustice. But the advocates of free education in Britain forget that in the United States, and all other countries where there is free education, the public system includes schools for all classes; while in this country their policy would involve additional injustice to the middle classes, who are already sufficiently burdened.

The scholars' fees supplied £10,630 of this sum, and the town funds gave a supplement of £7960, or about two-fifths of the total cost. Thus the municipality gives a reasonable return to the middle classes for the educational taxes which they pay. But in doing so, it does not neglect the more urgent claims of the elementary schools. On the contrary, it pays as much as four-fifths of their cost, which is very much the same proportion as the elementary schools of Glasgow receive from the rates and the government grant. Again, in the German city, the total grant by the municipality to the elementary schools amounts to £39,650, and that made to the higher schools to £7690—or about a fifth of the grant to the elementary. The middle classes thus receive less than they contribute, and the working classes much more: but by this just and rational scheme the wealthier tax-payer is reasonably satisfied, while the duty of the rich to the poor is amply discharged. Best of all, the educational wants of both classes are fully supplied.

In France secondary education is maintained on exactly the same principles. We quote the following figures from the magnificent report which M. Bardoux prepared for the French government in 1878. It is not at once obvious how much the public funds in France contribute for purely educational purposes in connection with Secondary Schools. All the French public Secondary Schools, (*i.e.*, the *Lycées* and *Colléges Communaux*) are boarding establishments, as well as day schools. Now in 1876 the total receipts of the *Lycées* amounted to 24,028,867 fr., and the net contribution from the public funds (exclusive of bursaries) was only 4,150,000 fr., or apparently about a sixth of the whole. But it must be remembered that the expense of boarding, except in the case of bursars, is not one to which the State can be expected to contribute: on the contrary it makes a profit, though a slight one, from the boarding charges. We must compare the fees and the public grants and calculate thus: In the *Lycées* there are 18,956 day scholars, who pay 2,655,578 fr. in school fees: there are 18,026 boarders, whose fees (not stated separately from the boarding charges) would amount on the same scale to 2,500,000 fr. We have thus 5,155,578 fr. paid in school fees; while the public

contribution (from the State, the Department and the Communes) amounts to 4,150,000 fr. Making allowance for bursaries the public funds in France accordingly pay somewhat less than half the cost of secondary education in the *Lycées*. The expenses of the *Collèges Communaux* are defrayed on nearly the same principles.

A similar state of things is found in Austria, Switzerland, Holland, and in fact in all countries where there is a sufficient supply of secondary education with proper guarantees for its efficiency. The universal experience of these countries is that the natural demand for higher schools cannot be satisfied without invoking to a considerable extent the aid of State funds, and none of their governments, whether aristocratic or democratic, hesitate to sanction the necessary demands.

We have thus far considered the claim of the middle classes to a fair share of public support for their schools as a plea for justice. We have insisted that the State which maintains various grades of schools up to, but stopping short at the Secondary Schools of the middle classes, should take the further step, required alike by logic and justice, of giving these schools a reasonable measure of support. We would now point out some of the advantages which would be secured to secondary education and to the middle classes by such a support and control of their schools.

It is in the first place the only sure means of providing the necessary supply of higher schools for the country at large. We have seen how incomplete the supply of Secondary Schools at present is, with the result that some large towns have no Secondary Schools, while small towns have, and that a small Secondary School may have double the endowment of a large one. This is not picturesque variety—it is utter confusion. A proper contribution to secondary education in proportion to the population of the larger towns would secure a uniform supply of secondary, as of elementary schools. The public grants should no doubt in part be derived from local rates: but the area of rating for Secondary Schools should be extended from the burgh or parish to the county or division of a county, so that the larger towns should not bear the whole expense of

providing such education for the surrounding district. This difficulty might also be solved, as it is in Germany, by charging somewhat higher fees for children whose parents are not taxpayers within the area of rating.

With a change in the system of rating schools also come a change of management. The present School Boards are not fit managers of Secondary Schools. Many of their members have had no secondary education themselves, and few of them have any idea of the complicated organization and working of a Secondary School. They are chosen for the comparatively easy task of supervising elementary education; and in a good many cases they simply represent the cause of economy. But the scheme of elementary education is so fully laid down in the code, and the government inspector is so uncompromising an advocate of efficiency, that the School Boards are not likely to go far wrong. In the sphere of secondary education the case is altogether different. The Boards have no programme of studies to guide them, no public authority to control or advise them, and no competent acquaintance with the work which they supervise. Their management of Secondary Schools is therefore unskilled, and, as a rule, unsympathetic. They are elected mainly by the working classes, who think only of their own education, and regard expenditure on secondary education as a luxury to be cut down to the lowest limit. The Boards, in short, don't know what is wanted; if they did, they don't know how to provide it; and even if they knew, they have not the necessary freedom or authority. It would be a very simple thing to devise a much fitter governing body, consisting say of two or three representatives from Town Councils, one from the Commissioners of Supply, the sheriff resident in the division of the county, a professional and eminent educationist, and a government assessor.

Some public inspection of higher schools would probably accompany these changes, as a much needed guarantee of efficiency. There is at present in most cases an annual inspection of higher schools under School Board management. But it is conducted by inspectors appointed from year to year by the School Boards themselves. These inspectors have no

public authority, no common standard of examination, and, in many cases, little previous experience in such work. Their reports, therefore, cannot have much value for purposes of comparison. Moreover, being appointed and paid by the particular School Board, and perhaps desiring to be re-appointed, they have not the independence necessary for giving a perfectly candid and discriminating report. Finally, as their reports are not usually made public, the individual parent has no means of judging of the school; and if, in the case of an unfavourable report, the School Board acquiesce in the inefficiency of the school, there is no remedy at hand. A judicious system of public inspection would remove these drawbacks. It would require, of course, to be much more elastic and much less minute than that applied to elementary schools, but it could easily be devised so as to help and stimulate secondary education.

The proper organisation and support of our higher schools would also make education cheaper. The fees at present charged in High Schools in the provinces in Scotland are not very heavy, rarely exceeding £10 per annum; but in many of these cases this apparent cheapness is purchased by an undue curtailment of the staff, and an insufficient subdivision of the work. In larger towns the fees are greater: in the schools recently established by the 'Girls' Public School Company' in England, they rise as high as £25 per annum. These fees may be moderate compared with the exorbitant charges of many boarding schools; but they are much higher than the corresponding fees in France and Germany. The maximum fees in the *Lycées* and *Colléges Communaux* of France vary in different parts of the country from £5 to £10 per annum. In the German *Gymnasien* they are from £3 to £6, while the highest fee in the 'Girls' High School' in Dresden is £6 per annum. It must also be remembered that in France and Germany these fees procure an education not of doubtful, but of guaranteed efficiency.

Much might be said of the great loss which the middle classes sustain by the very inadequate provision of education suited to their wants. Their commercial and political influence

are alike threatened by the present state of things. In commerce, the growing keenness of international competition is aggravated by the want of technical and scientific knowledge, which too often marks the small capitalist in this country. In politics, the power tends more and more to originate with the toiling masses, and to be entrusted to the hands of a few pre-eminent men, without the controlling check which should be supplied by the influence of an educated middle class. The middle classes of this country are not getting the same advantages that are enjoyed by the corresponding classes in other countries. As Mr. Matthew Arnold says, in France 160,000 children of the middle classes are getting the best education which our century can afford in schools, whose efficiency is guaranteed by the State. In England, with a population of about equal numbers, there are not more than 30,000 receiving an education with any equivalent guarantee for its efficiency. In other words, the French and the German middle classes are being educated on the first educational plane, the English on the second. At the same time the working classes in this country are now, as a whole, receiving an education which is of guaranteed efficiency: they are taking advantage of it, and will tread fast on the heels of the middle class.

The middle class for the satisfaction of their wants have only themselves to look to. The working classes are provided for, and naturally do not concern themselves about those above them: nay, through the present School Boards they wield an influence which is positively unfavourable to middle class education and to the measures necessary for its support. As little may they look for help from the aristocracy and the wealthy classes, who can afford to pay an exorbitant price for education as a luxury. The upper classes prefer to have schools of their own, to subordinate educational to social distinctions, and thus to isolate themselves from the middle classes, in whose education they take no interest. They therefore do not countenance a movement for a national system of higher education. As the acute critic whom we have repeatedly quoted, points out, the aristocracy is naturally indifferent or even hostile to the general educational progress of the middle classes, into whose

hands more political and social influence would be placed by a higher culture. The aristocracy do not want 'to create competitors for their own children.' They welcome, no doubt, to their own ranks the few individuals who get what the present ill-organised system of education can give them, and who struggle through from obscurity to eminence by commercial success. But where one remarkable man succeeds, twenty average men are defrauded of educational development and the career which it opens. 'The individual is filled, and the public is sent empty away.'

The middle class, however, do not need the patronage of any other section of the community, in order to secure a culture suitable to their social position: they have the power to get what they want, if they determine to use it. Hitherto they have not combined for this purpose, they have not expressed their wishes, they have not urged them upon their political representatives and leaders. And so successive governments pay very little attention to their wants. As our critic exclaimed some years ago: 'Twenty-three articles in the Liberal programme, and middle class education is not one of them!' But this class will evidently not be content to remain much longer the milch-cow of the educational system. They will insist on having the rights as well as the burdens of citizenship. Their interest in the reputed problems of the day, such as county franchise or disestablishment, is after all a very small or even a sentimental one. But it is a vital question for them whether their children shall receive a full and suitable culture, and the training necessary to maintain their social position. Let them give their political representatives a respite from disputed and unprofitable topics: and let them in season and out of season urge this all-important subject on their notice: and before long their just claims will be admitted, and their wants supplied.

ART. II.—EMERSON'S SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY.

‘OUR expense is almost all for conformity . . . it is for cake that we run into debt.’ These remarks of Emerson—quaint in their simplicity—strike hard at the root of certain evils in the present which threaten to develop into terrible dangers for the future. They lay bare the principle underlying certain false modes of life which can only exist by the oppression of many individuals, and which tend to the disintegration of society. Yet they were uttered by one who appreciated as fully as any man could, the true value of custom; for Emerson was ever ready to acknowledge that the majority of social traditions, foolish and dead though they may now be, have lived and had their origin in some real need. He himself says that

‘Fashion, though in a strange way, represents all manly virtue. It is virtue gone to seed.’

and elsewhere—

‘Fashion is funded talent.’

‘There is always a best way of doing everything, if it be to boil an egg. Manners are the happy ways of doing things; each one a stroke of genius or of love,—now repeated and hardened into usage

‘Genius invents fine manners, which the baron and baroness copy very fast, and by the advantage of a palace, better the instruction.’

And he tells us, speaking of the difficulties which every man would find in ordering his own life if he had to decide each particular of it himself.

‘Help comes in the custom of the country . . . I know not how to build or to plant. . . . Never fear; it is all settled how it should be, long beforehand, in the custom of the country.’

Of genius itself he observes—

‘Every master has found his materials collected, and his power lay in his sympathy with his people, and in his love of the materials he wrought in. What an economy of power! and what a compensation for the shortness of life! all is done to his hand. The world has brought him thus far on his way. The human race has gone out before him, sunk the hills, filled

the hollows, and bridged the rivers. Men, nations, poets, artisans, women, all have worked for him, and he enters into their labours. Choose any other thing, out of the line of tendency, out of the national feeling and history, and he would have all to do for himself; his powers would be expended in the first preparations.'

It is evident that Emerson was no mere enemy of 'custom,' or the existing order of things. He desired to disturb nothing that did not stand in the way of something better. He even teaches us that where fashion is no hindrance to us we may use it as a help. His denunciations of the social weakness which he designated as 'conformity,' have therefore the more weight as coming from one who did not love change and eccentricity for their own sake, but who perceived, in his serene wisdom, that virtue can hardly be attained by the majority without a manly independence of life; that a sacrifice must be made, whenever facts require it, of the form to the spirit; and that, if a man wishes to reach excellence in anything, he must be prepared to abandon the non-essentials of existence for the sake of the essentials.

If we look into almost any modern book, whether of history, of travel, of biography, or of romance, we see how wide-spread is the evil against which he spoke so strongly. From the savage who sallies out of his rude shelter to slaughter beasts little more savage than himself, to the European who lives refinedly and studies the wisdom of all ages, the folly extends.

The ryot of the Deccan, who is contented to spend sixpence a week on his own requirements, is nevertheless weighted by money embarrassments as heavily as any younger son who is a slave to the requirements of a hereditary luxury. For the frugal Hindoo, whose food and clothing are of the simplest, spends his life struggling to pay off, with extortionate interest, his father's marriage debts; and he hands down to his descendants a similar burden, incurred probably for the sake of paying the cost of his daughter's wedding. He will ask, Mr. Wedderburn tells us, for a year's wages in advance for this purpose; and rather than forego the useless expenditure which is customary on such an occasion, he would kill his daughter in infancy, and so save his household from the disgrace of an unceremonial marriage.

This conduct seems to us strange enough; whole lives are ren-

dered hard and anxious in order to achieve a result which is in itself nothing—an illusion—a fallacy—a mere *compliance* or conformity with what has been done before on a similar occasion. Perhaps there was once a reason for such an arrangement, now at least there is none; there are, on the contrary, many reasons against it; nevertheless, the thing must be done; the dead old form must continue to stifle human lives.

But although we look at the Hindoo with wonder, we may see the same thing near home. The Oxford student hampers his future career for the sake of having cigars and wine like other men, even if he does not care for them himself. The young wife encourages her husband to buy furniture which is not essential to the comfort of either, simply because her friends have such things 'as a matter of course,' and the young couple start life under real difficulties in order to supply themselves with apparent luxuries.

And so it goes on through all the ranks and ranges of society, until we find among the customs of 'respectable' people something very like robbery. There has come to be actually a certain conscientiousness in adherence to fashionable vices, not unlike that which sustains the Hindoo in his self-inflicted miseries, and encourages the savage in his immoral habits. We are not ashamed of procuring luxuries without paying for them, but rather of going without such luxuries when we cannot afford them. If we are detected in acts of personal self-denial, which are simply our duty and not works of supererogation—we blush guiltily; but we ask boldly for sympathy when we find it impossible to meet the cost of our self-indulgence. That 'trade is bad' is a sufficient excuse for paying sixpence in the pound of our debts and calling ourselves martyrs; it is no reason for diminishing our establishment and retrenching our expenditure. Our individual life is to us no sacred thing for which we are responsible; it is no more than a block round which to hang customs and fashions as we find them. We desire the utmost legal freedom and immunity from public burdens; but it is only that we may embarrass ourselves the more thoroughly with the trammels of sacred habits. No tax for the general good costs us so much as our subservience to senseless fashions; yet we

cry out piteously under the burden of our necessary contributions to the commonwealth, and great rulers, hearing us, grow as timid as the shopkeepers who are afraid of offending their best customers by pressing for payment of their account; governments follow the example of individuals, thrusting the responsibilities of their conduct on the shoulders of their descendants, and mortgaging the unrealized future for the realizable present.

Emerson tells us that, 'Poverty demoralizes.' It is not, however, poverty absolute which demoralizes so much as poverty comparative; especially that contraction of habits of expense without regard to means of outlay which is so common in society. The most dangerous of all is the poverty of character which cannot give dignity to personal life without the aid of extraneous circumstances, and which is obliged to sell all its possibilities of usefulness, all its freedom of action, all its larger aims, in order to satisfy the petty demands of extraneous custom. Few of us dare to retain our own freedom in the face of our neighbours' opinions; and yet, had we but courage to put it to the proof, we should find that the world will give us the position which we choose to take, and will respect and judge us accordingly. We do not purchase its indulgence by an easy subservience to its decrees; rather do we secure its life-long tyranny. 'What forests of laurel we bring,' Emerson reminds us, 'and the tears of mankind, to those who stood firm against the opinion of their contemporaries! The measure of a master is his success in bringing all men round to his opinion twenty years later.'

Happily, the nobler part of our nature requires few extraneous means for its satisfaction. It is the folly and not the wisdom of mankind that costs so much. We are almost tired of hearing that if we would win happiness in another world, we must deny ourselves in this; but it is not sufficiently received among the theoretical bases of our life that in this world itself it is necessary to choose between the sorts of good which we shall strive to attain, and to deny ourselves in one direction if we would satisfy ourselves in another. We lead our boys and girls to suppose, from the quality of the advice, and the nature of the

education which we give them, that they may gratify their nobler ambitions and their love of personal comfort at the same moment, merely by the wise choice of a career. Yet we know, as St. Paul reminded the Christians of Corinth so long ago, that a man who strives after special success must not be hampered and encumbered by the necessity of satisfying a multiplicity of personal desires; he 'keeps a curb upon himself in all things,' as it is rendered in the recently-published translation of Dr. Dewes. He must act like a traveller on a difficult journey of discovery, who, in the choice of his luggage, selects that which will further his purpose rather than that which will minister to his comfort by the way. He knows that if he cannot travel without luxuries, he had better make up his mind to stay at home. And so we should acknowledge in our instructions, and give full weight in our counsels to the fact, that if we cultivate habits of self-indulgence in trifles, we shall probably be obliged ultimately to sacrifice our preferences in greater things. If, on the other hand, we preserve a noble economy in our pleasures, we accumulate a moral capital for which we shall certainly in the future find a fitting investment. 'A man in debt is,' Emerson tells us, 'so far a slave,' though he be but in debt to his own acquired habits; for these demand continual satisfaction, and are the most difficult of all creditors to get rid of. Such a man is sold to his own foolish past,—a self-imposed master from whom he cannot escape. The history of Lydgate in *Middlemarch* repeats itself continually in social life. Many a one begins, as he did, with the finest intentions, who is soon as hopelessly embarrassed by concessions to the habits of a narrow-minded class. Society witnesses hundreds of such tragic wrecks of fair possibilities on the shoals of its inflexible customs; noble ambitions are yielded to the necessity of keeping a parlour maid; philosophy must give place to the laws of the cookery book; and brave men put their freedom in pawn—as did the *Middlemarch* surgeon—for the sake of a correct dinner service.

Emerson tells us, however, not only that our housekeeping should cease to cripple us; he dares also to say that it should be made to raise and inspire us. 'I ought to be armed by every part and function of my household, by all my social function, by my

economy, by my feasting, by my voting, by my traffic.' Surely this is a 'hard saying.' It is comparatively easy for a man to pour all his virtue into one channel, and to make up by excess of effort in a given direction for his failure and defect in another. But it is so difficult to attain to Emerson's ideal, and to be inspired instead of crippled by the commoner functions of life, that men have in all times endeavoured to escape from these, as a preliminary to their entrance upon higher ambitions. Some have donned the garb of a brotherhood to escape from the bondage of fashionable clothes; others have retired into monasteries to avoid the expense and interference of an ordinary household. Again, most of us find it so difficult to work nobly for wages that we seek to escape from this necessity and to reach a standpoint whence we may bestow our labour gratuitously on the world, and so avoid ~~the~~ its criticisms and its temptations.

Even this ambition is not of the noblest; for no man should make it his chief device to reach a position which *must* be an exceptional one; his aim should rather be to live satisfactorily in positions open to all. To be upright in the tangled relationships forced on us by the common give and take of unprivileged social struggle is a very much finer thing than to be upright from a vantage ground of unnatural—because it is necessarily exceptional—independence. Faraday was a greater man in refusing to make a fortune, than many a one who has made a fortune and devoted it all to benevolent purposes. It is in the struggle of conflicting interests, it is amid the perplexities of conflicting duties, surrounded by the ambiguities of labour and barter, that a manly virtue has its highest test. If we can do good to the world by and not only *while* earning our daily bread, although we have nothing left to spare for gifts, we are performing a better part in the economy of nature than the millionaire who has made a fortune 'anyhow,' and founded hospitals by the dozen. We must be wholly helpful, pure, and, as far as possible, self-dependent, in all we do; so that the course of our commonplace actions may be a purifying, invigorating, wealth-making current, (however small,) in the social body to which we belong. The difference between a truly healthy career and some charitable lives is like that between a fine tree which affords shelter, offers fruit, shadows a stream,

and leaves the air sweeter than it found it near its own home, and a smoke-vomiting and evil-smelling manufactory, which pollutes the atmosphere, blackens the skies, destroys vegetation, and, possibly, having made a wilderness around it, sends gifts of wealth to some distant place.

Emerson teaches us to stand by the duties that are nearest to us. Even those who hold most firmly that the world is given up to the spirit of evil believe that it originally belonged to the spirit of good: Emerson bids us not therefore to abandon the kingdom to the enemy, but rather to remain in the breaches and assist in its re-conquest. Let the Devil—so he seems to say to us—find himself nowhere in complete possession. Let him meet his opponents in the street and the drawing-room, as well as in the pulpit and library; let no part or function of human life be wholly yielded to him; let him find champions ready to challenge his laws in the household, in the shop, on the exchange, in places of amusement, and in the seats of government. Let it no longer be possible for men to plead the universal customs of business as their justification when goods do not prove equal to sample, and advertised contracts are left altogether unfulfilled. In every office and station of life let there be found those who give the lie to all false statements: and then the cowards, who creep under rotten inventions, seeking their own degraded interest therein—‘rats’ behind the arras of accredited iniquity—will not fail to find here and there a social Hamlet ready to strike hard with the dagger of truth. Such is the spirit of the teaching of Emerson, and, though it is not given to many of us to ‘plant the standard of humanity some furlongs forward into chaos’—as he finely says of Shakespeare—we can at least hoist it over those spots in the world which it is appointed unto us to hold; we need not wait for a holiday in order to take it and fix it somewhere in the open: nor must we long for the shelter of ‘independence,’ or the support of universal approbation. We must fight from our door-steps if necessary, and turn our ploughshares into swords, our tools into weapons, in the service of truth. There is nothing useful, nothing common, nothing necessary, of which we may wash our hands clean and leave it to the management of the lovers of evil; there is nothing pleasant, nothing

beautiful, nothing kindly, which we can afford to do without and leave as a help or a handle to those who are the enemies of truth. Our most trifling habits should speak as clearly as a written book in the interests of actuality. 'Veracity first of all and for ever; Rien de beau que le vrai.' They should fit our lives as well-made clothes fit our bodies, and should express our thoughts and purposes as these do our movements and limbs. We should not be content to wear the cast-off mental garments of some one else, nor to secure those ready-made spiritual costumes which can be bought at any street corner. If economy is necessary somewhere, let it go in the direction of superfluous trimmings; for tawdry finery of ceremonial hung about cheap and worthless lives, is as obnoxious to the best taste, as flimsy decoration upon poor and vulgar dresses. Our chief expenditure should be on the side of our serious ambitions, our limitations and retrenchments on that of our trivial preferences. Emerson says—

'We should be rich to great purposes; poor only for selfish ones. . . . Profligacy consists not in spending years of time or chests of money, but in spending them off the line of your career. . . . Nothing is beneath you, if it is in the direction of your life; nothing is great or desirable, if it is off from that. . . . It is a large stride to independence when a man, in the discovery of his proper talent, has sunk the necessity for false expenses. As the betrothed maiden, by one secure affection, is relieved from a system of slaveries—the daily inculcated necessity of pleasing all—so the man who has found what he can do, can spend on that, and leave all other spending.'

The majority of us act on quite another system. We spend, first, to be like others, and then to surpass them. Thus our ambitions are purely comparative, and we never even approach their satisfaction. The whole of society becomes more extravagant and unthrifty, that each individual may outshine the other; and meanwhile each individual keeps the same relationship to his neighbours, and so gains nothing in the general advance;—but the community is a step nearer ruin. The behaviour of society is like that of a crowd at a show, in which every man stands up in order to see over his neighbours' heads; whereas if every man sat down, all would see just as well.

The thrifty and thoughtful are heavily taxed by the thriftless and thoughtless in this matter. It is the bankrupt who raises the wages of servants beyond their value, who runs up the prices of goods to cover the losses caused by bad debts, so that we pay dearly for articles which half-starved workers have produced cheaply enough; it is he who, by his wasteful expenditure, makes life costly for the honest and careful, who originates, in every department of life, habits of extravagance against which the prudent must with difficulty contend. He finds encouragement to reckless expenditure in the general belief that the mere using up of material which has been produced with difficulty, must contribute to the common prosperity. Such a theory is exemplified in the proverb that it is good for the glazier when a pane of glass is broken. Yet expenditure, which is merely destruction, and which is altogether unconsidered and unbeneficial, cannot for long remain the support of any class of men, except by making that class a burden on the rest of the community. The repeated breaking of panes of glass could only, at the best, encourage the rise of an immoderate number of glaziers: and if a man breaks twice as many panes of glass in a year as he can afford to have replaced, and ends—as frequently happens—by paying only for half of them, the glazier has to do double work without increased profit, or else the neighbourhood must be indirectly taxed by the increased cost of panes of glass, to pay for the one consumer's waste.

It is important, then, to the general welfare, that individuals should not, by their personal habits, give encouragement to the theory that any waste can be harmless, or any extravagance beneficial. The efforts of all should be to produce rather than to spend. Much economy of social forms and brevity of ceremonial, will be pardoned in those who have proved that they are *doing* something in the world. It is only when the religion of work has little place in our lives, that our own consciences and that of our neighbours must be satisfied by a strict ritual of appearances. We shall find the highest freedom from trivial demands in a sufficient devotion to one good end.

'A person of strong mind comes to perceive that for him an immunity is secured so long as he renders to society that service which is native and

proper to him—an immunity from all the observances, yes, and duties, which society so tyrannically imposes on the rank and file of its members.'

We shall even discover that, in the end, society itself respects us for our withdrawal from its ranks, and is thankful to every man who dares to represent a fact, and is not content to be a mere reflection of the eddying superficialities of his time.

There is an old proverb to the effect that a bad workman finds fault with his tools, and so it is that a poor economist finds fault with all the circumstances of his life. Custom, position, his neighbours, his locality, his income, everything has been in his way and dictated to him what he must be instead of leaving him free to be what he would. Feeble persons always say that circumstances have been against them, and that all they wanted was opportunity. A wise man, however, makes his opportunity, and converts his hindrances into material.

'A master in each art is required, because the practice is never with still or dead subjects, but they change in your hands.'

In the art of life and in dealing with the weight of social customs, a master is especially required, a mere servant will not be sufficient; some one is needed who is capable of choice and decision, who can command as well as obey, reject as well as accept. Emerson's rule for our guidance in this matter is both simple and sufficient, namely, that we should conform to all harmless customs that are in the line of our own work, and will help it forward, and reject all that cross our appointed pathway, and would turn us aside from it. We should neither waste the strength needed for higher things in useless attacks upon custom nor in foolish devotion to it. We should rise above the trammels of fashion instead of beating against their boundaries.

We cannot all hope to bring the world round to our opinions twenty years later, nor yet to be rewarded by 'forests of laurel and the tears of mankind,' but we may compensate society for neglect of its minor observances by seriousness of purpose, and singleness of aim in more important concerns. In such moral contributions we shall bestow more benefit upon our contemporaries than by the correctest accumulation of household appliances, or the completest fulfilment of social etiquette.

'He can well afford not to conciliate, whose faithful work will answer for him.'

There may be writers of our time who have surpassed Emerson in their power of kindling enthusiasm, and appealing to the imagination, but he is without equal in his capacity for reducing the vague fervour of ardent aspiration to practical resolutions. Others provide us with the elements of well-doing, Emerson's teaching resolves them into a form convenient for daily use; it is the chemical agent which brings the latent power into serviceable action. And so wide are the principles from which he deduces his theories that these prove as universal in application as they are precise in detail. When he discourses to us of wealth, of morals, of work, or of manners, he speaks so completely from within outwards, that he seems to have wrapped up the whole philosophy of the subject in a few short sentences, and to have said the last word that need be said upon it. It is not wonderful that so practical a man as Professor Tyndall should tell us concerning him—'If anyone can be said to have given the impulse to my mind, it is Emerson; whatever I have done the world owes to him.' And the teaching which inspired the experimental scientist is equally helpful to the poet, the capitalist, the toiling workman, and the careful housewife. For Emerson tells us that it is not so much the kind of work as the quality of it which is of vital consequence.

'Is he anybody? does he stand for something? He must be good of his kind. That is all that Talleyrand, all that State Street asks. . . . Able men do not care in what kind a man is able, so only that he is able. A master likes a master, and does not stipulate whether it be orator, artist, craftsman, or king.'

It is not towards careers which are closed to us, or opportunities which we never had, that Emerson bids us turn our eyes. *Here and now* is the golden occasion for the development of true manhood and true womanhood. 'The less opportunity the more necessity' may be said of all aspirations after a perfect life. At no moment is it impossible; under no circumstances is it out of place. We must find the essential elements for its realization in ourselves or we shall find them nowhere else.

'Out of love and hatred, out of earnings, and borrowings, and lendings,

and losses; out of sickness and pain; out of wooing and worshipping; out of travelling, and voting, and watching, and caring; out of disgrace and contempt, comes our tuition in the serene and beautiful laws. Let him not slip his lesson: let him learn it by heart. Let him endeavour exactly, bravely, and cheerfully, to solve the problem of that life which is set before him. And thus, by punctual action, and not by promises or dreams, believing, as in God, in the presence and favour of the grandest influences, let him deserve that favour, and learn how to receive and use it, by fidelity also to the lower observances.'

Emerson was as generous in his private judgments as he was genial in his public precepts. We are told, in Mr. Ireland's *Personal Recollections*, that he greeted every man 'as if he expected to hear from him a wiser word than had yet been spoken;' that he fascinated the young by his simple graciousness of manner, which implied his expectation of receiving as much as he gave in the coming interchange of thoughts. He was true to his own noble law of fine behaviour.

'Tis good to give a stranger a meal, or a night's lodging. 'Tis better to be hospitable to his good meaning and thought, and give courage to a companion. We must be as courteous to a man as to a picture, which we are willing to give the advantage of a good light.'

If at the end of his long life he looked back at that description of himself which he had given nearly fifty years before, he must have felt that he had not altogether—to us it seems that he had not at all—failed to fulfil his own ideal. 'You express a desire to know something of myself,' he says in a letter which left Concord for Craigenputtock in 1834, 'Account me a drop in the ocean seeking another drop, or God-ward, striving to keep so true a sphericity as to receive the due ray from every point of the concave heaven.'

Clear and pure indeed he kept that crystal of his soul which was to give back to the world the rays of truth it waited to receive. Something cold there might be in his excellence, something of the chilly brightness of a frosty morning even in the geniality of his precepts; but fine and pure they were as the atmosphere of a starlit night; untainted by any mean thing and unpolluted by any coarse thing; healthy and invigorating as clear spring water. The reveller will not find therein the beverage which can intoxicate his imagination or delight his senses; the

ease-lover will not seek there the opium-draught which shall lull his nerves to drowsiness and deaden his intelligence to stupidity; the worn-out prodigal will not discover the pleasant prescription which can heal his injured self-satisfaction with a false and cynical philosophy; nor will persistent sinners thence elicit any counter-acting drug which may permit them to linger in the haunts of disease while it holds them securely in the kingdom of health and life. Emerson does not deal in quack nostrums such as these; he has no recipes for a safe continuance in the ways of sickness and death. In that pure thought-river which we call the writings of Emerson no moral disease will find its propagating medium, and no spiritual poison will ever be communicated by its means. The traveller who seeks the far heights of noble achievement, and the way-faring man who follows the paths of honest labour in the valleys of obscurity, may alike drink of this stream flowing unpolluted from the mountain tops, and pass onwards with a gladdened and invigorated heart.

ART. III.—SCOTLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY—1707.

I.

SCOTLAND in 1707! Not so long ago, yet perhaps few of us have anything like a true image of the time before our minds. England, at least London, in 1707, we are all pretty familiar with; but how many of us have even so much as tried to realise the daily life and circumstances of the Scottish contemporaries of Sir Roger de Coverley? Do our readers start at the singularity of the question? We have long noticed that the period of Scottish history between the Revolution of 1688 and the Rebellion of 1745, and its chief and central event, the Union, has no place in the national memory. You hear often enough of the old heroic days when Presbytery and Prelacy were locked in the death grip, and how, after the long agony, rest came to the wearied but still defiant land; and of the stout-heartedness of Melville and our first Pilgrim fathers,

and of the way they braved and bore the wrath of King James; and of Knox, whom neither queen nor noble could cajole from his severe and splendid singleness of purpose: but you do not hear of the men who devised the measure which put an end to feud and dispeace between the two kingdoms, and who carried it in the teeth of all opposition, being assured of the truth of the prophecies of their own hearts that such a measure would be the beginning of a new epoch in the history of Scotland. You hear of Bannockburn, and how it turned the tide of conquest from King Robert's throne; but you never hear of the Union as being one of the great victories of Peace, and not less fruitful than it of lasting blessings. This ought not so to be. The sooner we see this period in its actual form and movement, and mark its relation to the periods which immediately come before and follow after it, the better. It has very great intrinsic interest. We shall not find the delight in its pictures which we find in the pages of the *Spectator* and *Tatler*, and their pictures of contemporary English life. Indeed, no two things can be more unlike than 'merry England' and 'puir Scotland,' at the opening of the eighteenth century. Yet we shall not have to go away empty.

The Union was no revolution; yet it is one of the few conspicuous landmarks in Scottish history where we pass, and are sensible that we pass, from one region with its characteristic scenery and traditions into another region, like yet unlike, the same yet wonderfully changed. Not greater are the contrasts of Scottish landscape. The carse which broadens down from the hills in greenest haughs, and the dale and strath which stretch in upland and meadow and moor, when seen drenched by the pitiless mists so common to them, are pictures of grim cheerlessness and general hardness of lot. But the same scenes under a clear April or Autumnal sky present pictures of pastoral beauty and examples of energy and thrift unsurpassed in other lands. In like manner is it with her history. The first of May, 1707, was the morning of a new era. The Middle period of Scottish history then came to its close; its Modern period then began. In the hundred and eighty years which have since elapsed, a change almost fabulous has passed over Scot-

land. Steadily, if slowly, the nation rose to its opportunities as well as to its pledges, unhindered by Sentiment and its perpetual shadow Discontent. For the first half of the century, it is true, little progress was made. It was the raw day of early spring. But gradually the land smiled; the thorns and the thistles of Jacobitism were cleared from the ground; the surly political mood of an influential portion of the people passed; and, freed from the old impediments, the national vigour burst forth with irrepressible vitality, and in new forms of Industrial enterprise—in Philosophy, in Literature, in Science, in Politics—expressed itself in a way as original and influential as brilliant.

To describe this, to mark the first stirrings of the Modern spirit and its steady leavening influence, is not what is attempted in the following pages. Their object is to do what is preparatory to this, and necessary to its true comprehension—to describe *the general condition of Scotland when on the eve of this change*: in other words, to mark the relation of this period, 1688-1707, to the period which followed it. If we truly know what was the condition of Scotland at the opening of the eighteenth century, we should easily be able to mark wherein the Past differed from the Present, and in what, if in any, degree or circumstance we have made national progress. There is a considerable class who are always looking back to what they picturesquely and pathetically call 'the good old times.' To this class the period referred to has a charm which cannot be broken. The world they say was better then: life was truer and nobler: the hills that girdled the plains were the Delectable mountains: the Land of Beulah was never far off. But to speak in this way is to idealise, and although it always has been natural to man to do this, it ought to be remembered that some of the most extravagant and impossible conceptions of bygone times are due to this humour of blaming the present and admiring the past.* Let us not idealise; let us try to see what the facts of that period plainly show, and hear what they unanimously and distinctly tell.

* *Hume's Essays*: On Populousness of Ancient Nations. *Macaulay's History of England*, opening and closing paragraphs of third chapter.

II.

It was not till towards the end of the eighteenth century that Scotland was really one, politically and territorially : it must always be borne in mind, therefore, that in 1707 Scotland was that part of Great Britain which lies between Dumbarton and Perth on the north, and the Tweed on the south, including the towns on the north-east coast, and a few baronies in the great straths. These collectively were the Lowlands. They had a population which numbered a little over one million. This body of people was pretty evenly distributed over the country, and was either immediately engaged in farming or in the small trades incident to home-consumption, as we still see in Peebles, Haddington, Selkirk. The villages and hamlets, each seldom more than a few turf or thatch-covered houses in double row, were mean and uncleanly, and unbrightened by the fresh and simple beauty of flower and tendril by porch or window, or bit of garden or greensward by the door. Some of these still survive in the remote districts, and enable us to see what the old Scottish village was, and to judge whether the author of *Waverley* and the authoress of the *Cottagers of Glenburnie* spoke falsely or truly in their very unsavoury descriptions of it.* The towns, with only one or two exceptions, were not so big as most modern mining or manufacturing or watering villages; and their uneven, grass-grown streets were fewer in number than the centuries which had passed since their charters had been granted. Whatever they had once been, or promised to be, in commercial enterprise, they were now stricken with the stillness and stupor of decay, and their burgesses, living in the pause which comes betwixt the close of one epoch and the dawn of another, could only live on the recollections of the past, grumble at the present, and forbode ill of the future. Scottish history from the War of Independence to the Revolution of 1688, is simply a succession of scenes which

* Everybody must know Scott's description of Tullyveolan, *Waverley*, ch. 8. Although Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton's *Cottagers of Glenburnie* is out of date now, it is a striking and faithful picture of old Scottish life. *Waverley*, ch. 72.

prove the existence of a state of things in which it was impossible to plough and sow, to weave and build, to extend trade, to introduce manufactures, to gather wealth, to find leisure to think, to observe, to adventure, to invent. The whirl of events drew in and swept on every man. For generations the deepest and the darkest passions of our nature were moved to their depths, either by political or religious questions. Households were rent in twain and lived apart in open, mutual hatred. Irresistibly compelled by the logic of their feelings, all men took sides. As the religious crisis deepened, they felt that the one thing to live for was the spread and success of the particular dogma in which they each believed. It was neither Trade nor Money which men then cared most for. The motive power of action was the hope of the triumph of ideas which seemed to them to be Absolute Truth, fixed in the nature of things. Grasping these with an uncompromising realism, all their energy and time were consumed in struggling for their general adoption and spread.

It would have been strange if a country in these circumstances, so poor in itself and so distant from the chief centres of commerce, had shown any greatness of Trade, and the refinement, the luxury, the art, which always follow in due time upon the possession of wealth. Many of these burghs owed their importance to other causes than trade. St. Andrews, Dunfermline, and Melrose, for instance, were dependent upon the Cathedral or great Abbey; Edinburgh, Stirling, and Linlithgow, upon the Royal Castle or desmesne; and towns like Elgin and Arbroath, where bishops had early fixed their sees, had a special means of income of their own. These are the towns which figure in the Middle Period of Scottish history, as centres of Religion, of Learning, of Political life; all the others, excepting Berwick-on-Tweed and Aberdeen, lived by a petty home trade.

The general character and the social and moral atmosphere of the old Scottish burgh, we can fortunately realise to the life from the Burgh Records now in course of publication; and certainly they exhibit one of the most interesting, if also unattractive aspects of our history. Created by David I. the Alfred and the

Augustus of Early Scotland,* the laws he framed for them were after the law which regulated the trade of the larger European marts, and which he had seen in operation during his residence in England, where the State, for so long through the great London Companies, took a paternal care of the interests of the people.† These burghal laws and privileges fairly answered their primary objects; they encouraged both baron and bishop to gather their men and serfs for peaceful purposes into little lots, and when so gathered helped and protected them in their infant efforts and trade, and their rude beginnings in civilisation. But what was perhaps really necessary for the burghs in their first, that is, their feudal stage, was likely to prove to be both hindbersome and harmful when the country passed beyond it. And this these laws had become previous to the eighteenth century. In the early part of it, and simultaneous with the rise of the mercantile spirit, serious complaints and definite objections were common.‡ Nor could it be otherwise. Monopoly was the one regulative principle of all production, which, with the privileges enjoyed and of course jealously held by the principal crafts, made extension of trade by the natural play of the laws of supply and demand an impossibility, and every craft a close, aristocratic body. No doubt the burgh laws sought to protect the buyer from the knavery of the maker, and to ensure honest and faithful dealing between man and man. But if they generally succeeded in ensuring, in that simple phase of commercial development, to every man that the article sold should be sound, it is certain that they succeeded in making it dear and scarce. The corn which was brought to the market might be extremely good, but as none was or could be imported, Monopoly, the parent of Scarcity, now and then slew its hundreds by Famine. The cloth which was declared to be of honest make, was after all no better than what could be shown by neighbouring 'unfreemen;' but, as a privileged article, was of course much higher priced.

* *Robertson's Scotland Under Her Early Kings*, Vol. I. pp. 318-20.

† *Froude's History of England*, ch. i.

‡ *The Interest of Scotland Considered*. Edinburgh, 1733, pp. 50-58.

As we linger over the pages of the Burgh Records, a picture of the Trade and Finance of those bygone days, more vivid and accurate than we get anywhere else, rises distinctly before us. The old times live again. The exceeding smallness of the interests involved, and the absence of every sign of plenty and comfort and growing wealth, with their natural tendencies to expansiveness in new and more ambitious forms are visible on every page. Money is a mere name. The chill and dismal quiet of an extremely poor country, which has no resources or knows of none, are everywhere felt. The waggon and the warehouse are unknown; the bank and the exchange are not yet dreamt of. And as distinctly visible is this other proof of a primitive order of society, or a narrow range of interests—namely, the incessant interference of the authorities with the free current of trade and labour and general social life. Nothing indeed can be conceived so absurd as not to have been, under the pretence of promoting honesty of dealing, good order or religion, subject to this meddlingness. So unlike is this, and the laws which created and sanctioned it, to anything in the present day, that the illustrations of it in those pages may be referred to as exhibiting in the clearest light the chief points of difference between the Middle and the Modern periods of Scottish history.

We shall realise this difference when we descend into and dwell upon details. Fletcher of Saltoun, no favourer of the Union, speaks of Scotland having one-fifth of the population, but only one-thirtieth of the wealth of England.* And his statement agrees with all we know. The entire currency of Scotland at the time of the Union was little more than half a million sterling,† which is less than the private fortune of many living Englishmen; and gold coin was so seldom seen among the people that it is all but certain the word silver, or in Scots phrase ‘siller,’ became in consequence the national synonym for money.‡ A fraction of a farthing, as Mr. Burton

* First Discourse.

† *Chambers' Domestic Annals of Scotland*, Vol. III., p. 332.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 212.

points out, was one of the coins of the realm!* Like the 'cowrie' of the savage, this coin truly indicated the social condition of the nation it circulated among, and exactly measured its commercial dealings. The Scots laird estimated his income in bolls of meal and malt. The clergyman and schoolmaster were chiefly paid in kind, the latter sometimes altogether so. In 1707, the whole customs and excise only amounted to £65,000, and the total exports to England in cattle, linen, fish, &c., did not reach the sum of £500,000. The statement, therefore, that the Bank of Scotland could not circulate thirty thousand pounds a-year during the first thirty years of its existence—that is, until the first quarter of the eighteenth century had passed, however startling—will not seem at all unlikely.† No Signor Antonio, the great Venetian capitalist and trader,‡ and no English banker like Sir Thomas Gresham, were possible in these circumstances.

As little possibility was there of a Blake or Anson being bred in any Scottish seaport. Berwick-on-Tweed, although no longer the place it was when the chroniclers likened it to Alexandria,§ could now and then show a crowd of masts; Aberdeen had a good carrying trade; and there was a steady fishery carried on along the East coast from Buchanness to Eyemouth, in the villages which still dot the coast. But the vessels engaged in this trade were the same small craft, the luggers, wherries and cobs, which are at present employed in it, the biggest of which rarely exceeded an hundred tons burthen, or ventured further, and that not often, than France or Holland. The Clyde was a clear-flowing stream, from its native moorlands to Dumbarton, with its sunny shallows and its shady pools abounding in salmon; its magnificent firth, now one of the great highways of merchandise and colonisation, rarely crossed by a vessel of more than fifty tons; and its bays and lochs, now the luxurious haunts of wealth and leisure, unvisited but by an occasional

* *History of Scotland*, Vol. VIII. p. 171.

† *Chambers' Domestic Annals of Scotland*, Vol. III., Pp. 45, 339.

‡ Shakespeare's 'The Merchant of Venice.'

§ *Tytler's History of Scotland*. Note on the Ancient State of Scotland. *Burton*, Vol. II. p. 94.

herring boat. Greenock was a mean fishing village of a single row of thatched cottages.* Glasgow had no commerce, but happy in its situation and in its past progress, was great in the possibility of improvement. Favoured by King and Bishop and Rector, it had steadily grown up first around the Cathedral and then around the College to be a city of 15,000 inhabitants, the second city in the country;† and to experienced eyes 'the mercantile genius of the people' was sufficient to prove their ability to adapt themselves to whatever new development of trade might arise. The river Clyde only drew two or three feet of water at high tide at the quay—whatever that was; and was easily forded there at ebb; and although the number of her vessels at the end of the seventeenth century was sixty-six, their total tonnage did not equal the tonnage of one of that unrivalled fleet of clippers which now line her quays and crowd her docks. And Dundee, Kirkcaldy, Anstruther and Burntisland had still fewer.‡

These facts, taken along with the revenue returns of the respective ports, decisively forbid all illusion as to the greatness of Scottish shipping and commerce. The trade was a small coasting one, much the same as it was a hundred and fifty years before, as described in 'the oldest of actual merchants' books that has been preserved in Scotland,'§ and consisted of the raw produce of the country, wool, skins, hides, salmon and

* *Chalmers' Caledonia*, Vol. III. p. 806.

† *Gibson's History of Glasgow*, 1777. Pp. 102-106. *Burton*, Vol. II. p. 94.

‡ There is an almost contemporary account of the shipping, &c. of Scotland, which puts the whole case clearly before us. One Thomas Tucker was sent down by Cromwell in 1656, just after the ordinance of freedom of trade between the two countries had been established, to report upon the commerce of the northern kingdom; and this he did with a discernment which justified the confidence placed in him, and has made his account of lasting value. It is one of the Bannatyne Club publications.

Baillie's Letters and Journals, Vol. II. p. 411.

Chalmers' Caledonia, Vol. III. p. 606.

Strang's Glasgow and its Clubs.

§ That is, the ledger of Andrew Haliburton; See *Scotland in the Middle Ages*, by Cosmo Innes; pp. 240-250.

herring. If we add a very little linen and coarse cloth to these, the list of the exports of Scottish trade at the time of the Union will be complete. In exchange for these few commodities it was then as it had always been, and as it continued to be for yet two more generations, that nearly everything above the hodden gray cloth and brogues of the peasantry, the luxuries, comforts and almost necessities of life, from the velvet and satin and rich cloths of Bruges to the pots and pans for the kitchen, were of foreign make and had to be imported.* Scotland was yet in the first stage of its industrial development, the stage when all that is grown or woven or made is merely for ordinary domestic supply.

We may easily and quite accurately comprehend the commercial condition of Scotland at this period, and for the next fifty years, by simply remembering that every one of the great existing industries were not then dreamt of; and that most of the towns whose names are now known over the civilised world, were but a few rows of huts, if even that.

Lanarkshire, with its three or four landward towns, each of a few hundred inhabitants, although rich in historic associations, was nothing but a series of sheep-walks, except in the haughs and hollows of the valley of the Clyde. The shepherds who wandered over the lonesome tracts from Cadder to Crawfordjohn, had perhaps many thoughts and visions of their native dales as they saw them stretching away southward, dappled by the sunshine and shadows of their western skies; but no Merlin foretold them of the immense fields of coal and iron and clay which lay underneath their bog and moorland—of the mighty furnaces which would by and bye lighten up the whole circle of the horizon—of the numberless collieries which would darken it—of the wildernesses where the curlew screamed and the heron fished undisturbed, being changed into busy hives of human toil. The Clyde was only

* It would appear that up to 1703 there was no such thing in Scotland as a work for making earthenware; a want which occasioned 'the yearly export of large sums of money out of the kingdom.' *Domestic Annals*, Vol. III. p. 156. See also *Somerville's Life and Times*, ch. 9. Edin. 1861. *The Interest of Scotland Considered*, p. 101.

a mill-stream; the villagers who idly whiled away their superabundant time in its leafy murmur, little imagined our day when no wind can blow that does not waft from its shores the manufactures of the queenly city of the West, to lands which were to them a mystery or an eastern fable.

Glasgow, that city, had not yet started upon its wonderful career of prosperity. It had grown into importance, as we have seen, and took rank as the second city of the kingdom from its connexion with the Cathedral and the College; but slow had been that growth, and slight that importance as compared with what they were destined to be from its connection with commerce. Gibson, describing its trade in 1707 says:—‘The number of people did not exceed 14,000, and they were in general poor; manufactures, the only certain means of diffusing wealth over a whole people, were almost unknown; and commerce, which, without manufactures, tends to the enriching of only a few, was carried to a very trifling extent.’* But ere another fifty years had passed the population had doubled itself. A new world was opened up by the Union, and its merchants were not slow to see it. In 1718 the first home-built vessel crossed the Atlantic. Seven years later, in 1725, they introduced the linen manufacture. The start then made has been maintained without a pause; and now, a hundred and sixty years after, the great city is still growing and looking as if only yet in its youth.

Renfrewshire, better divided into arable and waste land, had a larger rural population for its size; but the farmer who carried his few sacks of oats on horseback, the universal mode of conveyance in those days, to the ‘very pleasant and well-built little town of Paisley,’ which is further described by the chronicler† as being ‘plentifully provided with all sorts of grain, fruits, coals, peats, fishes, and what else is proper for the comfortable use of man, or can be expected in any other place of the kingdom,’ could hardly think that round the ancient Abbey of the Stewarts, ere two generations should pass, a

* *History of Glasgow*, p. 106.

† *Hamilton of Wishaw*. *Maitland Club*, p. 73.

manufacturing population would be gathered exceeding in number the collective population of all the towns in the shire. The sound of the shuttle was indeed heard in its half Arcadian streets—but there was nothing to prophesy the invention of Christian Shaw of Bargarran, and the looms of Humphrey Fulton and others, which speedily made the name of Paisley celebrated for muslins, gauzes, shawls and thread. Greenock was then what Tarbert on Lochfyne now is, the head-quarters of the summer herring-fishing, and Tarbert consisted of only a row or two of fishermen's huts. Its harbour was yet to dig, and its quays to build.*

Going southwards through the ancient Strathclyde, we see on either hand that the country is a wild pastoral one, thinly wooded and thinly peopled, and without a single indication of human power and comfort other than had existed for centuries. Hamlets of turf-built huts and occasionally a small burgh, whose very air is historic and whose name and annals are common to history and romance, we pass on our way to the Border dales, whose straggling forests and frequent ruins of abbey and castle and peel, recall the days of feudal foray and English harrying. No hill-sides are loud with the bleatings of innumerable sheep; we notice only a few black cattle and small sized weathers. No dairy farms, with their score of sleek milch-kine in the ample pastures and clover leas. No fair sweeps of clean and carefully tilled fields, which promise abundance to the husbandman, attract and delight. The truth is that the men and women were either in their cradle or unborn who made Cunningham famous for its butter and cheese, and Carrick for its cows;† who improved the breed of sheep until the Border fells became no mean rivals of the Southern downs;

* *Crawford's History of Renfrewshire. Caledonia, Vol. III. ch. 7. Domestic Annals, Vol. III. p. 510.*

† As the local rhyme has it:

‘ Kyle for a man,
Carrick for a coo’;
Cunningham for butter and cheese,
And Galloway for woo’.

Fullarton's Gazetteer of Scotland, Vol. I. pp. 90, 401.

who made store-farming a possibility; who by drainage and the anxious and intelligent use of lime and marl and manure converted wildernesses into gardens; who made Dumfriesshire the land of tranquil prosperity and smiling pastoral quiet.

Turning northwards into the old Pictish land, we see, as we pass from Stirling to St. Andrews, and thence to Brechin and Aberdeen, that the condition of the country and the circumstances of the people are much the same as in the south. Ruins of solitary 'strengths' which once overawed the neighbouring valleys are not unfrequent, and here and there in suggestive proximity new mansions are rising, while evidently in every district chestnut and larch and fir are being thickly sown—to become those magnificent forests which now clothe the beautiful straths and slopes of the Ochils, the Lomonds and the eastern Grampians. But everything else continues as it has long been. The laird, if a little milder in his jurisdiction than his forefathers were, is as indifferent to agriculture and village economics. He cares for none of these things. From the Allan to the Dee the miserable black hut is the only dwelling for the peasant and the small farmer. There is no sound and no sign of change anywhere. And it will be a generation after this before these districts feel the first pulse of change, before they are touched by the spirit of improvement, and ere they see in Barclay of Ury one of the foremost of those landholders who set themselves to revolutionise agriculture in Scotland in the eighteenth century.*

If these facts, not hard to find nor hid in the ciphers of State papers, have not been sufficiently noticed, it is because we are still under the spell of famous names. Dunfermline, Perth, Linlithgow, Stirling and above all Edinburgh, are towns whose names are associated in our minds with every form of human passion, and hence have become imperishable in the national story and sacred to the national imagination. We dream of them; we doat upon them; our fancy fills the past with a golden haze which glorifies everything belonging to them: we

* A leisurely turning over of the pages of *Chalmers' Caledonia* will convince the most incredulous of the truth of the above paragraphs.

yield ourselves unwittingly and as a matter of course to the belief of their former power and populousness. This is one of the commonest of illusions, which all peoples delightedly live under as to some portion of their history. Yet few are more pernicious, few more treacherous; and certainly none more groundless than any which may exist respecting the considerable commerce and wealth of these famous towns. Leith, according to Tucker, had 14 vessels averaging 970 tons. Aberdeen had 9 vessels averaging 440 tons. St. Andrews, 'proud in the ruins of her former magnificence,' and with 'the silence and solitude of inactive indigence and gloomy depopulation' in her streets, had a solitary twenty tonner. Dundee, like Paisley, was not yet even dreaming of things to come. Dunfermline drew its fame altogether from the royal, hallowed pile which overshadowed the petty group of cottages that formed the burgh. Linlithgow, unusually rich in historic associations, was and long continued to be not only without trade, but in a state of irrecoverable bankruptcy. Edinburgh,

'Stately Edinborough throned on crags,'

had no court, no manufactures, no commerce—but then no one thinks, no one has ever thought of the haughty beauty of the north but as the home and haunt of mediæval romance.

III.

So much for the Commerce and Trade of Scotland. What was its rural condition?

The first feature of this condition which arrests us, and it may well arrest us, is the frequency of Dearth.* Hardly a decade passed in the seventeenth century without a period of severe local or general scarcity and pinching want, when 'the ancient monotonous story of starvation'† was repeated in village and glen with greater or less emphasis and bitterness of accent. The spring was 'unkindly' and 'wet;' the 'seed

* This has not escaped the compilers of *The Domestic Annals of Scotland*.

† *Hunter's Annals of Rural Bengal*, 1871, p. 51.

corn is being eaten up;' 'the cattle are dying in great numbers;' 'prices have risen;' are notices which meet us again and again in the brief and scanty domestic annals of the century, until the imagination instructed by experience what human agonies are represented by these words, is oppressed and sickened. And in the preceding century it was the same.

No lamentation was made about these calamities, and but slight mention of them is found in contemporary records, the Scottish, like other peoples who have been born into hardness of lot, having learned to bear them as 'the will of God.' It is only from the stray or incidental remark of some too brief chronicler, who shows no emotion in noting the event, that we hear of famine being sore in the land.

The historian of the century, occupied with its larger, constitutional questions, passes over these events as insignificant, if he sees them at all; while the nation bows itself to them as things common to the course of nature, and makes no sign. Like fire and pestilence, famine was a judgment of offended Heaven.

A melancholy if also a natural consequence of these famines was that the number of vagrant poor at the beginning of the eighteenth century was unusually large. It does not appear as if men were much shocked at the misery around them, as we find only one writer directly dealing with the subject. This writer was Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, already referred to. In his *Second Discourse on Public Affairs*, published in 1698, he speaks of the dearth then in the land as a calamity which 'if drawn in proper colours and only according to the precise truth, must cast the minds of all honest men' into anxiety—and goes on to make the following statement:—'The particulars of this great distress are known to all. Though perhaps the evil be greater and more pressing than at any time in our days, yet there have always been in Scotland such numbers of poor as by no regulations could ever be ordinarily provided for; and this country has always swarmed with such numbers of idle vagabonds as no laws could ever restrain. There are at this day in Scotland (besides a great many poor families very meanly provided for by church boxes) 200,000 people

begging from door to door. Though the number of them be perhaps double to what it was formerly by reason of this great distress, yet in all times there have been about 100,000 of those vagabonds, who have lived without any regard or subjection either to the laws of the land or even those of God and Nature. They are not only an unspeakable oppression to poor tenants, but they rob many poor people who live in houses distant from any neighbourhood.'

We have been used, owing in some degree to Scott's '*Edie Ochiltree*,' to think of the *Gaberlunzie* or the *Bluegown* as common, and indeed as picturesque figures, in bye-gone days, but not of a time when no fewer than one-fifth of the population were sturdy beggars, as this statement, which has never been contradicted or proven false, asserts. We have no means of testing its absolute accuracy, as there were no poor rates or system of parochial relief in existence then; but it is not so needful to know the precise numbers of the really indigent, as to notice that, speaking in round numbers, one out of every five of the peasantry were beggars simply because there was neither food nor employment in the country for them; because, in other words, the population of the country was much in excess of its corn-producing power and its means of industrial occupation. It introduces an element into this period of Scottish history, which gives a darker shading to it than it has been usual to think it possessed.

And yet nothing seems more probable than that there should have been such a body of vagrants in Scotland, which had no means of employing its population. Just as we see crowds of *lazzaroni* in those parts of Europe which have no great industries or public works, and just as multitudes of a like class existed in our Gaelic speaking districts and in Ireland, before emigration became so easy and attractive, it was natural that in the seventeenth and part of the eighteenth centuries there should be very many of the wandering, miserably fed, miserably clad wretches in Scotland, whom Fletcher describes. But the proofs of the existence of such a class are conclusive. Ray, the itinerant, who was in Scotland in 1660, says: 'The country abounds with poor people and

beggars.* Gibson, the historian, and a merchant of Glasgow, writes that in 1707 'the body of the people were but in a degree above want; the streets were crowded with beggars, both old and young, who were able and willing to work, could they have found employment.'† Somerville, minister of Jedburgh, describing his own neighbourhood as it was fifty years later, frankly owns that 'the country was over-run with vagrant beggars. They had access to every house, and received their alms in meal and bread, which was deposited in bags and wallets, as they were called, hung over their shoulders. Strolling beggars often travelled in companies, and used to take up their night quarters at the houses of the tenant farmers.'‡ And in that remarkable series of pictures of the manners and customs of the rural contemporaries of *The Gentle Shepherd*, *The Man of Feeling*, and *The Statistical Account*,§ there are many notices of this same class, long the chronic evil of Scotland. These statements taken along with Fletcher's, leave us in no doubt of the existence of a large number of idle, unemployed persons in town and country; some of whom wandered about homeless and lawless, following begging as a regular calling; while others wizened and wan, dragged out cheerless lives in still more cheerless homes, the misery of which was occasionally lightened but not lessened by such hours of wild animalism as Burns' 'Jolly Beggars' enjoyed in Poosie-Nansie's.||

Our probable surprise at the frequency of dearths will cease when we know what was the state of agriculture at that time in Scotland. Scotch farming in the present day is the em-

* *Select Remains*, 1760, p. 209. Scott, in *The Bride of Lammermoor*, ch. xxi., speaks of Scotland being 'a country where men were numerous beyond proportion to the means of employing them.'

† *History of Glasgow*, p. 106.

‡ *Life and Times*, p. 370.

§ *The Statistical Account of Scotland*. In 21 Vols. Drawn up from the communications of the ministers of the different parishes. By Sir Jno. Sinclair, Bart., 1793.

|| The best description of the sturdy beggars that we have met is in Hunter's *Biggar and the House of Fleming*, chap. 19.

bodiment of intelligence, economy and skill; but at the time of the Union, agriculture, in any true sense of the word, had no existence.

The half of the land was cultivated in 'runrig,' that is, rig about, neighbour with neighbour working in common. No farms were enclosed. Hedgerows, fences and walls were all but unknown. They were divided into what was called 'infield' and 'outfield,' the former being those fields nearest the house and which were constantly under tillage; the latter being the further ones, on which the cattle grazed and which were left to nature. And hardly could any one be more ignorant of his craft and have ruder modes of working at it, not to be in a state of barbarism, than the tiller, whether tenant or proprietor, of their fields. He knew nothing of the rotation of crops; nothing of the fallowing system; nothing of manures. He had no green crops, no clovers, no artificial grasses, no potatoes, no field turnips. Oats succeeded here, or bere oats, until the land was exhausted. His hay was the boggage of the marsh, and his pasture such weeds as chanced to infest and cover the ground. In winter his cows had scant supplies of miserable fodder; his horse was content with nettles. He had no pens or other shelter for his sheep—and these were further lessened in number and lowered in quality by severe and long continued milking. The plough he used was as curiously clumsy a thing as ever was held by the hand of man. A huge uncouth wooden implement, so rude in its build that two or three of them could be made in a day, or one before breakfast, it usually took a dozen oxen to pull it through. The twelve oxen Scots plough is as much beyond our modern conception as the system of runrig. Well might a writer on rural affairs of last century say that it was 'beyond description bad,' and as he declined to describe it, he probably felt that what Lord Kaimes said of the harrows of his day, could also be said of the ploughs, that they were better adapted to raise laughter than to raise soil! Everything else about the farm-yard was of the same rude, unskilled sort. The natural wind of heaven blowing between the open barn-doors, or else on the nearest hillock, was the only winnowing machine then known. Creels were generally used for carrying

dung to the fields. Carts were few in number, and those which did exist were clumsy and inconvenient, as in place of the wheels turning round on the axle, which was always of wood, the axle itself turned round. It completes this description of the old Scottish farm-yard, with which none of us has any poetical associations, when we add, that the traces used in the harnessing and draught equipments were mostly made either of dried rushes or of twisted fir-roots, hempen rope and iron chain being scarcely known.*

Ill-favoured and scant by nature as the lot of the farmers was, it was made a hard as well as a scant one by the feudal obligations and personal services which they were accustomed to come under as tenants, and to pay as part of their rent; arriage, carriage, bonnage, multures, kane, thirlage and other exactions, which were seldom either specified in the lease, or regulated by anything more precise than the use and wont of the manor or barony, and whose very names are now obsolete, and their meaning forgotten. Thirlage, the most unjust of these, was the right of the superior to oblige all his tenants to grind their corn at a certain mill, which in some cases was not the nearest, and failing to do this, to pay as if they had. Distance, delay, inferiority of work, all counted in this case for nothing. Bonnage, was the obligation of the tenant to assist at the corn-cutting; as carriage was the obligation to dig, dry, and fetch home so much peat for the winter's fuel; or to lead and lay manure; or otherwise to work a certain number of days in the laird's service.

But wretched as this condition was, a deeper wretchedness was common to those clusters of cottar farms, numerous in every county, called 'toons,' or 'towns.' These were either part of a large farm establishment and inhabited by the servants who worked on it, or a separate group of houses whose occupiers were shepherds or woodsmen or fishermen, as occasion offered, but who more frequently had no occupation but that

* *Wight's Present State of Husbandry in Scotland*: 6 vols., 1784. Somerville, ch. 9; Pennicuik, p. 66; *Domestic Annals*, Vol. III. *Northern Rural Life*, chaps. 1-10. *Caledonia*, Vols. II. and III.

of tilling their share of the few acres of land attached to the 'town.' Composed of huts or rather of hovels built of sods (sometimes called divots) or of sods and stone, with a window no bigger than your hand, and a hole in the middle of the roof for the chimney, the door usually doing duty for both window and chimney, and always placed towards one another, as if they had dropped from the clouds into their place, they were the first remove in the path of civilisation from the bee-hive houses of the early settlers, and looked mere specks or mole-hills on the moorland and hillside. Tidy ways and trim borders were unknown to them, and as almost every dwelling, as 'Waverley' noticed in passing through one of them,* was fenced in front by a stack of peat on one side of the door, while on the other the dung-heap ascended in noble emulation, pure air and clean-footing were out of the question.

Such 'towns' still abound in Arran and other of the Western islands, and are an interesting curiosity to the student of social progress; to some they are one of the many attractions of that unique and unspoiled bit of mountain land. In most of them the communal mode of farming has been abandoned, although there are two places in Arran where it still exists (above Imacher and Kildonan); but enough remains of the old style to show what sluggish and semi-savage spots these 'towns' must everywhere have been a hundred and eighty years ago. However fair 'the auld clay biggin' of the Lowland peasant may appear in the 'Cottar's Saturday Night,' and however picturesque the huts of the Western crofters on the painters' canvas, they lead the reflecting mind back to a quite recent past, when they were always the haunts of dirt and disease, and too often the homes of idleness and indigence. Quotations

* *Waverley*, ch. viii.

Cottagers of Glenburnie, ch. vi.; *Northern Rural Life*, p. 2. As to 'the bee-hive houses' which still exist, see Smith's *Lewisiana, or, Life in the Outer Hebrides*, London, 1875. 'In the Lews,' he says, 'there is an intelligent people still living in the most primitive of known dwellings—dwellings that carry us back to the earliest dawn of civilisation,' p. 28. See also Mitchell's *The Past in the Present*. The Rhind Lectures, 1876 and 1878, Edin. 1880.

enough might be given in proof of this statement; but no Scotsman, and no stranger who has travelled in Scotland so as to see its typical features of scenery and social life—who has not hurried on with the annual crowd but has, instead, lingered by the way and sauntered into Highland glen and Lowland dale, where the old fashions still continue, will need any written authorities to help him to the truth on this subject.

As to the Food, we see from the illustrations above, that Scotland was barely able to supply her children with the mere necessaries of life. Oats and barley were the only grains cultivated; and if we add colewort or 'lang kale,' the one pot herb in the cottagers' croft, or 'kale yaird,' the three articles of food have been named on which the Scottish people subsisted, and were almost entirely dependant. Oats, barley, kale! Not a varied stock of victual, truly. The oats, ground into meal, supplied the porridge and brose for breakfast and supper, and the griddle bread or oatcake. The kale made the chief article of the dinner; and was used either as a boiled mess without beef or mutton, or with the broth or water of it thickened with oat or pease meal, when it was called 'kale brose.' Neither potatoes nor wheat were grown. Barley and pease were also ground, and made into 'bannocks' or 'scones;' and these with the 'kebbuck' or cheese, which was of a poor quality, made the peasant's mid-day meal. Red fish or salmon in some parts, 'braxy' mutton and the 'mart' or Martinmas ox, which lasted through the winter and spring, were items of food used in the better class of cottages. The ordinary drink was a mild ale called 'two-penny;' claret and a little brandy were used by the gentry; tea and coffee were unknown, and usquebagh or whisky was as yet the special beverage of the Highlanders. Any other commodities, beyond the dairy produce, were only to be had for money; and as the greater part of the wages were then paid in kind, they were not within the reach of the majority of the people.

There had been no possibility of more than this. It has been said that it would have been infinitely better for Scotland if it had been conquered by Edward I. and become English territory, as it would have saved centuries of feud and oppres-

sion and a heavy inheritance of poverty, suspiciousness and prejudice; and instead of having to begin in the eighteenth century to undo the effects of those years, it would have been as fair and flourishing as Yorkshire and Kent, and with them would have been further advanced in the social art and in intellectual range and serenity. Whether these would have been the blessed results of conquest we do not know; nor does it matter now. The bulk of the Scottish people enthusiastically preferred a royal line and a Church of their own to an English king and an English hierarchy; and were willing—in the eyes of the philosopher were fanatically willing—to part with every comfort and present opportunity of progress, for the dear symbols of national independence. They secured them both; but although the character of the people must have acquired a distinctive, perhaps an imperishable quality in these struggles, their cost in a material aspect was incalculable. No matter. It was enough that peace was in the land, and that the oppressors could oppress no more. No scantiness of fare, no roughness of raiment, no meanness of dwelling weighed for a moment against these blessings. The Norman castle, with its fair broad desmesnes, and its nestling village homes hid in ivy and honeysuckle, had no existence north of the Tweed, and had not created the men and manners which were found everywhere, in strictly rural districts, south of the Palatine palace of Durham. Pastoral quiet, with kine knee deep in grass, every landscape with its ancient towers of learning, whither the tramp of armed men had seldom or never come; the rich fairs and richer guilds and companies which had for centuries been a bright and notable feature in English life, were all unknown to poor and barren Scotland. Her people knew nothing of these things, and did not care for them. Their desires had been whetted on less material objects; their traditions and fireside legends were of simple men and women whom persecution had changed into heroes and heroines, and whose names were sacred to the nation. For many weary generations they had been face to face with a declared and powerful enemy, and their wits had been constantly occupied either with the means

of defence or revenge. The priceless treasures of national independence and liberty of conscience only had been preserved to them. Every energy and every penny had been spent in securing these, the foundations of modern national greatness,—and so Scotland, in 1707, was alike without commercial spirit and industrial skill, the artist's creations and the philosopher's triumphs;—known only, like some other mountain-lands, as the nurse of rugged, uncompromising natures.

IV.

One other aspect of the Physical condition of Scotland at this time remains to be shown; an aspect, the special force of which the reader will feel as exhibiting the state of its agriculture and commerce, and as affecting the common weal of its people.

If the demands of the commerce of the country as to shipping were few, its demands as to roads were still fewer. Roads as we know them, and as the Romans knew them, had no existence either in fact, or in the imagination of the people in any portion of Great Britain in the eighteenth century. Nothing, in the altered state of things in which we live, would more astonish the men of those days than our roads, our bridges, and our modes of travelling; and nothing is more likely to escape us when trying to form a correct idea of olden times, than the fewness of roads then in existence and the frightful state in which they were always kept. They were roads only by courtesy. They were in no instance the work of the surveyor, the engineer, and the surfaceman. They had no regard to directness or to level. Marked out in most cases from the forest by the hoofs of the cattle that for generations had tramped over them, and worn in later times by the pack horses which journeyed painfully through them, and left to the drought of summer and the storms of winter, they were, as they could not but be, simply abominable either with dust or mire. Occasionally the bed of a river was the only road between two places; most of the roads, however, were cattle tracks and nothing else. A week's rain in summer made them miles of sloughs which no foot-passenger could wade through

and no horseman would long brave; while a wet winter all but put an end to trafficking and travelling. If such was the general condition of the roads and lanes in the south down till the middle of the century, and if even Kensington, as Lord Harvey tells us, was separated sometimes from London by an impassable gulf of mud, in Scotland they must have been a good deal worse, if that was possible. The roads in Perthshire, says Penny, 'were in a miserable state. Many were mere hilly tracts, on which carriages could not venture, and were totally unfit for foot-passengers.*' That is, they were no better than our worst field and farm roads, ruts and ditches through which no one could pass unless on horseback, and not even then without discomfort and danger. In Tweeddale it was the same. Somerville assures us that 'the parish roads even to the church and to the market towns were unfit for wheel carriages, and in bad weather were altogether unpracticable. There were few bridges over the rivers. The Tweed throughout its whole length was crossed by only two;† and these, the one at Peebles and the other at Berwick, were sixty miles apart. There were no main, well-kept highways piercing the country from point to point and joining the cross lanes; there was not a single turnpike in 'broad Scotland.' There were no carriage-ways out of sight of the capital. The great post road between Edinburgh and London was little better than a track; and although it was the main communication between the two kingdoms, its northern half was notoriously unfit for carriages, for in 1746 while the Duke of Cumberland contrived to reach Durham in a coach and six, so bad were the roads north of it he was compelled to go forward on horseback.

Strange as it may appear, no one knew how to make roads; and mending those which did exist meant filling up the biggest ruts with stones of any size and shape, and the smaller ruts with mire or clay. Nor was there any right system of assuring even this amount of repair. Statute Labour was

* *Traditions of Perth*, p. 131-2. See the whole passage.

† *Life and Times*, p. 355.

the legitimate mode of doing this, but Statute Labour was disliked by all and shirked by many. Each farmer was bound to give so many men, and each tenant so many days, to the repairing of the parish roads. But there was no uniform and convenient system of employing this; it was left to interest and caprice; and in many cases the peasant was required to contribute his share of labour when he could least afford to give it. At the best, Statute Labour like some other forms of direct taxation, was an objectionable arrangement, and amid the general indifference of town and country to the necessity for good roads, came to be looked upon as a vexation and a thing to be evaded. Road-making, in fact, like agriculture, was both unknown and unheeded. Turnpikes were nearly a century distant. Telford and Macadam, like Watt and Stephenson, belong to our own day.

How unhappily then was Scotland placed as to Agriculture, and how completely were its food supplies controlled by circumstances! The country was one in a geographical sense, but many of its parishes were quite isolated, and in winter almost inaccessible. Its rural population was a series of groups or families, many of which had only intercourse with one another in the open months of the year. It could not be otherwise. Twenty miles of moor, or an unbridged river, or a considerable range of hills were insurmountable natural barriers to intercourse. No means were at hand of overcoming them. Consequently there were towns in the same county far more widely sundered for all practical purposes than London and Aberdeen are at the present day. People knew little outside of the bounds of their own glen or parish, and the world beyond their narrow horizon was altogether unknown. From the same cause, namely, want of roads, the farmer had no means of improving his farm and had no motive to do so. Shut in upon himself and with no opportunity of enlarging his knowledge he could only be slovenly in his home, and slovenly and stationary in his mode of farming.

The inevitable result of this ignorance of national economics was Dearth and Famines. And so common were these, so often had they been experienced by the people, that they con-

cluded, as people in the same stage of knowledge have always concluded, that they belonged to an order of things in nature over which they had no control or influence, an order which could be changed, not by their improved agricultural practice and better roads, but by their prayers, and their prayers only. The land was not cultivated; the farming which did exist was simply a scratching of the surface of the ground; the climate was a wet, unkindly one, and therefore it was always very likely that the harvests would be late and light. Dearth did happen; the crops did occasionally fail, and famine in consequence paralysed and blighted the land. And why? Because, in the first place, all the conditions necessary to agricultural prosperity were wanting; and in the second place, because there was no free trade in corn. It was impossible to better the climate, but it was possible to improve the soil. It was impossible to prevent late and bad crops, but it was possible to prevent famines. And if, therefore, in times of scarcity the situation of Scotland was deplorable,* it was chiefly because there were no means of reaching the distressed districts, and no conveyances to carry food to the starving and dying.

This state of things did not begin to mend until 1750, in which year the first Turnpike Act for Scotland was passed. From that moment a happy change crept over the face of everything; the stirrings of a new life thrilled along the numbed frame of the nation. County after county looked to its roads, opened up hundreds of miles of permanent way, and spent tens of thousands of pounds on these and new bridges. Road reform, in fact, as the statute book abundantly shows, became the question of the day, and along with agriculture, then pushed on with much earnestness by the Society of Improvers, completely absorbed the attention of the landed gentry till the end of the century.†

* *Somerville*, p. 305, 384. This writer puts the matter very clearly; he sees the causes and also the remedies.

† As an example of what was done, see *Douglas's General View of the Agriculture in the Counties of Roxburgh and Selkirk*, 1798, pp. 198, 200. Also *Statistical Account*, Vol. IX. p. 530.

Such was the outward aspect of things in town and country in Scotland at the Union. If such homesteads and farmsteads—if such a mean and poor condition of life—are not what we have usually associated with the last heroic period of Scottish history, it may be owing to our looking at everything belonging to it with the exaltation of feeling not unnatural to the interested spectator. Touched by the spectacle of our enduring sires, we may never have felt any call to look closely into the commonplace of their lives, and the rude details of their daily circumstances. And we have in consequence been fooled by the enchantments of vagueness, and blinded by the glamour and fantasies of romance. An acquaintance with facts like those here given should do much to put us right. They ought to make certain to us the particulars in which the Present differs from the Past, and enable us to mark the immense, the almost fabulous change which has taken place since then. Nor can there be in any but a strangely prejudiced mind a doubt as to whether the Union has been fruitful of blessings, and whether the Scotland of to-day is not a fairer country, and life more pleasant now than in ‘the good old times.’ If we could add to the foregoing facts the characteristic traits of the inner life of the town and country—if we could supplement this picture of the Country with a companion picture of the political and intellectual condition of the People (and this we may attempt on another occasion), we should be tenfold more impressed with both the change and the progress which our Fatherland has made since the days of Queen Anne, and should heartily endorse the opinion of Mr. Lecky, that ‘No period in the history of Scotland is more momentous than that between the Revolution and the middle of the eighteenth century—for in no other period did Scotland take so many steps in the path which leads from anarchy to civilisation.’*

* *History of England in the 18th Century*, Vol. II. p. 22.

ART. IV.—‘THE MEAN’ IN POLITICS.

1. *Desultory Reflections of a Whig.* By the Right Hon. EARL COWPER. *The Nineteenth Century*, May, 1883.
2. *What is a Whig?* By the Right Hon. EARL PERCY, M.P. *The National Review*, June, 1883.
3. *A Protest against Whiggery.* By George W. E. RUSSEL, M.P. *The Nineteenth Century*, June, 1883.
4. *The Whigs; A Rejoinder.* By the Right Hon. EARL COWPER. *The Nineteenth Century*, July, 1883.
5. *The Future of Whiggism.* By GEORGE BYRON CURTIS. *The National Review*, July, 1883.
6. *The Future of the Radical Party.* *Fortnightly Review*, July, 1883.

‘SIR, I perceive you are a vile Whig,’ is one of the polite repartees attributed to Dr. Johnson; and to judge by the articles which have recently appeared in the current magazines, the Whigs of the present day deserve even greater censure than the great lexicographer bestowed upon them. In the month of May, Lord Cowper ventured upon some ‘desultory’ and not very brilliant, though, as one would have thought, perfectly inoffensive, ‘reflections of a Whig.’ The very mention of the hated word, however, seems to have been quite enough. ‘What is a Whig?’ sarcastically demands the Tory Lord Percy. Let me ‘protest against Whiggery,’ indignantly exclaims the Radical Mr. George Russel, M.P. ‘The Future of Whiggism’ is self-destruction says the *National Review*. ‘The Future’ is in the hands ‘of the Radical Party alone,’ cries the *Fortnightly*. It is our desire to defend a great and illustrious party against the bitter attacks of violent and extreme men on both sides of politics, that prompts us to approach this subject at the present time.

The well-known doctrine of Aristotle that in everything there may be an excess, a defect, and a just or ‘mean’ amount, and that virtue consists in attaining the mean between the two extremes, has always seemed to us fully more applicable to questions of politics than of ethics; though in the latter case also it is a

theory which contains much truth. Everyone for instance must admit with Aristotle that the virtue of courage consists in attaining the mean between rashness and cowardice, just as the virtue of liberality lies between the extremes of extravagance and meanness; but our business at present is with politics, and the proposition which we advance is that a Whig occupies, and has always occupied in the history of his country, the mean or just position between the extremes of Toryism and Radicalism. 'Whatever is, is right,' may be roughly described as the motto of the extreme Tory, 'whatever is, is wrong,' as that of the extreme Radical; while the Whig is neither unduly biassed in favour of antiquity, nor foolishly desirous of novelty for the mere sake of change. Surely political 'virtue' consists in arriving at the just mean between the old-fashioned Tory who regards every existing law, every uneducated child, even bad drains, with smiling complacency simply because he is used to them, and the noisy Radical who denounces the House of Lords, the Church, the landowners, in short every existing institution which is not fashioned exactly according to his own ideas? In truth this doctrine of the mean applies to most questions. Take such a matter as the use of alcohol. Is there not a right mean between the extreme teetotaler who thinks it wicked even to give alcohol as a medicine, and the 'fine old English gentleman' who drinks his bottle of wine at dinner daily, and whom the very name of total abstainer seems to throw into a passion? between the total prohibitionist who would have the sale of alcohol in any part of the United Kingdom made a penal offence, and the easygoing friend of the publicans, who would allow the most fertile cause of crime and misery in the world to be sold promiscuously, unchecked and unrestrained? Or on the land question, between the Tory landowner who regards his tenants very much as a superior class of serfs, and the Radical who preaches nothing less than a species of Communism?

To give an illustration of a good 'mean,' attained by the Whigs on a political question; it has always seemed to us that Lord Young in his Scottish Education Act of 1872 admirably struck the mean between the extremes of Tory bigotry and Radical intolerance. On the one side

he had a party eager for the absolute maintenance of religious teaching in schools, enforced by Act of Parliament, and without any opportunity of relief for those whose parents might conscientiously object to it. The parent was to be *forced* to send his child to school, and having got there, it was to be compelled to receive religious instruction which its parents might consider to contain grave error. On the other side stood the extreme Radical demanding, though an overwhelming majority of the Scottish people earnestly believed in the Christian religion, and were eagerly desirous of having their children instructed in the Presbyterian form of that belief, that this was the one subject which was to be absolutely forbidden from the school code. A parent was to be forced to send his child to school, and while there it might be instructed in every conceivable subject except in that one which its parent considered as far above all others in importance, and for the sake of which he might very possibly have been willing to sacrifice all the rest of the education given. In short, ninety-nine men who wanted religious teaching were to be deprived of it for the sake of one who didn't. Lord Young's 'mean' was as follows. First, an extraordinary power is given to minorities to elect a representative to School Boards by means of the cumulative vote; secondly, the Board have full power to decide in favour of no religious teaching, if they think proper; thirdly, no Government money is paid in respect of religious teaching, though it is given on account of all other subjects; fourthly, if religious teaching be given at all, it must be either at the beginning or end of the school hours, and every child must have perfect liberty to stay away from such instruction, if its parent desire it. Surely the most bitter sectarian or atheist has nothing to complain of here? He can, in the first place, use his influence to get his own representatives returned to the Board; if he fail in that object, he has only to direct his child to go to school half-an-hour later, or to leave half-an-hour sooner; and finally, if he chooses to set up a sectarian or non-religious school of his own, he will receive the Government grant for it, provided 'the Department are satisfied that no sufficient provision

exists for the children for whom it is intended, *regard being had to the religious belief of their parents.**

Yet all these safe-guards for liberty of conscience are, it appears, not enough. Some of the more extreme Radicals will be content with nothing short of absolute prohibition of religious teaching, which apparently they consider as pernicious as the sale of alcohol. To do them justice, however, this is not the case; they are, curiously enough, as a rule, neither atheists nor opponents of Protestantism, such as Roman Catholics; but are usually firm believers in that Presbyterian faith, the teaching of which they are so anxious to prohibit. This curious phenomenon proceeds, we think, from an absurd theory that in politics it is necessary invariably to follow certain 'fixed principles'—an idea which we purpose to notice presently. How completely those bitter partisans are at variance with the wishes of their countrymen, is proved conclusively by the fact, that not a single School Board in Scotland since the passing of the Act, has decided in favour of no religious teaching; nay, more, as though to protest against the very idea of such a thing, it is the almost universal custom of School Boards to open their meetings with prayer—a custom which is not followed by any other public body of the same kind, and which often appears slightly inappropriate to the proceedings which follow. It should also be remembered by these violent Presbyterian opponents of Presbyterian teaching, that if they succeeded in their object, not only would there be no religious instruction in schools, but it would be impossible for a teacher even to open his school with the simplest of prayers; and we would ask them if they really wish it enacted by Act of Parliament, that any teacher shall lose his Government Grant who dares say to teach his little scholars to commence their round of daily duty by repeating the Lord's Prayer? If so, what sort of conception will a child form of that extraordinary thing called religion, in which it is not only not instructed, but to which even the most indirect reference is absolutely forbidden.

There is, however, little danger of this noisy faction succeeding

* Scottish Code, 1. 7. 8.

in their attempt to carry the mean of religious liberty into the extreme of tyrannical intolerance, so long as an enormous majority of the Scottish people remain firm believers in the truths of the Protestant religion, and who therefore fail to see why the one subject on which their opinion is united, should be ignored in deference to the theories of an insignificant minority.

Of course this extreme section flatter themselves that they are the only truly Liberal party in their views on religious matters, but it is to be feared that in reality it springs in great measure from a narrow-minded and bigoted hatred of Roman Catholicism, and from a fear that the religion of an enormous proportion of the people of Ireland should obtain the same liberty and encouragement as the Presbyterianism of Scotland, or the Episcopacy of England. Rather than allow a branch of the Christian Church from which they differ, to receive even the most indirect assistance, they vote for no religion at all. There is no escape from this dilemma; either we must have Presbyterian teaching in the schools and training colleges of Scotland, and allow the same advantages to the Roman Catholics of Ireland, or we must have none at all in either. Which is it to be? Why, in the name of charity and common sense, cannot each country be allowed to do as it likes in the matter? Is Scotland prepared to give up the teaching of that faith which is so deeply rooted in the hearts of its people, for the charitable object of being able to prohibit the Irish from learning that other branch of Christian belief, to which they are as fondly and as devotedly attached? 'I believe in the truths of Christianity, I like and admire the Presbyterian form of Church Government, and I should much like to have my children instructed in it,' says this Liberal specimen of a political Christian, 'but sooner than allow you to have your child instructed as you wish, and as you think right, I will gladly sacrifice myself on the altar of Christian charity and love!'

We confess, however, that though in this case a strictly logical consistency in England, Scotland and Ireland is quite possible on the simple principle of letting each country do as it likes in the matter, such is not always the case; and it seems to us one of the faults of both the extreme parties, that they attempt to lay down certain fixed principles which are never to be deviated from, to-

suit the changing circumstances of the time or the requirements of different localities, but which are to hold good for ever and aye. The want of 'fixed principles' indeed is one of Lord Percy's most bitter accusations against the Whigs. Lord Cowper (No. 1.) had remarked that it was 'absurd for a man to prophesy what his politics would be ten years hence,' and had quoted as illustrative of his position two lines from a well-known hymn—

'Keep thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant scene ; one step enough for me.'

'This then is the result of Whig traditions reaching back 200 years,' exclaims Lord Percy (No. 2.). 'A sailor who knows nothing of navigation might with equal propriety quote these lines in defence of his ignorance.' Lord Cowper again (No. 4.) explains his position by saying, that 'there is very much in politics which cannot be decided by fixed principles, and principles ought not to be pushed too far, but this is very different from saying that there are no principles at all.'

It may be admitted that Lord Cowper's illustration of the position of a Whig, by comparing it to the child-like faith of an ideal christian, is not a very happy one; but we have only to read between the lines to find a great political truth. It simply means this :—that a Whig abstains from laying down absolutely any general theory as applicable to all circumstances, and all conditions of men, but reserves to himself the right to judge of every question on its own merits, and with reference to the ever varying conditions of human life. It simply means that what was applicable to the seventeenth or eighteenth century is not necessarily suitable to the nineteenth, and that in like manner the country may be by no means ready for a change at present which may be very desirable some years hence; or that some reform which may be very desirable say in Scotland, may be highly inexpedient in Ireland. The tendency of the extreme parties on the other hand is to lay down a theory, and then insist that it must be our bounden duty under all circumstances, and in spite of all difficulties, to put it instantly into practice.

Take for example such a question as Church Establishment. The Tory lays down the theory that a State should, under all

circumstances, and at whatever cost, maintain its connection with a Church. It is nothing to him that it be, as it was in Ireland, the Church of an alien and hated minority, and that its maintenance against the wishes of the nation only serves to perpetuate that animosity and rancour which it ought to be the first duty of a Church to allay. He thinks nothing of the cruel injustice of the State supporting a Church which the nation considers an heretical and even pernicious institution. He has laid down the 'fixed principle' that a State must have an Established Church, and that is sufficient, though it be kept up at the point of the bayonet, and though sinners be induced to follow the right path *only* with the assistance of loaded revolvers. The Radical, on the other hand, has made up his mind that any connection between Church and State is unjust to other sects, however small the minority may be, and even though a considerable proportion of that minority may have no desire for a change. It is nothing to him that, as in Scotland, the doctrinal difference between the Established and the other chief Churches is so small as to be imperceptible except to the specially-educated ecclesiastical mind, and that the advantages enjoyed by the Established over the other religious denominations, consist in little more than an annual dinner at Holyrood, the honour and glory of a Lord High Commissioner, and the privilege of perhaps occasionally going up higher than a dissenting brother. It is of no consequence to him that, instead of being a bone of contention as in Ireland, the healthy and not unfriendly rivalry between the Established and other Churches of the same creed has been distinctly beneficial to all of them, and that, so far from being the Church of an alien and hateful enemy—the direct result of conquest, and a lasting memorial of defeat—it is the Church which, by its simplicity and purity, has ever since the Reformation entwined itself in the hearts of the Scottish people, which until a few years ago was the Church of an enormous majority of the nation, and which is still a memorial of the successful resistance of the Covenanters, and a consequence of victory and triumph rather than of defeat and shame. But all these considerations go for nothing—the 'fixed principle' has been laid down and must immediately be put in

force, whether a majority really want it or not, and let the consequences be what they may.

The position of the Whig is very different from either of these extremes. He lays down no 'fixed principles' on the subject of Church Establishments. He considers that whether such an institution is desirable or not, is a matter which must be decided entirely by the consideration of the past history of the country, by the present wants and wishes of the inhabitants, and by the question of how far the maintenance of the Church and State connection is likely to be beneficial or the reverse. He cordially approved of the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church as being an institution both grossly unjust and positively injurious to the commonwealth. He is prepared to judge the question in England and Scotland calmly and dispassionately on its merits, but he is not likely to pay attention to it unless it is proved that a large majority of the Scottish or English nations wish it, and he must be satisfied that some real and substantial injustice is being inflicted before he agrees to sweep away so venerable an institution, and one which, until at least very recently, has been regarded with such deep affection by a large majority of the nation. He is not so foolish as to suppose, like the Tory, that if Disestablishment be accomplished, religion will immediately die out of the land, and the nations be wholly given to atheism; nor is he so ignorant of human nature as to imagine with some ecclesiastical Radicals, that a universal spirit of brotherly kindness and charity will pervade all sects, that the Bishop will lie down with the Baptist, and the High Churchman embrace the Methodist; but he apprehends that if religion be a Divine and hidden power, it will pursue its appointed way, little affected by what the State may either do or leave undone.

The position and views of a Whig upon Church Establishments has seemed to us a good illustration of that large class of questions in politics, in regard to which no fixed principle can be laid down, but which must be decided by the circumstances and requirements of the commonwealth at the time. The question of a Monarchy or of a Republic is another good example. The Tory lays down the 'fixed principle' that a Monarchy is invariably the best form of government, entirely irrespective of the circum-

stances of the country. He therefore regards the French and American Constitutions with intense dislike, and often carries it to the extent of disliking everything and every person in any way connected with America; while the Radical is frequently affected with an equally groundless admiration for that country, and every institution belonging to it. The Whig, on the other hand, has no 'fixed principle' in the matter, but considers that a Monarchy or a Republic may be either good or bad, according to the past history or present requirements of the State. He considers that in a new country like America, no sensible person would ever think of attempting to set up a throne which would be entirely destitute of that antiquity and prescriptive right which impart to it its greatest power, and make it an object of veneration and affection in a country such as ours. He sees that in France, though a country with a history reaching back as far as our own, it is an impossibility, both from the fact that there is no one person sufficiently far removed above all other competitors, to have a supreme and indisputable title, and also because the disposition of the people appears too easily excited against its rulers in times of misfortune, and too fond of change, to make that form of Government a suitable one for their more flexible temperaments. But he sees no reason why the French Republic should not hold its own amongst the Monarchies of other nations, and he will bear the permanent overthrow of the French throne with perfect equanimity, if such a result is likely, as seems probable, to conduce to the happiness and prosperity of the nation. In England he considers that a long series of victories over the unrestrained power of the Crown have resulted in the most perfect freedom and liberty enjoyed by any civilized country in the world, and finding such an institution deeply rooted in the respect and affection of the nation, and considering it a powerful ally for the maintenance of law and order, he would resolutely oppose any attempt to overthrow it. To do the Radicals justice, however, none of them, so far as we know, has attempted to bring forward any proposition of this kind as yet, but that is probably rather owing to the deep and universal affection inspired by the present occupant of the throne, by her pure and blameless

character, and by her long and illustrious reign, than by any belief in the advantages of the institution itself. Mr. Chamberlain, for instance, when he gets the opportunity, cannot resist an offensive and entirely uncalled for sneer at 'the Representatives of Royalty' attending at great ceremonials;* and whenever an application is made to Parliament for a suitable allowance to any of the Royal Family, there is a section of the Radicals who appear to wish that the country should enjoy the advantages of a throne without paying for them.

Another good illustration of Lord Cowper's meaning as to 'fixed principles' might be found in the present condition of Russia. The Whig, though he thoroughly appreciates the liberty and power enjoyed by every citizen in this country, is not so foolish as to advise that the same advantages should be at once conferred on a country in great measure uneducated, untrained in politics, and partly uncivilised. Much as he may wish that that nation should one day reach the same advanced political position as England, he sees that it would be madness to accord such sudden power to men who have for years been under the iron rule of tyranny; and he is convinced that greatly as reform is needed, it must be most cautiously and most gradually effected—in short, his 'principle' of liberty is not a 'fixed rule,' but is tempered and restrained by the peculiar circumstances and difficulties of the country he has to deal with. He therefore occupies a 'mean' position between the Tory despot who would keep the people in the miserable position of abject subordination they have occupied for centuries, and the thoughtless Radical who would hurry on his reform at the imminent danger of a bloody revolution. Of course the favourite taunt of the Radicals is that Whigs will, ten years hence, agree to what they have opposed at present, and the extreme party therefore assume that they were ten years before their contemporaries in wisdom and fore-knowledge. Such a conclusion by no means follows. It is quite

* Recent speech at the Bright Commemoration:—'There were no representatives of Royalty present (laughter), and they were not missed (laughter).'

as likely that the Whigs foresaw that the country was not ripe for the change at the time when it was advocated, and that since then circumstances have altered. Should it, for instance, happen in the future that the Church of Scotland decrease in number instead of increase—and at present it appears to be doing the latter—and should noisy agitators succeed in stirring up a bitter animosity against it on the part of an enormous majority of the Scottish nation, the Whig will reluctantly admit that it is useless and even pernicious to keep up an institution which can succeed only so long as it is loved, and which has become hopelessly out of accord with the sentiment of the people. But it will by no means follow that he was not perfectly right to oppose Disestablishment so long as he conceived that the Church occupied an entirely opposite position in the affections and estimation of his countrymen.

So with regard to reform of the land laws. The Tory is aghast at the bare suggestion of their requiring improvement, and indignantly asks if a man may not do what he likes with his own, if freedom of contract is to be ruthlessly broken through, and why a tenant who has been stupid enough to make a bad bargain is to be protected as if he were a helpless female, or a factory child; while the extreme Radical—perhaps because he does not usually own land himself—seems to think landlords can be made kind and charitable by legislation, that farmers and crofters should only pay as much as they feel inclined, and if unable to pay should be entitled to continue their occupation gratis; that landlords should be allowed only to hold a limited amount of land, and should be imperiously directed how to manage it; in short, he preaches doctrines, which, if carried into practice in mercantile life, would bring all commercial speculation and legitimate trade to an instant termination.

The Whig as usual stands mid-way between those extremes. He thinks that any unnatural restraints upon the sale of land, such as entail, and the law of primogeniture should be removed, and he would be glad to see the abolition of the elaborate legal forms at present required to constitute a valid conveyance, which seem to have been specially devised for the benefit of lawyers' pockets; and considering that cultivators of the soil are specially

exposed to unknown and uncertain risks from inclement weather, he would be prepared to protect and assist them to a moderate extent; but he will view legislation of this nature with great caution and considerable distaste, as a direct breach of freedom of contract, and an interference with the principles of political economy. He will be of opinion that a landlord will naturally and properly make that use of his land which will bring him most money, and that if he, for instance, receives a much larger rent for it as a deer-forest than as a sheep-farm, he is doing best both for himself and for his country, by directing it to that purpose which yields him the largest revenue. He believes that whether land is to be held by one proprietor or by many, is a question which must be left to be decided by the simple laws of supply and demand, and he considers that if one man is rich enough to buy a large quantity of land, it will be as impossible to prevent him doing so, as to hinder his adding still further to his store of wealth; and he sees no greater injustice in one man owning a hundred thousand acres, than in possessing a hundred thousand pounds. He quite admits with Mr. Chamberlain that 'Land has its duties as well as its rights,' but he apprehends that landlords are not the only people in this world who occasionally fail to do their duty. He imagines that many capitalists for example frequently act in a harsh and unkind manner towards their employees, but he would be very unwilling to see the State undertake the superhuman task of making every citizen do his duty, or attempt to act the part of universal moral policeman by forcing either landlords, or any other class to be kind and liberal by Act of Parliament.

Perhaps the best proof that the Whigs hold the mean position between Tories and Radicals is the fine impartiality with which they are abused by both. Lord Salisbury for instance, recently defined a Whig as 'one who denounces in private what he supports in public.' Lord Percy talks of the 'entire absence of political principle on the part of the Whigs,' while Mr. George Byron Curtis informs us that 'Whiggism will have no place in the future. It is dying hard, but it is nevertheless dying.' This, however, is the Tory side of the question, and abuse from such a quarter is refreshing and

invigorating. It is the Radical abuse which will be more likely to discompose the Whig, if his feelings be at all tender; and as usual, the 'candid friend' is even more severe in his criticism than the acknowledged foe.

'During the last fifty years, Whiggery has fallen out of its old place in the political system,' says Mr. George W. E. Russel, M.P. 'It has dreaded and shrunk from the modern spirit, and as a penalty, it has lost its hold on the minds of those who decline to live exclusively on the worship of the past. . . . Since Whiggery abandoned its function of popular leadership, it has been the creed of a privileged and exclusive class; and as such it looked with misgiving on the growing vigour of a society which, more than any other institution, had exhibited before men's minds the full beauty and significance of the three sacred watchwords—Liberty, Fraternity, Equality.'

Now we must protest against even a subordinate Member of the Government giving vent to such miserable 'clap-trap' as this. It is what the Americans would call 'tall' talk, and is admirably suited to mean either a great deal or nothing at all, according to the taste and fancy of the reader. What *are* the 'full beauty and significance of the three sacred watchwords, Liberty, Fraternity, Equality?' If they are quoted with reference to English History, they have never been 'watchwords' in any sense of the word; they recall no political associations either of triumph or defeat, and they mean absolutely nothing. But if they are quoted with reference to the only country in which they have any meaning, they suggest—bloody revolution, complete anarchy and wanton destruction. They are indelibly associated with perhaps the greatest horrors the world has ever seen, with the overthrow of all law and order, with simple communism, and with torrents of innocent blood. If on the other hand they are quoted without reference to past history, they cannot have any pretensions to be designated 'watchwords' at all; and if 'fraternity' merely means 'kindly feeling or charity,' and if 'equality' only signifies absolute justice between man and man, no sensible human being would object to them, and the enunciation of such an admirable moral precept might be safely placed at the top of a child's copy-book. Such an acknowledged truism, however, would hardly be likely to form a political 'watchword,' and if, therefore, the words are

to be taken in the only sense in which they would have any force, Fraternity and Equality can mean nothing but an equal division of property, and a full development of the 'equality and rights of man' principles of Mr. Midshipman Easy's father. It has always seemed to us most unfortunate that the French Republic should retain as its motto words of such vague meaning, and such dangerous significance, but the defence would doubtless be that the labour and even danger to the Constitution of altering them would be much greater than any advantage to be gained. This, however, is no reason why they should be held up to admiration in Eng^land, in whose history they fortunately have no place; and we would earnestly recommend Mr. Russel to be more careful in his language in future, even when irritated by the contemplation of such an unnatural political result as 'Whiggery.' Unfortunately it seems to be an irresistible temptation to a Radical at times to indulge in vague and meaningless language, which, nevertheless, is admirably fitted to stir up vague desires and animosities in the minds of those who listen to it. What, for instance, is the meaning or force of Mr. Chamberlain's recent sneer at a public meeting against Lord Salisbury, as belonging to that class 'who toil not, neither do they spin'? Mr. Chamberlain, when removed from the intoxicating influence of Radical cheers, will surely not deny that if a man is fortunate enough to have obtained an independence, whether by his own labours or by the accident of birth, he is under no obligation to continue to add to his means; nay, on the contrary, that he is leading a far higher and more useful life, by unselfishly devoting himself to the pursuit of politics, of science, or of philanthropy, rather than to the further accumulation of wealth. We have assuredly no love or admiration for Lord Salisbury, whom we regard as one of the most 'extreme,' violent, and bitter of politicians, yet we consider that to blame him for 'not toiling or spinning,' is to use language which has no meaning. He most certainly has 'toiled' both in Parliament and out of it, and we have little doubt he would have 'spun' very successfully, if he had been in any way called upon to engage in such an occupation. The fact is, if there is a large class in this country who 'spin' not, the number of those who 'toil' not is becoming daily

more limited. Increasing civilisation and more enlightened views of what constitutes true happiness, are more and more leading men of all ranks and conditions to take their part in the work of life. But even if it were not so, an orator of Mr. Chamberlain's position should surely be careful of increasing and stirring up the very natural feeling of hardship and injustice which lurks, and which will always lurk more or less in the heart of the poor man against the rich, of the 'toiler and spinner' against the peer, who is popularly supposed to do nothing but enjoy himself. However hard and unjust the inequality of human prosperity and happiness may seem, no sensible man denies that such inequality must always exist, so long as human beings are born into the world with unequal moral qualities and with unequal physical and mental powers.

Mr. Russel also informs us that he does not

'regard as Whigs those who belong to, or have cordially supported Mr. Gladstone's Government. They may or may not be Whigs at heart, but by their public acts they have associated themselves with the general body of modern Liberalism, and their small differences of individual opinion have found no opportunity of making themselves felt. With the 'permeated Whig' absorbed into the Liberal party, we have no quarrel, our business is with the Whigs as a separate section.'

In other words, it is only upon those Liberals who have dared to have a different opinion from the present Government, and who have had the courage of their convictions, that the phials of Mr. Russel's wrath descend. With the Liberal who puts his principles in his pocket for the sake of office, or in order to please his constituents, he has no quarrel. This is certainly a beautifully simple definition of a Whig—'Has he ever differed from the present Government?' 'Yes?' 'Then he is a Whig, and let him be anathema.' Under this category of condemnation, we must include the Duke of Argyll, Lord Sherbrooke, Lord Brabourne, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Cowper, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Forster, and many other lesser lights.

These therefore are the men who 'live exclusively on the worship of the past,' who 'hold the creed of a privileged and exclusive class,' who have 'dreaded and shrunk from the modern spirit,' &c., &c. Now, at least, four of the politicians, for whom Mr. Russel

has such profound contempt, were distinguished members of the last Liberal Cabinet—a Cabinet which disestablished the Church of Ireland, which established an admirable system of national education both in England and Scotland, which abolished the unjust practice of purchasing commissions in the army, and which altogether effected more reforms, and did more hard work than any Government had achieved in the same space of time before, or than the present Government seems likely to accomplish in the future. It is too much that four illustrious members of such an illustrious Cabinet, are to be sneered at and ridiculed as 'Whigs,' by this, the most junior member of the Government, because they have dared to have an opinion of their own. Fortunately, other people of more judgment than Mr. Russel, refuse to be led blindfold and unresisting wherever even Mr. Gladstone may choose to lead them, however deeply they respect and admire that great statesman. We are convinced that, in one instance at least, the opinion of the country has been on the Whig, rather than on the Radical side. Since Mr. Forster resigned, the course of events has surely proved to every unprejudiced mind that he was right and the Government wrong. The chief point of difference between them was that he wished the Coercion Bill to precede the Arrears Bill, that he desired to have the means of preserving law and order before any concession was made in the way of releasing Mr. Parnell. He resigned, and within a fortnight the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish, though not really worse than that of Mrs. Smyth, or of many others which had taken place before, forced the Government instantly to introduce the Bill which Mr. Forster had wanted. As if still further to show that the Chief Secretary realised the situation in Ireland in a manner that none of his colleagues did, the recent revelations in connection with the Phoenix Park trials, have proved that the country was at that time in a far more dangerous condition than was supposed, that repeated attempts had been made to assassinate Mr. Forster himself, and that Mr. Parnell, whom the Government had persisted in releasing, even at the cost of losing Mr. Forster's services, had been involved in the grave suspicion of assisting and encouraging the 'secret'—or in other words,

'murder'—societies of Ireland. We are convinced that the country endorsed Mr. Forster's views on the occasion of his resignation. There is not a more truly Liberal constituency in the kingdom than Glasgow, yet in the course of last winter Mr. Forster was accorded one of the most enthusiastic receptions when delivering a political address to an enormous audience in that city, which it has ever been the good fortune of a statesman to meet with. He was too generous to make any reference on that occasion to the recent unfortunate disagreement between the Government and himself, but his reception was undoubtedly intended as a mark of encouragement and approval of the line of action he had adopted. In truth, Mr. Forster on that occasion occupied the Whig or 'mean' position between the two extremes. He did not consider like the Tory that the existing state of the land laws was satisfactory in Ireland, that everything should remain *in statu quo*, and that all that was wanted was a firm and vigorous application of buckshot and martial law, but neither was he of opinion with the Radical, that immediate concession was the only cure, that everything was to be granted in response to murder and outrage, and that peace was to be purchased at any price. He was determined that submission should precede concession, that the law should be vindicated and obedience to it enforced before reform was thought of, and he resolutely refused to release from prison men 'steeped to the lips in treason,' unless they expressed contrition for the past, and promised amendment for the future.

Indeed, in our opinion, the Radical extreme on the Irish question is further removed from 'the mean' than the Tory. To 'keep things as they are' may be inexpedient and even unjust, but it is not so immoral and disastrous as to encourage in any way the idea that lawless outrage will be rewarded, and that the best and simplest method of getting the land laws reformed is to shoot the landlords. It must be admitted that Mr. Gladstone's remark in one of his speeches—though, doubtless only a slip of the tongue—that attention had been called to the state of Ireland and to the position of the Irish Church, by the Clerkenwell outrage, was most unfortunate. If it is to be supposed that the Disestablishment of the Irish Church was achieved by shoot-

ing policemen, it is not unnatural for an Irish tenant to try the same method of improving his position; and it cannot be denied by any unprejudiced critic that the Government have wandered from the 'mean' position not towards the extreme of severity but towards the extreme of leniency. It is to be hoped that in future the old theory and practice will prevail, and that reforms will be introduced solely because they have been proved to be just and necessary, and not even indirectly in response to lawless agitation and murderous outrage. The line of conduct followed by the Government as regards the Highland Crofters, for example, seems to us to have been eminently wise and judicious. In consideration of their illiterate and to a great extent helpless condition, they have issued a Royal Commission to inquire into their grievances, which, if found to exist, they will no doubt take steps to remedy, but in the meantime they insist upon, and have enforced, obedience to the law.

We are pleased to find our theory of 'the mean' in politics confirmed by one who had himself taken no small part in the government of his country, and whose opinion and reputation for sound judgment on such questions are second to none. The following passage is taken from Macaulay's *History of England*, Chap. I. :—

'From that day (Sept. 10th, 1641), dates the separate existence of the two great political parties, which have ever since alternately governed the country. In one sense indeed, the distinction which then became obvious had always existed, and always must exist. For it has its origin in diversities of temper, of understanding, and of interest, which are found in all societies, and which will be found till the human mind ceases to be drawn in opposite directions by the charm of habit, and by the charm of novelty. Everywhere there is a class of men who cling with fondness to whatever is ancient, and who, even when convinced by overpowering reasons that innovation would be beneficial, consent to it with many forebodings and misgivings. We find also everywhere another class of men, sanguine in hope, bold in speculation, always pressing forward, quick to discern the imperfections of what exists, disposed to think lightly of the risks and inconveniences which attend improvements, and disposed to give every change credit for being an improvement. In the sentiments of both classes there is something to approve. But of both, the best specimens will be found not far from the common frontier. The *extreme* section of

the one consists of bigoted dotards; the *extreme* section of the other consists of shallow and reckless empirics.'

That is to say, the extremes in politics are bigoted dotards and shallow and reckless empirics, and the 'mean' or just position lies between them. And as it has been in past history, so it will be in time to come. Whether the question be reform of the Land Laws, the connection between Church and State, Local Option, or what not, there will be a mean or moderate position between two extremes. So on the question of war the Whig will steer between the 'Jingo' who 'swaggers down the High Street of Europe,' and Mr. Bright who seems willing literally to purchase peace at *any* price. And though a writer in the *Fortnightly* (No. 6) informs us that the 'future belongs to the Radicals alone,' and that 'there is not the faintest symptom of moderate Liberalism striking any responsive chord of sympathy and approval in the great constituencies,' we venture to predict that moderation will always 'strike a responsive chord' in the breasts of Englishmen, Scotsmen, and sensible Irishmen alike. Ever since England had a history, Moderation has been the leading characteristic of her politics. We have never been hurried into the terrible excesses of our neighbours across the Channel, and we have consequently not been afflicted with the violent reactions which inevitably follow. The history of the British Empire has been one of slow, steady, but constant progress, and has been, on the whole, but little affected either by the obstruction of 'bigoted dotards,' or by the experiments of 'shallow and reckless empirics.'

At the present time, certainly the position of 'moderate' Liberals is somewhat peculiar. They have at the head of their party one who holds a position of eminence such as has probably never been held by any politician since the days of Pitt. To the dignity and influence imparted by age and by half-a-century of Parliamentary experience, Mr. Gladstone unites an amount of physical energy and endurance to be envied even by one in the prime of life; an intense earnestness of character which seems to carry him through any quantity of physical or mental toil; a power of language which has seldom been equalled even in the glorious history of the British Parliament; a high and lofty moral character which

extorts respect even from his most bitter opponents; a keenly sensitive and appreciative temperament which cannot fail to attract all with whom he is thrown in contact; and last, but not least, a splendid genius which seems equally at home when translating the beauties of Homer, or when preparing a financial statement for the House of Commons. When we contemplate the marvellous versatility of the man, and reflect upon the enormous variety of subjects he has studied, and of occupations he has engaged in with the utmost success, we feel inclined to ask if such a rare combination of talent was ever bestowed upon any politician before.

‘ Age cannot wither him, nor custom stale
His infinite variety,’

were a description as applicable to him as to the Egyptian queen of ancient days.

No wonder, then, that such a man is practically the Government, that he alone holds the scales between the Radicals and the Whigs, and that whichever side he may happen to favour wins the day. Every one is liable to error, and in our opinion Mr. Gladstone has, on more than one occasion, but specially with reference to Ireland, placed the weight of his enormous influence on the extreme rather than on the moderate side of his followers; but whether that be so or not, there can be little doubt that the extreme men have power only when Mr. Gladstone thinks proper to support them, and were he removed from the sphere of active political life, the connecting link between the extreme and the moderate men would be weakened if not broken, and Liberal members of Parliament would not improbably have to take their choice between the Radicals and the Whigs or moderate Liberals. We have little doubt that the ‘mean’ will gain the day, and that however much ‘bigoted dotards’ and ‘reckless empirics,’ may sneer at ‘Whiggery’ and ‘Whiggism,’ that great and illustrious party will continue to be in the future as it has been in the past, the true support and backbone of the State, and the only safe pioneers of progress.

Note.—Since the above was written, we have had put into our hands another contribution to the subject in the shape of ‘The Radical Programme I.’

from the *The Fortnightly Review* for August. The writer kindly refrains from abuse of the Whigs, and merely points out the three first reforms demanded by the Radicals, viz., Manhood Suffrage, Equal Electoral Districts, and Payment of Members. To the first the Whig would probably have little objection, as being almost the case already, but to a system which would completely swamp the country in favour of towns, which would for instance give Glasgow about ten members out of sixty for Scotland, he would certainly object; while the payment of members he would consider an entirely unnecessary waste of money, and a proceeding which would not add to the dignity of Parliament. One sentence of Radical 'clap-trap' may be noticed. We are told that it will be said that these reforms would give fewer 'fine gentlemen' to the House of Commons. Everyone knows well enough what constitutes a gentleman, and will admit that it is much pleasanter to have to deal with one who deserves that designation, but what is a 'fine gentleman?' Is it not one of those meaningless expressions calculated to create a vague feeling of jealousy against people who have good clothes, and a clean shirt? If it means a lazy idle gentleman, let the writer say so, and no one will wish to see such a person in Parliament.

ART. V.—WALT WHITMAN.

1. *Leaves of Grass*. By WALT WHITMAN. Glasgow, 1883.
2. *Specimen Days and Collect*. Same author. Glasgow, 1883.
3. *Poems of Walt Whitman*. Selected and edited by W. M. ROSSETTI. London, 1868.
4. *Notes on Whitman as a Poet and Person*. By JOHN BURROUGHS. New York, 1871.
5. *Walt Whitman*. By R. M. BUCKE, M.D. Glasgow, 1883.

IN a letter dated Concord, 6th May, 1856, Emerson wrote to Carlyle:—'One book, last summer, came out in New York, a nondescript monster which yet had terrible eyes and buffalo strength, and was indisputably American, which I thought to send you, but the book throve so badly with the few to whom I shewed it, and wanted good morals so much, that I never did. Yet I believe now again I shall. It is called *Leaves of Grass*, was written and printed by a journeyman printer in

Brooklyn, New York, named Walter Whitman; and after you have looked into it, if you think, as you may, that it is only an auctioneer's inventory, you can light your pipe with it.'

The book referred to was a copy of the singular looking thin quarto volume of little more than a hundred pages, in which the *Leaves of Grass* originally appeared, and which is now so eagerly sought after by American book-collectors. What Carlyle's opinion of it was, whether, as Emerson thought he might, he used it for the purpose of lighting his pipe, or like Emerson, he held it in high esteem for its intrinsic excellence, we have no means of knowing. In the recently published Carlyle-Emerson correspondence there is no further reference to it, and so far as we can remember, no allusion is made to it in any of Carlyle's published writings.

The reception which this strange 'nondescript monster with "terrible eyes and buffalo strength" met with at the hands of the public and in literary circles was almost as disheartening as possible. Of the thousand copies printed, some, Dr. Bucke informs us, were given away, most of them were lost, abandoned, or destroyed.* According to Mr. Burroughs, some sixty copies were deposited for sale in a bookseller's shop in Brooklyn, and as many more in another in New York. Weeks elapsed and not a single copy was sold. Presently there came the request from both the booksellers that the unfortunate thin quarto should be removed. Subsequently the copies found refuge in the warehouse of a phrenological publishing establishment in Broadway, the proprietors of which advertised the work, and sent out copies for review and to distinguished persons. 'The journals,' continues Mr. Burroughs, 'remained silent, and of the copies sent to distinguished persons several were returned with insulting notes. The only reception heard of, was such, for instance, as the use of the volume by the *attaches* of a leading daily paper in New York—collected in a swarm Saturday afternoon, waiting to be paid off—as a butt and burlesque, whose perusal aloud by one of the party, the others lounging or standing around, was equivalent to peals

upon peals of ironical laughter from the whole assemblage.* Cold as its reception by the press was, it was scarcely so silent, however, as Mr. Burroughs' words might lead the reader to suppose. As we learn from Dr. Bucke's extremely useful and handy little volume, it was noticed, though certainly in no very complimentary terms, in the *Brooklyn Daily Times*, in the *London Critic*, and in the *New York Criterion*. Nor was it altogether ignored in higher quarters. It had the honour of being reviewed in *Putnam's Magazine*, then the most influential and best conducted of the American periodicals. The reception given to it there was probably under the circumstances the best possible. The reviewer filled three columns with extracts from its pages, selecting the most original and striking passages, and passing over those which were calculated to offend, and though he pronounced the new poems to be a 'mixture of Yankee transcendentalism and New York rowdyism,' which were here 'seen to combine in harmony,' and indulged in other pleasantries of a similar nature, he frankly acknowledged that there were to be found 'an original perception of nature, a manly temper, and an epic directness in the new poet, which belong to no other adept of the transcendental school.'

That any warmer or more encouraging reception should have been accorded to the book was scarcely to be expected. Its singular appearance, its peculiar lines, its utter want of conformity with most of the conventionalities of the poet's art, the obscurity of its author, and above all its seeming want of good morals were against it. Circumstances, however, soon conspired to lift both the volume and its author, if not out of derision, at least out of obscurity. The first and most weighty was the publication of a letter to Whitman from Emerson, in which he declared the *Leaves of Grass* a 'wonderful gift,' and pronounced it 'the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed.' 'I give you joy,' he wrote with his usual cheeriness, 'of your free and brave thought. I have great joy in it. I find incomparable things said incomparably well, as they must be. I find the courage of treatment

* Notes on Walt Whitman, pp. 15-16.

which so delights us, and which large perception only can inspire. . . . The solid sense of the book is a sober certainty. It has the best merits, namely, of fortifying and encouraging.' Thoreau wrote of the book in a similar, if more guarded, strain. 'On the whole, it sounds to me,' were his words, 'very brave and American, after whatever deductions. I do not believe that all the sermons, so called, that have been preached in this land, put together, are equal to it for preaching. We ought to rejoice greatly in him. He sometimes suggests something a little more than human.' By these and other means public attention was gradually directed to the volume: and when at length a new and enlarged edition appeared in 1856, it awoke a perfect storm of derision and abuse. Indeed, so extreme were the feelings it excited, that, according to Dr. Bucke, a number of persons in New York seriously contemplated instituting proceedings against its author in the courts of law, and were only deterred by the consideration that, whatever might be the estimation in which his book deserved to be held, Whitman himself was so popular in New York and Brooklyn that it would be impossible to get a jury to find him guilty. But the best piece of good luck that befell Whitman was his dismissal in 1865, by Mr. Harlan, formerly a Wesleyan clergyman, but at the time secretary for the Interior, from a government clerkship he had obtained, on the ground of the alleged immorality of *Leaves of Grass*. This act at once put the climax to the discussion as to his merits and demerits, and aroused an intense curiosity respecting his volume, and not a little sympathy in his favour.

On Whitman himself the derision and abuse, which were heaped upon him in true Philistine fashion, had, and have had, little or no permanent effect. Least of all, have they induced him to modify the principles with which he started on his literary career, which, as Emerson rightly divined, 'had a long foreground.' Having carefully settled his principles at the beginning, Whitman has steadily adhered to them, never doubting, and never having the slightest misgivings as to their soundness. ? Respecting the manner in which he has applied them—a very different thing—he has now and again had serious doubts.

‘Since I have been ill,’ he writes in a note to the Preface of 1876, ‘I have felt temporary depression more than once, for fear that in *Leaves of Grass* the *moral* parts were not sufficiently pronounced.’ But in his clearest and calmest moods he has always realized, he tells us, that as the *Leaves* surely prepare the way for morals and necessitate them, and are adjusted to them just as nature does and is, so they are what, consistently with his plan, they must and should be. The scorn which he naturally felt towards his detractors was mainly of the silent sort. He neither sought to defend his reputation, nor to retaliate on those by whom it was so savagely assailed; nor did he care much whether he were understood or not. In a poem which does not seem to have been included in the earliest edition, and which is in some respects characteristic, he writes:—

‘I do not trouble my spirit to vindicate itself, or to be understood ;
I see that the elementary laws never apologise ;
(I reckon I behave no prouder than the level I plant my house by after all),

‘I exist as I am—that is enough :
If no other in the world be aware, I sit content ;
And if each and all be aware, I sit content ;

‘One world is aware, and by far the largest to me, and that is myself ;
And whether I come to my own to-day, or in ten thousand or ten million
years,
I can cheerfully take it now, or with equal cheerfulness I can wait.

‘My foothold is tenon’d and mortis’d in granite ;
I laugh at what you call dissolution ;
And I know the amplitude of time.’

This bold and almost arrogant confidence is now apparently being justified. Though not popular in the sense that he is widely read, or that his works are to be found, as Whittier’s are said to be, in almost every house in the United States, Whitman has on the American continent a large and increasing circle of readers. Outside of America his admirers are more numerous still. Like Fourier, he may be said to have his propagandists in many lands. On the continent of Europe some of his works have been translated into several languages, while in England, where his worth was early recognised, he has secured the warm, and on the whole judicious advocacy of poets and critics

like Swinburne, Buchanan, W. B. Bell, W. M. Rossetti, Symonds, and Professor Dowden, and of his popularity amongst ourselves not the least significant sign is the publication of the two handsome volumes, the titles of which we have placed first at the head of this paper.

In these volumes is contained, it would appear, all that Whitman desires to be preserved of his published writings. The one bearing the title *Specimen Days and Collect* is, with the exception of one or two juvenile pieces, in prose, and as the title indicates, is of very varied contents. First of all, we have a number of pages in which Whitman gives an account—an account, we may remark in passing, which is not without interest—of his ancestry and early days. Next, we have a number of memoranda written during the war of attempted secession, and here copied verbatim from a series of ‘soil’d and creas’d livraisons, each composed of a sheet or two of paper, folded small to carry in the pocket,’ and ‘blotch’d here and there with more than one blood-stain,’ having been ‘hurriedly written, sometimes at the clinique, not seldom amid the excitement of uncertainty, or defeat, or of action, or getting ready for it, or a march.’ The memoranda here given from these ‘lurid and blood-smutch’d little note-books’ bear all the marks of their origin. They are written in swift, vigorous, telling words; while the intense realism by which they are pervaded, and the terrible scenes which they depict, often make their reading exceedingly impressive. Following these, and forming the concluding part of the *Specimen Days*, is a number of memoranda written during and after the author’s recovery from a serious and prolonged illness, brought on by his exertions during the war, and consisting, for the most part, of descriptions of natural and human scenes. They are full of fine thought and feeling, and are frequently not less poetical than some of the finer passages in his poems. In the *Collect* are included the remarkable essay entitled ‘Democratic Vistas,’ the prefaces to the various issues of his poems, and a paper on ‘American Poetry.’

Whitman’s prose is, in our opinion, not equal to his verse. Passages of great beauty and power occur; but taken as a

whole the style is less terse and vigorous. It is marred, too, by mannerisms, and particularly by the frequent occurrence of long and often clumsy parentheses. As a rule the shorter pieces are written in much sounder and healthier English than the longer, though some of these are admirably written, and lead one to suspect, as a not unfriendly critic has observed, 'that his every-day prose is distorted intentionally.' For a right understanding of Whitman's poetry, however, a careful study of his prose writings, and more especially of the section having the somewhat strange, though not altogether inappropriate, designation of 'Collect,' is indispensable. It is here that he explains himself, and unfolds the aims and principles by which he is guided and inspired.

Leaves of Grass, originally, as we have remarked, a thin quarto of about a hundred pages, has now grown into a goodly sized octavo of nearly four hundred closely printed pages, containing close upon three hundred separate poems. Whitman has given regular titles to comparatively few of them. Most of them are headed instead with their first line or phrase, as, e.g. 'As I pondered in silence,' 'I hear America singing,' 'When I heard at the close of the day.' The greater part of them are distributed under the headings—'Inscriptions,' 'Children of Adam,' 'Calamus,' 'Birds of Passage,' 'Sea-drift,' 'By the Roadside,' 'Drum-taps,' 'Autumn Rivulets,' 'Whispers of Heavenly Death,' 'From Noon to Starry Eve,' 'Songs of Parting.' Unconnected as they seem, however, it must not be supposed that they have no connection or are without arrangement. Though without formal connection, they have one which is real, and are intended to be read in the order in which they stand, as what may not unfitly be called an Epic of Life. On first reading, as most readers will probably acknowledge, they are somewhat repellent. There is so much in them we do not expect to find, so little respect is paid to our conventional ideas, and the author obtrudes himself so ostentatiously upon our attention, that after a few lines we are disposed to throw the book aside as a compound of egotism and nonsense. On further reading, however, the illusion is gradually dispelled. First the attention is arrested by single lines or isolated pas-

sages, and as we proceed we become aware of an intellectual wealth and suggestiveness, a subtle charm, a personal force, a rush and glow of overmastering passion which we have seldom met with elsewhere; and though there are passages from which we turn away with repugnance, we cease to wonder at the warm and extremely eulogistic terms in which the admirers of Whitman are in the habit of speaking of him.

But whatever our estimate of Whitman's writings may be, Whitman himself is unquestionably a notable figure, certainly one of the most notable America has produced. As Professor Dowden has remarked,—‘What cannot be questioned after an hour's acquaintance with Walt Whitman and his *Leaves of Grass*, is that in him we meet a man not shaped out of old-world clay nor cast in any old-world mould, and hard to name by any old-world name. In his self-assertion there is a manner of powerful nonchalantness which is not assumed; he does not peep timidly from behind his work to glean our suffrages, but seems to say, “Take me or leave me, here I am, a solid and not inconsiderable fact of the universe.” He disturbs our classifications; he attracts us; he repels us; he excites our curiosity, wonder, admiration, love: or our extreme repugnance. However we feel towards him we cannot despise him. He is a “summons and a challenge.” He must be understood and so accepted, or must be got rid of. Passed by he cannot be.’* Nor are the sources of this singular power far to seek. They are to be found not so much in his art, for as an artist he is in some respects confessedly weak, but in the lofty purpose by which he is inspired, and in the ardent, and almost fierce enthusiasm with which he has from first to last devoted himself to it. This purpose, to put it in the fewest words, is nothing less than to inaugurate in America, by means of a genuinely native imaginative literature, a new era of intellectual and spiritual development. Or to put it differently, and to use the eloquent words of W. M. Rossetti, he “occupies at the present moment a unique position on the globe, and one which, even in past time, can have been occupied by

* *Studies in Literature, 1789-1877*, p. 473.

only an infinitesimally small number of men. He is the one man who entertains and professes respecting himself the grave conviction that he is the actual and prospective founder of a new poetic literature, and a great one—a literature proportional to the material vastness and the unmeasured destinies of America; he believes that the Columbus of the continent, or the Washington of the States was not more truly than himself in the future a founder and upbuilder of this America.' This purpose is surely a noble one, and which, if at all seriously followed, cannot fail to be fruitful in extraordinary power. And that this is the purpose which Whitman has continually set before him he has frequently declared. 'Democratic Vistas,' his various Prefaces, and several other of his prose essays may be taken as a sort of apology justifying it. But, nowhere has he given more noble utterance to it, as Mr. Rossetti has also pointed out, than in the following lines:—

'Come, I will make the continent indissoluble,
I will make the most splendid race the sun ever shone upon,
I will make divine magnetic lands,

With the love of comrades,

With the life-long love of comrades,

'I will plant companionship thick as trees along all the rivers of America,
and along the shores of the great lakes, and all over the prairies,
I will make inseparable cities with their arms about each other's necks,

By the love of comrades

By the manly love of comrades.

'For you these from me, O Democracy, to serve you *ma femme* !
For you, for you, I am trilling these songs.'

Besides an 'imperious conviction and the commands of his nature as total and as irresistible as those which make the sea flow, or the globe revolve,' Whitman's incentives to this great and unquestionably beneficent task are partly in the condition of American society, and partly in the character of American literature.

The spectacle presented by American society he describes as 'appalling.' Everywhere he sees hollowness, hypocrisy, deceit; in the business classes a depravity 'infinitely greater than has been supposed;' 'corruption, falsehood, and maladministration in all branches and departments of the official services, whether national, state, or municipal;' in 'fashionable life flippancy,

tepid amours, weak infidelism, small aims, or no aims at all, only to kill time ;' 'in literature a scornful superciliousness ;' 'in the churches and sects the most dismal phantasms usurping the name of religion.' 'The best class we shew,' he writes, 'is but a mob of fashionably-dress'd speculators and vulgarians.' Though an unwavering believer in democracy, and joyfully recognising the 'immense success of the New World democracy in lifting the masses out of their sloughs, in materialistic development, products, and in a certain species of intellectual culture,' he is nevertheless painfully oppressed by the conviction that so far 'in its social aspects, and in really grand religious, moral, literary, esthetic results, it is an almost complete failure.' 'In vain,' he exclaims, 'do we march with unprecedented strides to empire so colossal, outvying the antique, beyond Alexander's, beyond the proudest sway of Rome. In vain have we annexed Texas, California, Alaska, and reach north to Canada and south to Cuba. It is as if we were somehow being endowed with a vast and more thoroughly-appointed body, and then left with little or no soul.' Or take the following passage from the 'Democratic Vistas,' which, while it illustrates his style in prose writing, clearly indicates one at least of the reasons why he has devoted himself to his self-imposed task :—

'Let me illustrate further, as I write, with current observations, localities, &c. The subject is important, and will bear repetition. After an absence, I am now again (September, 1870) in New York city and Brooklyn, on a few weeks' vacation. The splendour, picturesqueness, and oceanic amplitude and rush of these great cities, the unsurpassed situation, rivers and bay, sparkling sea-tides, costly and lofty new buildings, facades of marble and iron, of original grandeur and elegance of design, with the masses of gay color, the preponderance of white and blue, the flags flying, the endless ships, the tumultuous streets, Broadway, the heavy, low, musical roar, hardly ever intermitted, even at night ; the jobbers' houses, the rich shops, the wharves, the great Central Park, and the Brooklyn Park of hills, (as I wander among them this beautiful fall weather, musing, watching, absorbing)—the assemblages of the citizens in their groups, conversations, trades, evening amusements, or along the by-quarters—these, I say, and the like of these, completely satisfy my senses of power, fulness, motion, &c., and give me, through such senses and appetites, and through my esthetic conscience, a continued exaltation and absolute fulfilment. Always, and more and more, as I cross the east and north rivers, the ferries, or with the

pilots in their pilot-houses, or pass an hour in Wall Street, or the Gold Exchange, I realize (if we must admit such partialisms) that not Nature alone is great in her fields of freedom and the open air, in her storms, the shows of night and day, the mountains, forests, seas—but in the artificial, the work of man, too, is equally great—in this profusion of teeming humanity—in these ingenuities, streets, goods, houses, ships—these hurrying, feverish, electric crowds of men, their complicated business genius (not least among the geniuses), and all this mighty, many-threaded wealth and industry concentrated here.

‘But sternly discarding, shutting our eyes to the glow and grandeur of the general superficial effect, coming down to what is of the only real importance, personalities, and examining minutely, we question, we ask—Are there, indeed, *men* here worthy the name? Are there athletes? Are there perfect women to match the generous material luxuriance? Is there a pervading atmosphere of beautiful manners? Are there crops of fine youths, and majestic old persons? Are their arts worthy freedom and a rich people? Is there a great moral and religious civilization—the only justification of a great material one? Confess that to severe eyes, using the moral microscope upon humanity, a sort of dry and flat Sahara appears, these cities, crowded with petty grotesques, malformations, phantoms, playing meaningless antics. Confess that everywhere, in shop, street, church, theatre, bar-room, official chair, are pervading flippancy and vulgarity, low cunning, infidelity—everywhere the youth puny, impudent, foppish, prematurely ripe—everywhere an abnormal libidinousness, unhealthy forms, male, female, painted, padded, dyed, chignon’d, muddy complexions, bad blood, the capacity for good motherhood decreasing or deceased, shallow notions of beauty, with a range of manners, or rather lack of manners (considering the advantages enjoy’d,) probably the meanest to be seen in the world.’

Turning to the literature of America, any ‘breath recuperative of sane and heroic life’ to breathe into these lamentable conditions, Whitman nowhere finds. That which he observes to be everywhere lacking is native or original power. Workers in a certain sort of literature he sees in abundance; but ‘touched by the national test, or tried by the standards of democratic personality, they wither,’ he affirms, ‘to ashes.’ ‘I have not seen,’ he remarks, ‘a single writer, artist, lecturer, or what not, that has confronted the voiceless, but ever erect and active, pervading, underlying will and typic aspiration of the land, in a spirit kindred to itself.’ And, again, ‘considered with reference to purposes of patriotism, health, and noble personality, religion, and the democratic adjustments, all these swarms of

poems, literary magazines, dramatic plays, resultant so far from American intellect, and the formation of our best ideas, are useless and a mockery. They strengthen and nourish no one, express nothing characteristic, give decision and purpose to no one, and suffice only the lowest level of vacant minds.' Morally and artistically, he affirms, America has as yet originated nothing. 'We see the sons and daughters of the New World,' he observes, 'ignorant of its genius, not yet inaugurating the native, the universal, and the near, still importing the distant, the partial, and the dead. We see London, Paris, Italy—not original, superb, as where they belong, but secondhand here, where they do not belong. We see the shreds of Hebrews, Romans, Greeks; but where on her own soil do we see, in any faithful, highest, proud expression, America herself? I sometimes question whether she has a corner in her own house.' The central point of a nation, and that whence it is swayed and sways others, that which consolidates its various parts, shapes its character, and is the source at once of its inspiration and influence, is, he believes, its national literature, and more especially its archetypal poems, but any such literature or poems America, he maintains, does not possess.

What then is the literature he desires, and to what extent has he realised this desire in his own works? The answer to the first of these questions the foregoing paragraphs have already suggested. Those who wish for a fuller and more explicit answer we must refer to *Specimen Days and Collect*, and more especially to the 'Democratic Vistas,' the Prefaces of 1855 and 1876, and to the essay on 'Poetry To-day in America—Shakespeare—The Future,' where Whitman has unfolded his ideas at considerable length, and frequently with great eloquence and power. In the space now remaining at our disposal we shall point out one or two of the features of the literature he has produced, premising, however, that many of the questions it suggests we shall be obliged to pass over in silence.

Whitman's principal defect, as a poet, lies, as it seems to us, and as we have already said, in the direction of his artistic power. That which strikes the reader first on opening *Leaves of Grass* is the singular appearance of its pages. The ordinary

forms of versification Whitman has discarded, and adopted in their stead one which reminds us of Ossian, the writings of the Hebrew prophets, and the Vedas. By his thorough-paced admirers this is claimed as a sign of originality and strength. In our opinion it is a sign of weakness. A really great poet, one, that is, who is thoroughly perfect in all the branches of his art, is a master of expression. Whitman confessedly is not. After many trials he was forced, he tells us, to give up the attempt to express himself in the forms employed by the great poets of the principal literary nations, and to use the mode he has here adopted. There is running through his works, as Mr. Rossetti has very truly remarked, 'a very powerful and majestic rythmical sense,' and some of his poems are distinguished by a rythmical movement and a sustained melody which are admirable, as for example—'Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking,' 'O Captain, my Captain,' 'When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed.' These, however, are exceptions. Generally speaking, Whitman's lines are deficient in melody. Music of a certain kind they certainly have; but they want the measured cadence, the flowing melody, that exquisite rythmical charm which makes the words of the great poets take hold of the mind and live in the memory as the sweetest strain of a noble song. Nor can it be said that by adopting this peculiar mode of versification Whitman has secured any advantages superior to those afforded by the ordinary forms. That he has obtained a greater freedom may probably be admitted; but it is questionable whether it is not at the expense of effectiveness. To take but a single illustration. The thought of the following is admirable:—

'There was a child went forth every day :
And the first object he look'd upon, that object he became ;
And that object became part of him for the day, or a certain part
of the day,
Or for many years, or stretching cycles of years.

The horizon's edge, the flying sea-crow, the fragrance of salt-marsh
and shore-mud ;
These became part of that child who went forth every day, and
who now goes, and will always go forth every day.'

But compare with it Wordsworth's treatment of the same theme:—

'The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her : and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.'

Whatever may be said in favour of Whitman's treatment, the advantages, so far as general effectiveness is concerned, are plainly with Wordsworth. The last two lines, besides having a fulness and suggestiveness about them quite equal to all that Whitman has said, or has attempted to say, have a music and a charm of expression on which the ear delights to dwell. Whitman's neglect of the art of expression is calculated, we think, to tell greatly against him. That he is capable of great things in this way we do not doubt. The poems referred to above, and others we could name, are a proof of the consummate work he might have done, had he been less impatient of restraint and more devoted to the perfecting of his skill in what is in reality one of the main sources of the poet's power. It must not be supposed, however, that Whitman is indifferent to the charms of art, or that, in his revolt against conventionalism, he has no rules or principles of his own. To those who imagine so we commend the perusal of what follows from the Preface of 1855:—

'The art of art, the glory of expression and the sunshine of the light of letters, is simplicity. Nothing is better than simplicity—nothing can make up for excess, or for the lack of definiteness. To carry on the heave of impulse and pierce intellectual depths and give all subjects their articulations, are powers neither common nor very uncommon. But to speak in literature with the perfect rectitude and insouciance of the movements of animals, and the unimpeachableness of the sentiment of trees in the woods and grass by the road-side, is the flawless triumph of art. If you have look'd on him who has achiev'd it you have look'd on one of the masters of the artists of all nations and times. You shall not contemplate the flight of the grey gull over the bay, or the mettlesome action of the blood-horse, or the tall leaning of some flowers on their stalk, or the appearance of the

sun journeying through heaven, or the appearance of the moon afterward, with any more satisfaction than you shall contemplate him. The great poet has less a marked style, and is more the channel of thoughts and things without increase or diminution, and is the free channel of himself. He swears to his art, I will not be meddlesome, I will not have in my writing any elegance, or effect, or originality, to hang in the way between me and the rest like curtains. I will have nothing hang in the way, not the richest curtains. What I tell I tell for precisely for what it is. Let who may exalt or startle or fascinate or soothe, I will have purposes as health or heat or snow has, and be as regardless of observation. What I experience or portray shall go from my composition without a shred of my composition. You shall stand by my side and look in the mirror with me.'

In 'Children of Adam,' Whitman has sinned, we think, against good taste, common sense, and, in fact, as one of his critics has pointed out, against one of his own canons. True, he has probably violated no moral law, and has simply spoken of what nature permits. It is true also that according to Schiller, whatever nature permits, is permitted also to art. Still, there are some things on which men have agreed to be silent, and though we are by no means disposed to regard conventionality as the standard of morals, we cannot avoid the conviction that by speaking of the sexual relations in the way in which he has, Whitman has violated a natural instinct of the human mind. That he is an immoral writer, as some of his critics have maintained, we do not believe. His fault is one of manner rather than of spirit, and has its origin in an error of judgment rather than in a wrong bias of the mind. His deepest spirit and highest aim are, it seems to us, religious; and nothing, we imagine, but a strong sense of duty could have made him withstand so patiently and persistently the fierce storm of invective and abuse which some of his poems have aroused against him.

Whitman's faults, however, are greatly outweighed by his merits. First we may notice that in spirit he is intensely American. In the poets of other lands he is evidently well read; yet, he is an imitator of none. His manner, style, and spirit are entirely his own. Previous to him the poetry of America was, as has been justly observed, merely the

poetry of apt pupils, with an exuberance of gorgeous blossom, but no principle of reproduction. The poems of Bryant and Longfellow might have been written as easily on the banks of the Thames as on the banks of the Hudson. There is little in them that is distinctively American. Whitman's poems, on the other hand, are saturated through and through with the spirit of the New World. 'Starting from Paumanock,' 'Crossing Brooklyn Ferry,' 'A Song of Joys,' 'Song of the Broad Axe,' 'A Song for Occupations,' 'Pioneers! O Pioneers!' 'By Blue Ontario's Shore,' 'Drum-Taps' and 'Sea Drift,' it may safely be said, could not have been written elsewhere than on the American Continent, or by one whose spiritual life had not been reared among its people, and nourished by a life-long communion with its magnificent natural phenomena. Whitman is American also in another sense. He is thoroughly democratic. The President is no more to him than a mason, or woodman, or western farmer. Any breath of a political aristocracy, of feudalism, or of caste, is not allowed to taint his pages. Their ideas and institutions are entirely alien to his spirit. He could no more have written the *Idylls of the King*, or a play of Shakespeare than he could have written the *Illiad*. The doctrine which he preaches on every page is the greatness of the individual soul. While Spenser writes 'to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline,' Whitman writes to build up a new and splendid race of average men. As a poet of Democracy, as Democracy exists in the New World, he stands alone.

'The messages of great poets to each man and woman,' he has remarked, 'are, Come to us on equal terms, only then can you understand us. We are no better than you. What we inclose you inclose, what we enjoy you may enjoy.' Of his own poems this is a marked feature. Their directness is unquestionable. They place the reader on a level with themselves, and make him feel that he is being addressed by one who is of the same flesh and blood as himself, by one whose thoughts and feelings are, or may be his own. And the reason is that, subjective as Whitman's poems are, and distinctively as they teach the doctrine of individualism, they always rest on that

which is universally human. Perhaps no other poet of the present has a larger vision of that 'great human heart by which we live,' or more persistently announces it. The 'self' of which he sings is not always his own individual self; as frequently, if not more so, it is the universal self, that universal being of which each individual is but a conscious manifestation. Of this any one can convince himself by a careful reading of the 'Song of Myself.' Take, for instance, the following lines:—

'I have heard what the talkers were talking, the talk of the beginning
and the end.

But I do not talk of the beginning or the end.
There was never any more inception than there is now,
Nor any more youth or age than there is now,
And will never be any more perfection than there is now,
Nor any more heaven or hell than there is now ;'

or take the lines with which the song opens :—

'I celebrate myself, and sing of myself,
And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belongs to me as good as belongs to you ;'

or these :—

'The city sleeps and the country sleeps,
The living sleep for their time, the dead sleep for their time,
The old husband sleeps by his wife, and the young husband sleeps
by his wife ;
And these tend inward to me, and I tend outward to them,
And such as it is to be of these more or less I am,
And of these one and all I weave the song of myself.'

This mysticism, indeed, forms the background of all Whitman's more important pieces, and is the key to their meaning. Without a clear apprehension of it it is impossible to understand the paradoxes in which his pages abound, or to reconcile his apparent contradictions. Were it not that we have Mr. Burroughs' assertion to the contrary, we should have attributed Whitman's mysticisms to a close study of Emerson. It seems, however, that before he published the first edition of the *Leaves of Grass*, Whitman had never read Emerson at all, and that he did not become acquainted with the *Essay* until the following summer. The similarity of their ideas is remarkable, and may

probably be taken as significant of the tendency of American thought.

Whitman is pre-eminently a poet of the modern world. No other has more thoroughly adopted the conclusions of science, or made a more splendid and impressive use of them in his writings. Not unseldom they give a vastness and grandeur to his thought, which is well-nigh overwhelming. At the same time he is very far from being in any sense or degree a materialist. The supremacy of the spiritual he always loyally, and sometimes ostentatiously, recognises. Though almost Greek in his sympathy with nature, and notwithstanding the manner in which he has sung of man's physical constitution, the position which he assigns to the soul is always incomparably higher, as the following from his Preface of 1876 clearly shows :—

'Only (for me, at anyrate, in all my prose and poetry), joyfully accepting modern science, and loyally following it without the slightest hesitation, there remains ever recognized still a higher flight, a higher fact, the eternal soul of man, (of all else too) the spiritual the religious—which it is to be the greatest office of scientism, in my opinion, and of future poetry also, to free from fables, crudities, and superstitions, and launch forth in renewed faith and scope a hundred-fold. To me, the worlds of religiousness, of the conception of the divine, and of the ideal, though mainly latent, are just as absolute in humanity and the universe as the world of chemistry, or anything in the objective worlds. . . . To me the crown of savantism is to be, that it surely opens the way for a more splendid theology, and for ampler and diviner songs.'

Still, notwithstanding his modern tone of thought, and the democratic spirit which pervades his writings, the past is by no means disdained by Whitman. Past, present, and future, he holds, are not disjointed but joined. The greatest poet forms the consistence of what is to be from what has been. The present, he affirms, is but a stage in the eternal process of creative thought, and is what it is through the past. At the same time, however, while admitting his indebtedness to the past, and claiming kinship with it, he asserts also his independence, and claims to stand in his own place with his own day about him :—

'I conn'd old times,

I sat studying at the feet of the great masters :

Now if eligible O that the great masters might return and study me.
 In the name of These States shall I scorn the antique?
 Why These are the children of the antique to justify it.

Dead poets, philosophers, priests,
 Martyrs, artists, inventors, governments long since
 Language-shapers on other shores,
 Nations once powerful, now reduced, withdrawn, or desolate,
 I dare not proceed till I respectfully credit what you have left wafted
 hither

I have perused it, own it is admirable, (moving awhile among it)
 Think nothing can ever be greater, nothing can ever deserve more
 than it deserves,
 Regarding it all intensely a long while, then dismissing it,
 I stand in my place with my own day here.'

We are warned, however, that our space is already exhausted, and can refer to but one other of the many remaining features of Whitman's poetry. After pointing out that formerly he was considered the best poet who composed the most perfect work, or the one which was most complete in every respect, Sainte-Beuve has remarked that for us in the present the greatest poet is he who in his works most stimulates the reader's imagination and reflection; not he who has done the best, but he who suggests the most; he, not all of whose meaning is at first obvious, who leaves you much to desire, to explain, to study, much to complete in your turn.' Judged by this standard Whitman deserves to take a place among the foremost. His works are preeminently suggestive. Any finished picture he seldom presents. His poems are rather suggestions, arousing the reader, and leading him on and on, till he feels the fresher air of a freer thought breathing around him, and sees spreading out before him the limitless and unknown.

'I but write one or two indicative words for the future,
 I but advance a moment, only to wheel and hurry back in the darkness.
 I am a man who, sauntering along, without fully stopping, turns a
 casual look upon you, and then averts his face,
 Leaving it to you to prove and define it,
 Expecting the main things from you.'

To the religious spirit which breathes through Whitman's

writings we have already referred; and our assertions on this point have been borne out by several of the passages we have cited for other purposes. Did our space permit, numerous other passages might be cited as bearing directly upon it. But as a last word, and as indicating with considerable fulness the scope and spirit of all that he has written, we transcribe the following:—

- ‘ And thou America,
For the scheme’s culmination, its thought and its reality
For these (not for thyself) thou hast arrived.
- ‘ Thou, too, surroundest all,
Embracing, carrying, welcoming all, thou, too, by pathways broad and
new,
To the ideal tendest.
- ‘ The measur’d faiths of other lands, the grandeurs of the past,
Are not for thee, but grandeurs of thine own,
Deific faiths and amplitudes, absorbing, comprehending all,
All eligible to all.
- ‘ All for immortality,
Love like the light silently wrapping all,
Nature’s amelioration blessing all,
The blossoms, fruits of ages, orchards divine and certain,
Forms, objects, growths, humanities, to spiritual images ripening.
- ‘ Give me, O God, to sing that thought,
Give me, give him or her I love this quenchless faith,
In Thy ensemble, whatever else withheld withhold not from us,
Belief in plan of Thee enclosed in Time and Space,
Health, peace, salvation, universal.
- ‘ Is it a dream ?
Nay, but the lack of it the dream ?
And failing it life’s lore and wealth a dream,
And all the world a dream. ’

ART. VI.—ZOLA'S PARISIAN MIDDLE CLASSES.

WHEN Emile Zola, in the course of his *Natural and Social History of a Family under the Second Empire*, had portrayed the labouring classes of Paris in a description which may or may not have been a calumny, he is said to have promised them their revenge, and his representation of commercial society has certainly been envenomed enough to gratify the most vindictive *prolétaire*. It may be questioned whether the author lays the greater stress upon the representation of foul animalism, or upon that of an almost utter absence of any sentiment of honour, honesty, or self-respect. By the inculcated class itself the work was greeted with screams of horror at its impropriety. It is certainly coarse almost beyond expression, and contains one description in particular which ought never to have been written by any man born of woman. But when one calls to remembrance the complacency with which the same people perused the sickening account of degradation among working men, in one volume of the series, and the equally revolting picture of aristocratic debaucheries in another, their qualms of delicacy are apt to remind one of the conscientious objections to Ritualism which suddenly developed themselves in some persons doing business in London when Brother Ignatius had delivered in a city church one or two of his course of sermons on the text 'Thou shalt not steal.'

Zola is certainly no instance of the Divine truth that 'Fools make a mock at sin.' The vice so nakedly described is painted in the blackest and most repulsive colours, and the vicious types who form nearly all his *dramatis personæ* are held up only to contempt and dislike. Of the few upright or moral characters, the old man Vabre, the secret gambler, is drawn chiefly for amusement; but the poor struggling and well-meaning father, M. Jossérand, is evidently meant to excite pity and sympathy, if not actual respect; and the highest place is kept for the ecclesiastic, torn between the fear of condoning wickedness on the one hand and of rendering his ministry useless through too harsh a zeal, on the other. It is

not, however, with these features that we are here concerned, but merely with the curious and interesting pictures of modern Parisian middle-class life which the book contains, and of which we have culled a few for the entertainment of the reader, omitting the passages relating to other portions of the story.

The book can hardly be said to have a plot. It consists of the history of a large house let out in flats, during the residence in it of a certain Octave Mouret, a draper's assistant, who ends by marrying the proprietress of the shop where he is employed. The pretentious dignity of this mansion, and especially the solemnity of the common stair, with all its gilding and sham marble, and the whited-sepulchre respectability of the doors opening upon it, is made a subject of unceasing sarcasm. The proprietor of this house, who has built it as a speculation, is a small retired solicitor from Versailles, a M. Vabre; whose younger son Auguste keeps a large silk-mercery (where Octave is for some time foreman) on the ground-floor, and occupies the entresol. The first floor is divided into two dwellings, one of which is occupied by M. Vabre's married son Théophile and his wife Valérie; and the other by his daughter Clotilde, married to M. Duveyrier, a Counsellor to the Court of Appeal, whose extreme severity of public principle and debased profligacy in private are held up as a type of social hypocrisy; with these latter M. Vabre himself resides. The second floor is inhabited by a literary man and his family, who have no dealings with anybody in the house. On the third are a lady, Mdme. Juzeur, 'who has seen great misfortunes'; and the architect by whom the house had been built, M. Campardon, with his wife and daughter and a cousin. On the fourth floor there live, along with several other lodgers, a family named Josserand. The father is money-taker at a large glass shop. The eldest son lives away from home, and the younger, Saturnin, is half-witted. There are two daughters, Hortense and Berthe. The history of the Vabre and Josserand families takes up most part of the book. Mdme. Josserand has long been endeavouring to get her daughters off her hands, and especially urging on her brother, M. Bachelard, a wealthy but dissolute old

tradesman, a childless widower, the propriety of giving them marriage portions. Uncle Bachelard has a nephew by marriage named Gueulin, who, with a fast young man called Trublot, constitute Octave's principal male acquaintance.

The following description of a musical evening party has attained some renown:—

'A perfect play was being acted at the Jossierands'. The musical party at the Duveyriers', to which they were just going, should settle, M^{me}. Jossierand was determined, the question of Berthe's marrying Auguste Vabre. Auguste himself, who had been the object of a violent siege for the last fortnight, was still hesitating, in evident doubts upon the subject of the dowry. M^{me}. Jossierand, determined to make a decisive stroke, had written to her brother, to announce to him the project of the marriage, and to remind him of his promises, in the hope that he would commit himself, in his answer, to something of which she could make use. The whole family were waiting for nine o'clock, before the fire-place in the dining-room, dressed, and ready to go down, when M. Gourd, the porter, brought up the letter from uncle Bachelard, which had lain forgotten under M^{me}. Gourd's snuff-box ever since the last post.

"At last," said M^{me} Jossierand, tearing it open.

The father and two daughters watched her anxiously as she read it. The maid-of-all-work, who had had to dress the ladies, was moving clumsily about, clearing the table, on which the dinner dishes still remained. M^{me}. Jossierand turned pale.

"Nothing," she burst out, "not a single word worth anything. He'll see later on, when the marriage takes place—and he adds how well he loves us. Wretched scoundrel!"

M. Jossierand, in his evening clothes, dropt into a chair. Hortense and Berthe sat down too, in a sort of exhaustion, one in pink and the other in blue, their old frocks done up once more.

"I always said it," murmured the father. "Bachelard is simply doing us—he'll never give us a sou."

M^{me}. Jossierand, in her flame-coloured gown, stood reading the letter over again, and then broke out afresh.

"Men are always the same! Him, for instance, you'd think he was mad, the way he spends his life. Not a bit of it! He might be anything you like, but he wakes up quick enough when once you begin to talk to him about money, and" (turning to her daughters for their instruction), "I'll tell you what. I ask myself what on earth can make you want to marry. If you'd only had enough of it and to spare, like me! There's not one of them would ever care for you for your own sakes, or settle anything on you without a row. Uncles rolling in their millions, who've been fed for the last twenty years, and then won't give their nieces anything!"

Husbands who are of no use whatsoever—no, sir—of no use whatsoever !”

‘M. Josserrand’s head sank. The maid went on clearing the table, when M^{de}. Josserrand’s wrath suddenly fell upon her.

“What are you doing there, listening for? Be off to the kitchen, and stay there. And then, those brutes are to have everything! They’re only fit to be treated as they treat us, keep that in mind!”

‘Hortense and Berthe shook their heads gravely, as though thoroughly penetrated by these counsels. Their mother had long ago convinced them of the entire inferiority of men, whose only parts in life were to marry and to pay. Silence took possession of the smoky dining-room, which the remains of the dinner, left upon the table, filled with a close smell of eating. The Josserrands themselves, in their evening clothes, sitting apart here and there, forgot for a while the Duveyriers’ concert, in a mournful contemplation of the constant disenchantments of life. From a room hard by they could hear the snores of Saturnin, whom they had put to bed early.’

“It’s all up then—shall we undress?” said Berthe, at last.

‘But Madame Josserrand recovered her energy at once. “What? Undress? And why, if you please? Were they not respectable? Was not a marriage with them as good as a marriage with any one else?” Take place the marriage should, or she would die in the attempt. And then she distributed their parts to each. The two girls were to make themselves as agreeable as possible to Auguste, and not to let go of him until he had done it; the father was to make friends of old M. Vabre and Duveyrier by always saying whatever they said, if he had sense enough; as for herself, she would undertake the women, and knew well enough how to manage them. Then, after a moment’s consideration, and a last glance round the dining room, as though to make sure of having left no weapon forgotten behind, she assumed the air of a commander leading his troops to the forlorn hope, and said—

“Let us go down.”

‘They went down. M. Josserrand, amid the solemnity of the staircase, feeling some very disagreeable anticipations as to his conscience.

‘When they arrived, the crowd at the Duveyriers’ was already dense. The enormous grand piano took up one whole side of the drawing-room. The women were seated in front of it upon rows of chairs, as at a public concert; and two black waves of evening-coats overflowed into the background from the open doors of the dining-room and of the back drawing-room. A chandelier from the ceiling and sconces on the walls, assisted by six lamps upon side-tables, shed a blinding light upon the whole room, which was painted entirely in white and gold, and furnished with violently red silk curtains and furniture covered to match. It was very hot, and the fans beat monotonously upon the richly-perfumed air.

‘M^{de}. Duveyrier had just seated herself at the piano. M^{de}. Josserrand, smiling, made her a gesture of entreaty not to move, left her daughters in the middle of the men, and accepted a chair for

herself between Valérie and Mdme. Juzeur. M. Jossierand had got away comfortably into the back drawing-room, where the landlord, old M. Vabre, was slumbering in his usual place in the corner of a sofa. A group was already assembled in the same room, comprising Campardon the architect, Théophile and Auguste Vabre, Dr. Juillerat, and the Abbé Mauduit. Trublot and Octave had found one another, and gone to the end of the dining-room, out of the way of the music. Not far from them, but behind the sea of black coats, was Duveyrier, a tall, thin man, with his eyes fixed upon his wife at the piano, awaiting the making of silence. At his button-hole was the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour, arranged in an unexceptionable little bow.

"Hush-sh, hush-sh," whispered friendly voices.

Then Clotilde Duveyrier began to play a Nocturn by Chopin, excessively difficult in execution. She was a tall, handsome woman, with very fine reddish hair, and a long face, as white and as cold as snow. Music was the only thing which had power to light up her grey eyes, and then it was with an exaggerated passion in which she lived, without any other craving, either of mind or body. Duveyrier continued to look at her; but, after the first few bars, he was seized by a nervous irritation, his lips worked and contracted, and he went off to the far end of the dining-room: the great red spots on his shaven face, with its pointed chin and slanting eyes, showed unhealthy blood, a kind of bitterness coming up on the skin.

"Trublot, who had been staring at him, said tranquilly—

"He's not fond of music."

"Neither am I," answered Octave.

"Oh, you—it doesn't matter. He's a man, my dear boy, who's always been in luck. He's no better than anybody else, but everybody's always pushed him on. He comes of an old middle class family, and his father's a retired president. He's belonged to the Bar ever since he left school; then a judge substitute at Reims; from that, a judge at Paris, at the *tribunal de première instance*; decorated with the Legion of Honour; and now Counsellor of the Court—and all before he's forty-five. It's rather strong. But he don't like music. The piano is the bane of his life. One can't have absolutely everything."

"Clotilde, meanwhile, was dispersing the difficulties with an amazing calmness. She was at her piano like a circus-rider on her horse. Octave's only interest was in watching her hands.

"Just look at her fingers," he said, "it's enough to knock you down.* That sort of thing must hurt her after about a quarter of an hour."

"On the termination of the Nocturn, everyone offered Clotilde their congratulations; Mdme. Jossierand, who ran to her with excitement, squeezed both her hands. The men began to talk again, with a sense of relief, and the women fanned themselves more freely. Duveyrier felt himself able to

* *épatant*.

return into the back drawing-room, whither he was followed by Octave and Trublot. As they pressed through among the petticoats, the latter whispered to the former—

“Look to the right—the game’s begun.”

‘Mdme. Josserrand had just fired off Berthe at Auguste. He had had the rashness to come up to speak to the ladies. This evening, his neuralgia was allowing him a rest; indeed, he only felt it in one place, in the left eye, but he looked forward to the close of the evening with perturbation, for he knew that there was going to be singing, which was always bad for him.

“Berthe,” said her mother, “tell M. Auguste that prescription for neuralgia which you copied out of a book for him—Oh, I assure you, it is really a specific!”

‘And as soon as she saw them talking together, near a window, she left them.

“Just fancy doing it with medicines,” whispered Trublot.

‘M. Josserrand, desirous to content his wife, had remained in the back drawing-room, standing in front of M. Vabre, but considerably embarrassed, as the old man continued to slumber peacefully, and he did not like to wake him up in order to ingratiate himself. But when the music stopped, M. Vabre opened his eyes. He was a little fat man, entirely bald except for two tufts of white hair above his ears, with a red face, thick lips, and round eyes which projected a good deal. M. Josserrand got into conversation by enquiring civilly after his health. The retired solicitor, whose four or five ideas were always unfolded in the same order, began by talking about Versailles, where he had practised for forty years; next he spoke of his sons, and expressed his continued regret that neither the elder nor the younger had shown sufficient ability to carry on his business, which had been the reason that induced him to sell, and come to live in Paris; thirdly, came the history of his house, the building of which had formed the romance of his existence.

“I sank three hundred thousand francs in it. My architect assured me that it would turn out a magnificent speculation; and now it’s as much as I can do to keep my money, especially since my children have come to live with me on purpose not to have to pay rent; and I should never get anything if I didn’t go myself every fifteenth. But I’m happy to say that I can comfort myself in my work.”

“You’re a hard worker?” asked M. Josserrand.

“Always, always,” answered the old man, with an air of worn and hopeless energy, “To me, to work is to live.”

‘And then he explained his great occupation. For the last ten years he had purchased regularly a copy of the official catalogue of the *Salon*, and carefully analysed it, writing out upon slips, with the name of each painter, the names of the pictures exhibited by him. He spoke of this undertaking with an air of weariness and pain; he found that the year

was hardly long enough to bring up the results to the actual moment, before the publication of a new catalogue necessitated the going over the whole thing afresh; sometimes, indeed, the task was so difficult that it fairly crushed him, and he dropped it in despair—for instance, some of the artists were ladies, and if they married, and after their marriage signed their pictures, not by their maiden names, but by their married names, how on earth was he to recognize them?

"And my work can never be brought to an end," he groaned; "it's that that's killing me."

"You take a great interest in art?" replied M. Josserrand, with the intention of complimenting him.

"M. Vabre stared at him with an expression of amazement.

"Not at all—it is not necessary for me to see the pictures. It's a work of statistics. Well, I think I'd better go to bed: my head'll be clearer to-morrow morning. Good night."

He raised himself upon his stick, which he used even in the house, and retired with a stiff and painful gait, for his thighs were already getting touched by paralysis. M. Josserrand stayed where he was, with a feeling of perplexity; he was afraid he had not understood very well, and had not talked about the slips with enough enthusiasm.

Berthe had managed to edge Auguste into the recess of the window, and was making him giddy with her laughter. He forgot his fear of women, and became quite rosy. Mme. Josserrand, however, must have thought that things were going rather too slow, for she directed a fixed look at Hortense, who accordingly went to give her sister a helping hand.

The men were talking politics, and a contest as to the unbending attitude of the Church was engaged between the doctor and the priest, the former a thin nervous man, and the latter plump and polished. They were in reality very old friends, as they met at every death-bed in the quarter, but they now appeared irreconcilable, while the priest preserved a courteous smile even in the act of making his most absolute assertions, in the character of a man of the world tolerant towards the evils of life, but a Catholic who had no idea of yielding a jot of dogma.

The women discussed their servants with mutual frankness. Valérie had sent away another maid that very morning, which made three within eight days. Mme. Juzeur had made up her mind to go to the asylum of *Infants-Assistés*, and take some young thing of fifteen, whom she could train. Mme. Josserrand was voluble upon the subject of her own maid, a worthless slut, of whom she related some wonderful traits. The whole of them, lolling under the light of the candles, in the perfume of the flowers, plunged into stories of the back-stairs, talked over greasy account-books, and worked themselves into passions over the impertinence of coachmen and char-women. From this the conversation changed, and Mme. Josserrand described with overflowing admiration a very small piece of land which the Duveyriers possessed near Villeneuve Saint Georges,

and which she had never seen except once, out of the window of a railway carriage, as she was going one day to Fontainebleau. Clotilde Duveyrier was watching and listening to Octave with an undisguised interest. She had received him merely with a slight bow when Campardon had introduced him, but hearing him make a remark to her friend Mdme. Hédouin, could not restrain herself from saying—

“Dear me, I beg your pardon—what voice have you?”

“At first he did not understand what she meant, but ended by saying that his voice was tenor. On this Clotilde became quite excited. Really, a tenor? What good luck, tenors were becoming so rare! At this very moment they were on the point of singing the scene of the *Blessing of the Daggers*, out of the opera of the *Huguenots*, and for this purpose she had not been able to find more than three tenors among the whole of her acquaintances, whereas she needed at least five. Her eyes sparkled, and she had to restrain herself from trying him at once with the piano. He had to promise that he would come and see her some evening. Trublot, who was behind him, gave him a nudge, and whispered, with ferocious exultation, as soon as Clotilde was away—

“You’re in for it! As for me, my dear boy, she first found that I was a baritone, but as that didn’t do, she tried me as a tenor; however, that didn’t do either, and she has settled to use me this evening as a bass. I’m going to do one of the Monks.”

“But here he had to leave Octave, as Mdme. Duveyrier was calling him. The great event of the evening, the scene from the *Huguenots*, was about to come off. There was a considerable disturbance, to begin with. Fifteen men, all amateurs, and all recruited from among the guests, had to struggle through the mass of ladies in order to get to the piano, stopping and begging pardon for causing inconvenience, while their voices were drowned in the loud buzz of conversation, and the fans flapped faster than ever in the rising heat and closeness. At last Mdme. Duveyrier counted them over; they were all there; and she distributed to them their parts, which she had copied out herself. Campardon the architect was to do *Saint Bris*, a young auditor to the Council of State had entrusted to him some bars of the part of *Nevers*, and eight Lords of the Court, four Magistrates of Paris, and three Monks were represented by a group of advocates, clerks, and small house-owners. She was herself to accompany, and had also kept to herself the part of *Valentine*—passionate cries, which she uttered while giving an heavy pressure on the chords; for she was unwilling to mix a lady up among her submissive flock of fifteen gentlemen, whom she ruled with all the tyranny of the conductor of a band.

“The talk, however, went on, and above all, there was an insufferable noise from the back drawing-room, where the political discussion was getting rather excited. Clotilde thereupon took a key out of her pocket, and rapped sharply with it upon the piano. There was a low murmur of voices, the sound died away, and the two waves of black coats overflowed again into

the room. Silence had just been established when a loud peal of laughter was heard. This was from Berthe, at a joke of Auguste, whom she had succeeded in drawing out to such an extent that he was actually becoming sprightly. The whole room looked round; mothers assumed a grave air; and the members of the family exchanged glances. "What a wild creature," murmured Mme. Jossierand, in a tone of motherly tenderness—but audibly.

"But a cavernous voice now pealed forth, and every head was turned towards the piano. Campardon, with his mouth open in a complete round, and his beard dishevelled in lyric excitement, thundered—

"Oui, l'ordre de la Reine en ces lieux nous rassemble."

"Clotilde instantly ran up a scale, came down again, and then, with her eyes on the ceiling, shrieked—

" "Je tremble."

"And the scene began. The eight advocates, clerks, and house-owners, with their noses in their bits of manuscript, and the general appearance of school-boys stammering over a page of Greek, swore that they were ready to deliver France. The result of this was unexpected, for the voices were drowned under the lowness of the roof, and nothing could be heard but a general din, as of carts laden with paving stones, which made the windows tremble. But when the melody of *Saint Bris* "Pour cette cause sainte" opened the main theme, the ladies knew where they were again, and moved their heads with an air of intelligence. The room warmed. The Lords of the Court shouted "Nous le jurons! . . . Nous vous suivrons!" and every time it was like a tempest giving a shock to every individual guest. The explanations of *Nevers* and *Valentine* began to bore Octave, and none the less because the auditor to the Council of State was a false baritone. He looked at Trublot who, as the Monks had not yet entered on the scene, directed his attention by a glance, to the window where Berthe still imprisoned Auguste. It was partly open, and they stood in the depth of the recess, breathing the fresh air. Hortense stood at the entrance of the recess, with her ears fully on the stretch, and playing mechanically with the tasselled cord which held back the curtain. No one was looking at them.

"Clotilde, with her hands upon the key-board, and no longer able to spare the distraction of a second, stretched forward, and addressed to the book-rest her oath to *Nevers*—

" "Ah! d'aujourd'hui tout mon sang est à vous!"

"The four Magistrates of Paris then advanced, represented by one substitute, two advocates and a solicitor. This quartette made a great sensation, and the phrase "Pour cette cause sainte" returned swelled by half the chorus, with increasing vehemence. Campardon, his mouth even more round and his voice even more cavernous, issued his commands for the

massacre, with terrific rolls upon the syllables. Then suddenly out came the chant of the Monks, in which Trublot psalmodized from the depths of his stomach to get the bass notes. Octave, who was amusing himself by watching him sing, was much surprised when he turned his eyes again towards the window. Hortense, as though nervously excited by the music, had, by a movement which might have been unconscious, unfastened the cord; and the great red silk curtain had fallen forward and completely hidden Auguste and Berthe. Octave paid no more attention to Trublot, who was in the very act of blessing the daggers—

“Poignards sacrés, par nous soyez bénits.”

‘What on earth could they be doing behind the curtain?’

‘The final fugue began. The Monks bellowed, and the chorus replied—

“A mort! à mort! à mort!”

‘Not a movement betrayed their presence. Perhaps they were only cooling themselves, and looking at the cabs passing in the street. The melody of *Saint Bris* was heard again, all the voices little by little took it up with all their strength, working up to a final crash which had the effect of a storm bursting inside the room, agitating the candles and stunning the guests, whose ears absolutely tingled. Clotilde, thumping furiously upon the keys, intimated to the singers by a look, that the scene was closing; the voices sank, and died away with the words, “A minuit! point de bruit!” and she continued alone, putting down the soft pedal, and sounding the cadenced and retreating footfalls of the patrol, retiring in the distance.

‘As the music died away into restful silence, every one suddenly heard a voice say—

“You’re hurting me.”

‘Every head again turned to the window. Mme. Dambreville, to make herself useful, went and pulled back the curtain, revealing to the whole room Auguste in much confusion, and Berthe very red, leaning against the sill.

“What’s the matter, my treasure?” cried Mme. Josserrand, tenderly.

“Nothing, mama; it was only M. Auguste struck the window against my arm. I was so hot.”

‘And so saying, she turned still redder. There were a good many subdued smiles. Some people looked shocked. Mme. Duveyrier, who, for the last month, had been trying to turn her brother away from Berthe, had become quite white, being none the better pleased at the winding up effect of her piece of music having been spoilt. However, when the first movement of surprise was over, every one began to applaud the performance, to congratulate her, and to compliment her singers. How they had sung! What a vast deal of trouble she must have taken to attain such a result! Really, it was no better at the Opera! But while all this was being said,

she could not help hearing that some whispered conversation was going on all over the room ; the girl's position had been put in too evident a light, and the marriage was an affair of certainty.

"Bagged !" whispered Trublot to Octave. "What an idiot ! I was wondering what he was at while we were howling. It's a great convenience of musical parties, you can do what you like without being heard."

Berthe soon became perfectly calm, and was in the gayest and most laughing mood. Hortense now looked at Auguste with the dry expression of a successful diplomatist—and especially of an unmarried female diplomatist. In this moment of victory the lesson of the mother—the undisguised contempt for a man—showed itself. All the guests had begun to mingle in the drawing-room, ladies and gentlemen, and the tone of voices in conversation became louder.

M. Jossierand felt keenly and very painfully the position in which his daughter had placed herself, and edged uneasily near to his wife. He sickened at heart when he heard her say to M^{me}. Juzeur, but in a tone which was evidently meant to be overheard, especially by Valérie and Clotilde, who were standing quite close by,—“Yes, I assure you. Her uncle wrote to us again only this very day. Berthe will have fifty thousand francs. Of course, that isn't very much, but still it's worth that when the money's there, and there's no doubt about it.”

“This lie gave him such a qualm that he could not help touching her shoulder. She turned on him with a look only, but a look so resolute that his eyes fell mechanically. Immediately on seeing that M^{me}. Duveyrier had moved, with a more pleasant expression she asked her with respectful interest, how her father was. Clotilde was evidently pleased by this attention, and said—

““I think papa must have gone to bed ; he works so hard.”

M. Jossierand ventured to say that he knew that M. Vabre had in fact gone to bed, in order that he might have his thoughts clearer in the morning ; and he stammered some observations about an exceedingly remarkable talent—faculties of an extraordinary kind—while he was thinking where the dowry was to come from, and what a position he might be in when the settlements came to be signed.

“Here all was interrupted by the commotion of moving chairs. The ladies were going into the dining-room. M^{me}. Jossierand moved thither in triumph, surrounded by her children, and by the members of the Vabre family. There was soon no one left in the disordered wilderness of empty chairs, except the little knot of serious men. Campardon had button-holed the Abbé Manduit, and they were talking about the projected alteration in the Calvary-group in the church of St. Roch. The architect said that he was quite ready, as his work as diocesan architect in the diocese of Evreux left him free. He had nothing on hand there, at this moment, except one pulpit, an heating apparatus, and a new range in the Bishop's kitchen, any one of which could be perfectly superintended by the clerk of

the works. The Priest therefore promised to take the matter in hand definitively at the next meeting of the Church Session.* Having settled this they both rejoined the group, who were complimenting Duveyrier upon the composition of a judgment, which he did not deny was his composition; he only said that the president of the Court gave him, from motives of personal friendship, the writing of some judgments which presented little difficulty in law, though interesting to the public. He spoke of the ideal of the Christian family with an emotion which transfigured his face, and he warmly agreed with the Abbé Manduit's observations upon the necessity of religious faith for the perfection of the character of a wife and of a mother. This brought the conversation back again to politics and religion. Duveyrier had no wish to have his rooms used as a centre of political discussion, and he contented himself with saying in a lofty tone, as his eye wandered towards the dining-room, where Berthe and Hortense were stuffing Auguste with sandwiches, "There is one proved fact. Religion is the basis of happiness in marriage."

"Whereupon Trublot, who was sitting on a sofa beside Octave, was too much amused not to detail to the latter, to his vast astonishment, the habitual profligacy by which Duveyrier amused himself privately.

"But the gentlemen were now called into the dining-room. The priest remained behind for a moment alone, watching the crowd of guests in the next room. His features, astute though rounded, assumed an expression of intense sadness. His ministry made him know these women as well as the doctor knew them, and his experience had driven him to a despair, in which his effort was to maintain external decency, throwing a sort of mantle of religion over a rotten social class, and in constant expectation of the final crash, whenever the canker should be no longer capable of concealment. But as a Priest, perfectly sincere, and indeed ardent, in his religious faith, his stomach sometimes turned over his work. Yet, when Berthe came to offer him a cup of tea, he accepted it with his usual friendly smile, addressed a few kind and courteous words to her, so as to lessen, by his sacred character, the impression which the scene in the window had caused, and became again the polished man of the world, as if he could no longer hope to extort anything but respectability from penitents who were no longer under his control, and whose shame, if publicly known, might have cast a scandal upon religion."

The marriage is settled. M. Josserand binds himself to give his daughter fifty thousand francs.

The marriage at the Register-office, required by French law in all cases, takes place on a Thursday. The religious ceremony is fixed for eleven o'clock on Saturday at the church of

*[Conseil de] fabrique.

St. Roch, and by a quarter past ten the wedding-party are assembling in the drawing-room of the Jossierands.

'Angèle and Hortense opened both leaves of the [bed-room] door, to prevent the bride disarranging her veil; and Berthe appeared in a white silk dress all covered with white flowers, and a white wreath; her bouquet was white, and a white garland was drawn round the front of her gown, and left to die away upon the train in a wealth of little white buds. In this mass of whiteness she looked really charming, with her fresh colour, her golden hair, her merry eyes, and her frank mouth.

'They all cried out with one voice, "Lovely!"

'Then the women all kissed her with a sort of ecstasy.

'As a matter of fact, the Jossierands had been at the end of their means, and did not know where to get the 2000 francs which the wedding was to cost them, 500 for dress, and 1500 for their share of the supper and the ball; and in the circumstances they had sent Berthe to Dr. Chassagne's, the private asylum where they had sent Saturnin, who had just had 3000 francs left him by an aunt; Berthe got leave to take her brother out for a drive, to amuse him, and spent all the time in the cab petting him and coaxing him, till she got him to come in for a moment into the office of a solicitor who did not know that the poor creature was half-witted, and was simply waiting for his signature. Hence the silk and the flowers, which astonished the women, who saw at a glance what it must have cost.

"Quite perfect! what exquisite taste!"

'M^{me}. Jossierand was beaming, in a fierce-tinted mauve, which made her look taller and stouter than ever, with a sort of tower-like majesty. She stormed at M. Jossierand, called Hortense to fetch her shawl, and vehemently forbade Berthe to sit down.

"Take care! you'll crumple your flowers!"

"There's no hurry," said Clotilde in her calm voice, "we've plenty of time. Auguste has to come to fetch us."

'They were waiting in the drawing-room when Théophile rushed in without his hat, his coat awry, and his white tie knotted round his neck like a cord. His face, with its few hairs and its bad teeth, was blue with rage, and his weak unhealthy limbs trembled with passion.

"What's the matter with you?" said his sister, in amazement.

"The matter with me—" but here he was stopped with a fit of coughing, and remained for a minute choking and spitting into his pocket-handkerchief, bursting with rage at not being able to give vent to his fury. Valérie looked at him with a vague terror. At last he shook his fist at her, without taking the least notice of the bride or the ladies who were gathered round her. His wife turned pale, and in the hope of avoiding the row, went into the bed-room out of which Berthe had just come, saying, "Well, I'd rather go if he's lost his head." His sister took him roughly by the arm and shook it authoritatively.

"Be quiet, don't you see where you are? This isn't a proper time, d'you hear?" He burst out again, but in a lower tone, and threw himself into a chair, quite worn out, and ready to cry. A considerable awkwardness was now felt among the company. Mdme. Dambreville and Mdme. Juzeur drew civilly aside, pretending not to notice. Mdme. Josserrand, who was excessively put out by an incident which threatened to throw a wet blanket over the proceedings of the wedding, went into the bed-room to console Valérie. Berthe was standing before the glass looking at her wreath, and hadn't heard, so she questioned Hortense in a low voice, who looked at Théophile and whispered, while she pretended to be arranging the veil.

"Oh!" said the bride, with an air of innocence and amusement, looking at the husband with perfect tranquillity, in her glory of white flowers.

Presently Auguste, irreproachably dressed in evening clothes, with his left eye half shut under the influence of a sick headache, which had been his dread for the last three days, arrived to claim his bride, accompanied by his father and his brother-in-law, both in a state of the utmost solemnity. There was a little hustling, for they had ended by being rather behind time. Mdme. Duveyrier and Mdme. Dambreville had to help Mdme. Josserrand to put on her shawl. This was a Lyons shawl of many colours and vast size, with a yellow ground, which she still insisted on wearing on great occasions, although no longer in the fashion, and which tapestried her on a scale and with an effect that caused quite an excitement in the streets. They had still to wait for M. Josserrand, who was hunting under all the furniture for a sleeve-link which had been swept away in the dust-pan the evening before. At last he appeared, making a sort of confused apology, and looking perfectly distracted, but happy; and he went down-stairs first, squeezing Berthe's arm tightly under his own. After them came Auguste with Mdme. Josserrand; and then the ruck, anyhow, breaking the sepulchral silence of the landings with a murmur of talk. Théophile had got hold of Duveyrier, whose solemnity he was disturbing by the details of his quarrels with his wife, whining in his ear and asking him what he thought, while Valérie herself walked before them in an attitude of calm dignity, receiving the gentle sympathy of Mdme. Juzeur, without seeming to notice her husband at all.

"Where's your prayer-book?" cried Mdme. Josserrand in despair.

They had already taken their places in the carriages. Angèle had to go up again to find the prayer-book, bound in white velvet. At last they set off. Every one in the house was there to see them start—the maids of all work, and the porter and his wife. Marie Pichon, the workman's wife, had come down with her little girl Lilitte, dressed to go out, and the sight of the bride looking so pretty, and her beautiful dress, made her cry. M. Gourd, the porter, observed that the second-floor lodgers were the only people who hadn't come out—a queer lot, who were always different from everyone else. At the Church of St. Roch the great West-Door had been

thrown wide open. A red carpet was spread over the steps down to the street-walk. It was raining. The May morning was very cold.

"Thirteen steps," said Mdme. Juzeur in a low voice to Valérie, as they passed under the doorway; "it's not a sign of good luck."

As soon as the wedding party began to move two and two, arm and arm, towards the choir, up the path between the lines of chairs, the organ above their heads in the gallery at the west end, burst into joyous music. The lighted tapers shone like a galaxy of stars above the altar. It was a luxurious cheerful church, with great white windows bordered with yellow and pale blue, a dado of red marble round the walls and the pillars, and a gilded pulpit supported by the four Evangelists. The side-chapels glittered in the distance with goldsmith's work, the roof was painted in the style of an opera-house, and there were cut-glass chandeliers hanging from long strings. As they moved up they passed through gales of hot air from the gratings of the heating apparatus in the floor.

"You're sure you've got the ring?" said Mdme. Josserand to Auguste, as he took his place beside Berthe at the faldstools before the altar.

He took a panic, thought he had forgotten it, and then found it in his waist-coat pocket. But she had not waited for his answer. Since she came in she had been drawing herself up and looking about her at who was there; there were Trublot and Gueulin, both as best men; uncle Bachelard and Campardon, as witnesses for the bride; Duveyrier and Dr. Juillerat for the bridegroom; and a whole host of acquaintances who filled her with pride. The places set apart for the relations behind Berthe and Auguste, were occupied by M. Josserand, the Vabres, and the Duveyriers.

And now the organ began to play little scales of sharp notes, alternated with loud bursts. Everyone settled themselves, the clergy took their places in the choir, the men formed groups in the side-aisles. The Abbé Mauduit had reserved to himself the happiness of blessing the union of one of his beloved flock. When he appeared in his surplice he exchanged a friendly glance with the assembly where he knew every face. Then the voices broke out into the *Veni Creator* and the organ resumed its triumphal music. Meanwhile Théophile was expatiating in the aisle upon his domestic wrongs, in spite of Duveyrier, who, in a state of intense irritation at the incident, was trying to make him understand the extreme impropriety of the occasion chosen.

Before the altar, the ceremony commenced. The Priest addressed an impassioned exhortation to the bride and bridegroom, and then took the ring and blessed it; the piercing voice of a choir-boy replied *Amen*.

The Bridegroom gave his assent with the solemn "yea" of a man who makes it a rule never to sign anything without reading it first, and the priest then turned to the bride—"Dost thou promise and swear to be faithful to Auguste Vabre in all things, according to the duty of a faithful wife to her husband, in obedience to the ordinance of God?"

‘But Berthe, who had seen Théophile gesticulating and was hoping for a row, was watching through a corner of her veil, and did not hear him. There was an awkward pause. At last she saw that they were waiting for her, and hurriedly said “yea, yea.”

‘The Abbé Mauduit had followed her glance with amazement, and perceiving the singular scene which was going on in the aisle, became himself a prey to wandering thoughts, and when he ought to have made the sign of the cross over Berthe’s left hand, made it over the right instead. The choir-boy, who was standing on tip-toe to look, shrieked *Amen* again; and Berthe and Auguste found themselves married, she as if she had not noticed what she was doing, he without having missed a single word of the Priest, entirely occupied in his act, and undisturbed save by the sick-headache which was closing his left eye.

‘M. Jossérand, deeply affected, said “Dear children!” in a trembling voice, to M. Vabre, who, since the beginning of the ceremony, had been occupied in counting the lighted candles, and was always getting them wrong, and having to begin again. The organ once more thundered through the nave; the Abbé Mauduit appeared again, in a chasuble; and the singers began the mass. It was a sung mass, of great pomp. While it was going on, Uncle Bachelard made a round of the chapels, reading the Latin epitaphs without understanding them; he was particularly struck by that of the Duc de Créquy. Trublot and Gueulin had sought out Octave, and they all three stood sneering behind the pulpit. The voices of the singers rose like gusts of a storm, the choir-boys swung the censers; and then the bells tinkled, and there were silences in which could be heard the whisper of the Priest at the altar.

‘When they went into the vestry, after the mass, to sign the Register, the newly-married couple and the witnesses were to write first, but they had to wait for Campardon, who had taken some ladies to see the alterations in the Calvary, behind a hoarding beyond the choir. At last he arrived, begged pardon, and scrawled an enormous signature. The Abbé Mauduit, to do honour to both families, handed the pen himself to each, and pointed out with his finger the place where they were to sign, and he smiled, with his air of good-natured worldly indulgence, in the middle of the austere chamber where the woodwork exhaled for ever a smell of stale incense.

‘There was a perfect march-past of friends, of mere acquaintances, of all the guests who had been asked to the church, passing in line through the vestry. The bride and bridegroom stood shaking hands continually, with the same air of mixed happiness and bewilderment. The Jossérands and the Duveyriers did not suffice for the presentations. They looked at one another in astonishment every now and then, for Bachelard had brought people there whom nobody knew, and who talked too loud.

“‘Just look,” whispered Gueulin, “he’s kissing the bride; how nice it must smell!”

'The crowd gradually melted away, and there remained only the family and their nearest friends. The Abbé Mauduit appeared to have received some confidence, for his curiosity seemed to be satisfied, and he showed more unction than usual in the midst of the hidden miseries of his flock. He managed to speak an instant to Théophile, a few gentle words on the forgiveness of injuries, and the inscrutable will of God.

"That's good," said Théophile in a low voice; "he doesn't know what it is."

'Valérie, who clung to Mdme. Juzeur as a sort of protectress, listened with agitation to the words of peace which the Abbé thought it right to address to her also. At last, at the moment when they were leaving the church, she stopped before the two fathers to let Berthe pass by on her husband's arm, and wishing to show her self-possession, she said to M. Josserrand—

"You must be very happy. I congratulate you."

"Yes," said M. Vabre, in his thick voice, "it is one great responsibility the less."

Trublot and Gueulin hurried about in all directions, seeing the ladies into the carriages, and Mdme. Josserrand, whose shawl caused a crowd to assemble in the street, remained on the pavement to the last, to make the most of her maternal triumph.

'In the afternoon the whole party took the formal drive to the Bois de Boulogne, and in the evening the wedding dinner was held at the Hotel du Louvre. Only the nearest relations and friends of each family were present. The only gaiety was a toast by uncle Bachelard, whom the Josserrands had not been able to help inviting, in spite of their terror of what he might do. He was, indeed, obviously the worse for drink by the time of the second course. He raised his glass and began—"I cannot but congratulate myself upon the happiness which I feel," which words he repeated, but could not get beyond. The company smiled politely. Auguste and Berthe, who were by this time thoroughly knocked up, looked at one another every now and then with an air of surprise at finding themselves face to face, and then remembered, and stared awkwardly at their plates.

'Nearly two hundred invitations had been sent out for the ball. The company had begun to arrive by half-past nine. The great red room was lighted with three chandeliers, and cleared of furniture with the exception of seats along the walls, with a place for a little orchestra at one end, before the chimney-piece. There was a refreshment table at the end of an adjoining room, and the family had kept one room for themselves, to withdraw to.

'Just as Mdme. Duveyrier and Mdme. Josserrand were receiving the first guests, Théophile yielded to an unfortunate outburst of temper. Campardon had asked Valérie to give him the first valse; she laughed, and this was more than her husband could stand.

"You're laughing, are you?" cried he, and as she turned from him

without speaking, he seized her by the arm and gave it a spiteful wrench. In terror she repressed a scream of pain, and turned perfectly white. Campardon felt her sinking against his shoulder in one of the fits of hysterics which she remained in for hours. He had just time to take her into the room kept for the family, and put her on a sofa. Mdme. Juzeur and Mdme. Dambreville followed them in, and he withdrew delicately while they proceeded to unlace her. Only some three or four persons in the room had noticed the scene of violence. Mdme. Duveyrier and Mdme. Jossierand continued to receive the guests, who gradually filled the room with a mass of gay ball-dresses and black coats. A buzz of civil speeches arose, the bride was surrounded with an atmosphere of smiling faces, the heavy countenances of fathers and mothers, the thin traits of girls, the sympathetic heads of young wives. A fiddler at the end was tuning his instrument, which emitted isolated piercing notes.

Théophile, hungry for a confidant, button-holed Octave, and took him on one side.

"Oh, if I were to tell you—" and on he went at length about his wife. She had been delicate as a child; she did not get enough fresh air in her parent's shop, where he had seen her every evening for three months, so nice, so obedient, rather melancholy, but charming. "Well, sir, at the end of a few weeks she was horrible, we could not get on at all. She quarrelled with me about perfect nothings. Her whims changed every minute, laughing and crying when one couldn't tell what for—the most ludicrous ideas—ideas that you can't imagine—an unceasing itching to drive every one mad. The long and short of it is, that my home has been turned into a hell."

"It's very odd, very odd," said Octave, who felt very awkward under these confidences, and wanted to get free; and noticing Mdme. Juzeur come out to whisper in the ear of Mdme. Jossierand, who was greeting with a deep bow the entry of an eminent dealer in sham jewellery from the Palais Royal, he said—

"I am afraid that your wife is really ill."

"Let her be," burst out the husband, who felt a passionate desire to be ill too, that he might excite some sympathy, "she's only too happy to be taken bad; it puts everyone on her side."

While the whisper circulated that Valérie was in strong hysterics, the orchestra played a quadrille, and Berthe opened the ball with Duveyrier, who danced with the proper gravity of a magistrate, while Auguste and Hortense, in the absence of Mdme. Jossierand, made their vis-à-vis. The ball became lively, and peals of laughter were heard under the bright light of the chandeliers. Then a polka, with the cadence strongly marked by the fiddles, set a whole procession of long trains twirling round the room. Next came a valse, which Berthe danced with a little cousin of her husband's, on the principle of working off all the members of the family. Mdme. Duveyrier had been unable to escape dancing with Bachelard, who inconvenienced

her very much by breathing in her face. The heat got greater; the refreshment-room was already full of men mopping their faces. Little girls were jumping about together in the corner; while mothers, in abstraction, seated out of the way, thought over the perpetual failure of their attempts to get their daughters married. The two fathers, M. Vabre and M. Josserrand, who remained constantly together, without exchanging a single word, received numerous congratulations. Everybody seemed to be amusing themselves, and complimented them gaily on the liveliness of the ball. As the night advanced, the heat increased. Servants handed about refreshments. Two little girls, thoroughly tired out, went to sleep in each other's arms on a sofa, cheek to cheek. M. Vabre, under cover of the groans of a double-bass, decided to consult M. Josserrand upon his great work; he had been tormented for the last fortnight by a doubt as to which were the respective works of two painters who both had the same name. Duveyrier denounced to an admiring group the conduct of the Emperor in permitting the Comédie Française to perform a play which was an attack upon society. But at every fresh walse or polka the men had to give place, the dance was crowded with couples, and the petticoats sweeping over the floor raised in the heat of the candles a fine dust and a smell of musk.

'At the end, the united efforts of both families, clinched by a threat of M^{me}. Duveyrier not to speak to him again, induced Théophile to go and throw himself upon the neck of his wife. This touching act deeply affected M^{me}. Josserrand. It was so much better, she said, to understand one another, and the day would end well at last. When the reconciled couple appeared arm-in-arm in the ball-room, a fresh wave of happiness seemed to spread. It was three o'clock already, and some of the guests were beginning to go; but the orchestra carried on quadrilles with a concluding fever of excitement. Berthe, who was at last dancing with her husband, whispered something to him, seemingly upon the reconciliation, for he turned, without losing the measure of the dance, and looked at Théophile with the astonishment and superiority of a man to whom such things could not possibly happen. There was a final galop, and then everyone sank down to rest in the lurid light of the candles, whose now flickering flames were cracking the save-alls. The last moments were troubled by the gross intoxication of Uncle Bachelard, who had formed the idea of dressing himself up in a grotesque manner with napkins and executing a comic dance before Gueulin. There was an universal protest, and M. Josserrand, in shame and despair, had to induce his brother-in-law to retire. Duveyrier displayed the greatest disgust.

'At four o'clock the bride and bridegroom returned to the Rue de Choiseul, taking Théophile and Valérie in their carriage. A set of rooms had been got ready for them on the second floor, and thither the family betook themselves. Auguste's left eye was now completely shut and he was perfectly stupefied by the sick-headache which had racked him all day.

As Valerie took leave of Berthe, some sudden emotion made her give her an embrace (which completed the ruin of the white gown), kiss her, and say in a low voice—

“My dear, I hope you may be more lucky than me.”

Berthe, received into the Vabre family, proves a worthy disciple of her mother, with the addition of a moral depravity which is for a time successfully concealed. The paralysis which, before her marriage, had already touched her future father-in-law, completes its work. The terribly incisive chapter which claims to show us a Parisian death opens with one of the most characteristic pictures, the dinner-party in the Café.

‘Uncle Bachelard had asked Duveyrier to dine with him at the Café Anglais—no one knew why, unless it was for the pleasure of entertaining a magistrate, and showing him how a tradesman can spend his money. He had also asked Trublot and Gueulin, but no ladies, for women do not know how to eat; truffles are thrown away upon them, and they spoil one’s digestion. Uncle Bachelard was known all along the Boulevards for his famous dinners, when he got a correspondent from the depths of India or Brazil, dinners at 300 francs a head, which nobly sustained the honour of French trade. A sort of fury to spend seized upon him, he insisted upon all sorts of curiosities in the way of dishes, even when they were uneatable, sterlet from the Volga, eels from the Tiber, grouse from Scotland, bustard from Sweden, bears’ paws from the Black Forest, bisons’ humps from America, turnips from Teltow, gourds from Greece; and then, to get everything out of season, peaches in December, and partridges in July; after which he required flowers, plate, and chrystal, till the establishment was quite upset; without mentioning the wines, for which he turned the whole cellar upside down, asking for brands no one had ever heard of, nothing old enough or rare enough, and indulging dreams of single bottles of their kind, at forty francs the glass.

‘Now, however, as it was summer, when everything is abundant, he had had some trouble to swell up the bill. Still, the *menu*, arranged the day before, was interesting.—*Potage, crème d’asperges*, followed by *petites timbales à la Pompadour*; two *relevés*, viz.: a trout à la genevoise, and a *filet de bœuf à la Chateaubriand*; two *entrées*, viz.: ortolans à la Lucullus, and a salad of crayfish; at the end, as second course, an haunch of roe-buck, and for vegetables, *fonds d’artichaut à la jardinière*, followed by a *soufflé au chocolat* and a *sicilienne de fruits*. This arrangement was at once dignified and simple, and was combined with a selection of wines truly royal—old Madeira with the soup, Chateau-Filhot of ’58 with the *hors-d’œuvre*, Johannisberg and Pichon-Longueville with the *relevés*, Chateau-Lafitte of ’48 with the *entrées*, sparkling Moselle with the roe, and iced Roederer Cham-

pagne with the dessert. Uncle Bachelard was much vexed at having missed a bottle of Johannisberg, 105 years old, which had been sold to a Turk, only three days before, for 200 francs.

"Drink, my dear sir," he said unceasingly to Duveyrier, "when wine's good, it doesn't go to the head. It's like food, as long as it's good, it doesn't make one ill."

For himself, however, he was a little careful. He wished to appear on this occasion as the worthy and generous merchant; he had a rose in his button-hole, was carefully trimmed and shaved, and abstained from his usual habit of smashing the plates and glasses. Trublot and Gueulin ate of everything. The uncle's theory seemed to be really true, for Duveyrier, who had a weak stomach, drank pretty heavily, and had a second helping of the crayfish, without discomfort, or other symptom, except the red spots on his face turning purple with blood.

They were still eating at nine o'clock. The lighted candles, guttering in the draught from an open window, shone on the silver and the glass, and four baskets of magnificent flowers were dying among the mess on the table. Besides the two head waiters, there was a separate waiter for each person, whose special duty it was to see to his bread, to supply him with wine, and to change his plate. It was hot, in spite of the fresh air coming in from the street, and there was a sort of breath of fulness rising from the steaming spiced sauces of the dishes, and the vanille-like perfume of the noble wines.

After the coffee had been served, (with liqueurs and cigars) and the servants had left the room, uncle Bachelard fell back suddenly in his chair, and heaved a sigh of satisfaction.

"Ah," said he, "we're comfortable."

Trublot and Gueulin also were both lying back, with their arms hanging at their sides.

"Complete," said the one.

"Up to the eyes," said the other.

Duveyrier, who was breathing heavily, shook his head and murmured—

"The crayfish were particularly good."

The whole four looked at one another with a chuckle of satisfied self-indulgence away from the bothers of family. They unbuttoned their waistcoats, and, with eyes half shut, at first did not even speak, each concentrated in his own enjoyment. Then, congratulating themselves on their freedom from the presence of ladies, they rested their elbows on the table, drew their brightening faces nearer together, and talked vice.'

Octave is having his voice tried by Mdme. Duveyrier, when a sudden stroke of paralysis fells M. Vabre among his masses of slips. He is put to bed, and his daughter sends for the doctor and for her husband (from an house of which she has

hitherto pretended to ignore the existence), but abstains from informing any more of the family that night.

“When Octave came down from his room at eight o'clock the next morning, he was amazed to find that the whole house knew everything about the fit, and what a hopeless state the landlord was in; for him, however, nobody cared; they were discussing who was to succeed.

“When he went into the shop, the first person he saw was M^{me}. Josserrand, sitting in front of the till, already washed, brushed, and tight-laced, as it were under arms. Berthe, who seemed to have come down in an hurry, and was charmingly undressed in a dressing-gown, was beside her, looking very much alive. They became silent when they saw him, and the mother greeted him with a look of fury.

““So, sir,” she said, “this is your feeling for the house? You plot with my daughter's enemies!”

“He wanted to excuse himself, and explain what had happened. But she shut his mouth. She accused him of having passed the night with the Duveyriers looking for the will, in order to put things into it. He laughed at her; and when he asked what interest he could have in doing that, she replied—

““What interest, what interest? I'll tell you what, sir,—it was your duty to tell us at once, since God let you see the accident. Only to think that if it wasn't for me, my daughter wouldn't know anything yet. Yes; they'd have plundered her, if I hadn't rushed down stairs at the very first intimation. Your interest, sir, your interest? Who knows what that might be?”

““Oh, mama,” said Berthe.

“But M^{me}. Josserrand shrugged her shoulders with contempt.

““People will do anything for money.”

“Octave had to tell them the whole history of the fit. They exchanged glances; evidently, as the mother expressed it, some one had been up to something. How very kind, how really too kind, of Clotilde, to wish to postpone the shock to the family! At last they let the young man begin his work, though still without acquitting him of some curious part in the matter; and on they talked.

““And who,” said M^{me}. Josserrand, “who is to pay the fifty thousand francs secured in your settlements? When he's under ground, I suppose we're to whistle for it.”

““The fifty thousand francs!” said Berthe, in a low voice, with some hesitation. “You know he was only to pay ten thousand francs every six months, like you—it's not six months yet; we'd better wait.”

““Wait! wait till he comes back to give it you, I suppose? What a fool you are! you want to be robbed! No, thank you. You'll insist upon the whole thing at once, out of the estate. Thank God, we're alive, we

are. Nobody knows whether we're going to pay or not ; but he's dead, and pay, he must."

'And she made her daughter swear not to give in, for she'd never yet given anybody the right to call her an ass. Every now and then, as she stormed, she turned her ear towards the ceiling, as if she wanted to listen (through the entresol) to what was going on in the Duveyriers', on the first floor. Auguste had gone up to his father, as soon as he had heard what had happened. But this was no comfort to her ; she yearned to be there herself ; she was sure there was some deep plot. She ended by screaming—

"Go you there ! Auguste's too weak. They're doing him now !"

'So Berthe went up. Octave had been putting out the things in the window, while he listened to them. When he found himself alone with Mme. Josserrand, and that she was going out, he asked her, in hopes of a day's holiday, whether it would not be more proper, in the circumstances, to close the shop.

"Why ?" said she, wait till he's dead at any rate, before you throw away the day's custom." But, as he was arranging a piece of poppy-red silk, she added, as though to soften the expression—

"Only, I don't think you need put red in the window."

'On the first floor, Berthe found Auguste with his father. The room was unchanged since the night before ; it was still chilly and silent, and filled with the same painful sound of breathing. The old man still lay stiff on the bed, insensible and motionless. The table was still incumbered with the oak box full of paper slips. No drawer or cabinet seemed to have been moved or opened. The only change seemed to be that the Duveyriers appeared to be more knocked up, worn out with want of sleep all night, and their eye-lids shaky, twitching with a perpetual pre-occupation. They had sent Hippolyte at seven o'clock to fetch their son Gustave from the Lycée Bonaparte, and the lad was there, a puny over-precocious boy of sixteen, still quite bewildered at this unhopèd for holiday, to be passed beside a death-bed.

"Oh, my dear, what a dreadful blow," said Clotilde, coming forward to kiss Berthe.

"Why didn't you let us know ?" answered Berthe, making one of her mother's wry faces ; "we were there to help you to bear it."

'Auguste gave her an imploring look to be silent. The moment for quarrelling had not come. They could wait. Dr. Juillerat had been once already, and was coming again, but he held out no hope that the patient would last out the day. Auguste was telling this to his wife, when Théophile and Valérie came in. Clotilde instantly went to meet her, and said again, as she kissed her—

"Oh, my dear, what a dreadful blow."

'But Théophile, in a furious passion, cried out, without even caring to lower his voice—

"So the coal-heaver's the proper person to tell one that one's father's dying! I suppose you wanted the time for looking into his pockets?"

Duveyrier sprang up in indignation, but Clotilde thrust him aside, and whispered to her brother—

"Scoundrel! you have no respect even for our poor father's agony. Look at him—look at your work. It's you that gave him the turn by refusing to pay your back rent."

Valérie began to laugh.

"What a joke," she said.

"What a joke," repeated Clotilde with horror. "You know thoroughly well how much he liked to get his rents paid. If you'd wanted to kill him, you'd have done what you did."

And then they got to words higher still. They accused each other of wishing to have their inheritances. Till at last Auguste, who was sulky and composed, called them back to decency—

"Hold your tongues. You'll have plenty of time to do that. It's not decent, now."

The family felt this, and took their places round the bed. A dead silence set in, and you could hear the painful breathing again in the chilly room. Berthe and Auguste were at the dying man's feet; Valérie and Théophile, having come last, had to go farther off, near the table; while Clotilde sat at the bed's head, with her husband behind her, and pushed forward her son Gustave, of whom the old man was very fond, against the side of the mattresses. They all looked at one another now, without speaking, but the bright eyes and the pinched lips showed the silent thoughts and the troubled and angry calculations which were passing through the pale heads of these legatees with red eyelids. The sight of the school-boy so near the bed exasperated the two younger couples above everything, for the Duveyriers were counting on the sight of Gustave to touch his grandfather's heart if he should happen to recover his consciousness. At the same time, this trick was a proof that there was no will; and the looks of the whole family wandered towards an old strong-box, in which their father used to keep money when he was in practice as a solicitor, and which he had brought from Versailles, and ensconced in a corner of his room. He used to put in it, with a sort of infatuation, all manner of objects. No doubt the Duveyriers had been rummaging this box during the night. Théophile wanted to lay a trap for them.

"At last he whispered to the councillor—

"Tell me; wouldn't it be a good thing to let the solicitors know—papa might want to change something."

Duveyrier did not hear him at first. He was intensely wearied in this room, and had amused himself all night with building castles in the air about his own profligacies, with his eyes fixed upon the dying man. Théophile had to repeat his question; and then he answered with a start—

"I've asked M. Renaudin. There's no will."

"Here?"

"Either here or at the solicitors'."

Théophile looked at Auguste. Wasn't it clear? The Duveyriers must have been rummaging. Clotilde saw this exchange of glances, and became furious with her husband. What was the matter with him? Had his grief made him an idiot? And she said—

"You may be sure papa has done whatever he ought. We shall know soon enough. Oh, God!"

She cried, and, Valérie and Berthe, from a sort of sympathy, began to sob quietly. Théophile walked back to his chair on the points of his toes. He knew now what he had wanted to know. Most certainly, if his father came to his senses again, he was not going to allow the Duveyriers to use their ragamuffin in order to benefit themselves. But, as he sat down, he saw his brother Auguste wipe his eyes, and this affected him so much that he felt quite choking; the thought came into his mind that he would have to die himself, and perhaps of this same malady; it was too bad. So the whole family went into tears, except Gustave, who could not cry. He was frightened, and looked at the ground, occupying himself, for want of something to do, in regulating his own breathing by the respiration of his grandfather, in the same way as they made them mark time at the gymnastic lessons."

The hours were passing away. At eleven o'clock, there was a mild excitement; Dr. Juillerat came again. The patient was decidedly worse; and it was now very doubtful whether he would be able to recognise his children, before his death. The sobbing was beginning afresh, when Clémence came to announce the Abbé Mauduit. Clotilde, who rose to go and meet him, was the first to receive his words of sympathy. He seemed himself to feel all the sorrow of the family, and found some word of comfort for each and all. And then, with great skill and tenderness, he began to speak of the rights of religion, and suggested that it was a duty not to let the soul pass away without the succour of the Church.

"I thought of it," whispered Clotilde.

But Théophile objected. He said their father did not practise any kind of religion; that, as a matter of fact, he must have had rather advanced ideas at one time, for he used to read Voltaire; and that, in short, it was much better not to do anything, as long as they could not hear from himself what he wished. He wound up by saying warmly—

"You might as well bring the Almighty* to this chair."

The three women made him be quiet. They were all melted, said that the Priest was quite right, and made excuses for not having sent for him before, in the confusion and excitement of their sudden grief. If M. Vabre

* *Le bon Dieu*. As this is the term generally used by Frenchmen, in speaking of the Creator, the above expression (which is adhered to throughout) seems the only way to render it.

had been able to speak, they were sure he would have consented, for he disliked appearing singular in anything. In every case, the ladies were ready to assume the whole responsibility.

"If it were only for the neighbours," added Clotilde.

"No doubt," said the Abbé Mauduit, who entirely concurred. "A man who occupies such a position as your father's, owes a good example."

Auguste remained without expressing any opinion. But Duveyrier, awakened from his castles-in-the-air, vehemently insisted upon the Sacraments. It was absolutely necessary; no member of his family ever died without them. Dr. Juillerat, who had stood aside from tact, and did not even allow his contempt as a free-thinker to appear, thereupon came near the Priest, and said to him in a very low voice, and with the familiarity of one comrade towards another whom he often met on the same sort of occasion—

"You'd better be quick."

The Priest hastened to go. He told them he would bring the Communion and the oil for Extreme Unction, so as to be ready for whatever might happen. Théophile, in a temper, muttered, "All right. The thing now evidently is to make people communicate when they're dead, whether they want to or not."

But now came a great excitement. When Clotilde went back to her place, she found that the dying man had his eyes wide open. She could not help giving a little cry. They all pressed round, and the old man's eyes slowly moved round the circle, without his head altering. Dr. Juillerat, with a look of astonishment, bent over the pillow to observe this last crisis.

"Father, it's us—do you know us?" asked Clotilde.

M. Vabre stared at her fixedly; then his lips moved, but without giving out any sound. They all crowded round him, to catch his last words. Valérie, who was behind the rest, and had to stand on tip-toe, said bitterly—

"You're choking him. Stand away. If he wanted anything one couldn't find out what it was."

The others had to stand away. It was true enough that M. Vabre's eyes were ranging all over the room.

"He wants something, evidently," said Berthe.

"Here's Gustave," cried Clotilde, "you see him, don't you? He's come from school to give you a kiss. Kiss your grandfather, my love."

The boy was frightened, and shrank back, but she held him forward firmly with one arm, while she looked eagerly for a smile upon the dying man's changing features. Auguste, who was following the direction of his eyes, declared that he was looking at the table; no doubt he wanted to write something. This idea gave them all a paroxysm. They rushed. They brought the table, they hunted for paper, ink, pens. They then dragged him up, and propped him against three pillows. The doctor allowed all this, by a mere movement of the eyebrows.

"Give him the pen," said Clotilde, trembling with excitement, keeping a firm grip of Gustave, and still pushing him forward.

It was a solemn moment. The family were all crowded round the bed in expectation. M. Vabre did not seem to recognise any one, and had let the pen tumble out of his hand. For one instant his eyes wandered over the table where stood the oak box, full of paper slips. Then he slid down the pillows and doubled up like a rag-doll, but managed, by a last effort, to stretch out his arm; he got his hand among the slips, and revelled in them, just like a dirty child who is joyously kneading some bit of filth. His whole face lit up; he wanted to talk, but he could only utter one syllable, and always the same; one of those mysterious syllables in which children in long clothes express and veil all their feelings—

"Ga—ga—ga—ga—."

"The truth was that he was saying, good-bye for ever to his life's work, to his great statistical compilation. Then his head rolled over. He was dead.

"Just what I thought," muttered the doctor, who was so good as to stretch out the body and shut the eyes, seeing that the relations were fit for nothing.

Well, to be sure! Auguste took away the table. They all remained quite silent and stiff. Then they began to cry again. If they had nothing more to hope for, now, from a will, at any rate they would have equal shares. Clotilde's first idea was to send Gustave out of the room, to spare him the wretched sight, and then she became utterly useless, crying with her head upon the shoulder of Berthe, who was sobbing convulsively, like Valérie. Théophile and Auguste stood looking out of the windows, rubbing their eyes awkwardly. Duveyrier above all showed a despair quite extraordinary, and sobbed violently into his pocket-handkerchief. The fact was that the circumstances combined in his mind with the frustration of one of his schemes [for the indulgence of his lewdness] and really caused him great nervous irritation.

Clémence opened the door—

"Madame, the Sacraments are here—"

The Abbé Mauduit appeared upon the threshold, with a choir-boy peering in over his shoulder. The priest saw the sobbing, and looked questioningly at the doctor? The doctor made a kind of protesting movement with his hands, as much as to say that it was not his fault. And so the Abbé muttered some prayers, and then went away again, with an air of being baffled, and took away the Almighty with him. Clémence was standing at the vestibule door with a lot of the other servants, as he passed by, and said gloomily—

"It's a bad sign. You don't trouble the Almighty for nothing. You'll see He'll be back again before the year is out."

The funeral took place the next day but one. Duveyrier had the

intimations* printed with the words "fortified by the Sacraments of the Church." The shop was shut, and Octave had a holiday, to put his room to rights, and arrange his few books, bought second-hand,† in his little book-case. It was nearly eleven o'clock when he went down. They had not been able to bring the corpse down to lie in state in the entrance, owing to the undertaker's men having forgotten themselves at a neighbouring public, so that they were only now finishing putting up the hangings. Octave watched them out of curiosity. The arch was already covered with a large black cloth, but the men had still to fasten up the curtains at the door. Hippolyte, in deep mourning, was urging them on.

"Drunken brute," he shouted, "you're putting it upside down."

"This was the shield with the deceased's cypher, which the workman was in fact hanging upside down."

"The Josserrands' maid-of-all-work arrived with four sous' worth of butter under her apron, as M^{de}. Josserrand had told her never to show the food she was carrying, and joined a group of the other maids in the house, who were waiting about the door. She broke off a bit of butter with her finger, and ate it before the others."

"Shall we go up?" she asked.

"No," said another. "I want to see him come down. I've got to fetch something, and I've kept it for that."

"And me, too," added a third; "they say he weighs eight hundred, and if they let him slip on the stair, there'll be a fine smash."

"I'm going up," said the first; "I'd rather not see him. No, thank you,—not to dream another night that he's come to pull my feet and talk folly."

And up she went, pursued by the jokes of the others. The fact was, her nightmares had been the joke of the servants' attics all night. The maids, for fear of being alone, had left their doors open, and a coachman with a lively sense of fun had acted a ghost, so that squeals and stifled laughter had been heard in the passage till daylight.

All of a sudden, they heard that the body was come down, and, in fact, out of the door it came, carried by four men, who stood still to gasp at the foot of the staircase, the gilding and false marble of which looked quite solemn in the dead light of the ground-glass windows.

"So off he goes without his rents," whispered one of the maids, with all a Parisian girl's abusive hatred for a landlord. Then M^{de}. Gour, the porter's wife, whose bad legs kept her always nailed to her chair, struggled up painfully. She was not able to go to the church, and her husband had told her she ought not to allow the landlord to pass by without making him a bow. This was very proper. She went to the door-way, attired in a mourning cap, and as the landlord passed by she made him a bow.

At St. Roch, Dr. Juillerat ostentatiously declined to go into the church

* *Lettres de faire-part*.

† *d'occasion*.

for the religious ceremony,* and a large group of other men remained outside with him upon the steps. The great doors stood open. Within, the whole church was hung with black, against which the lighted tapers shone like fiery stars. The high-pitched voice of the Abbé Mauduit alternated with the wailing of the singers, and at intervals the swelling notes of the organ made themselves heard without. There, outside, it was very warm, a splendid June morning; and the men, as they could not smoke, talked politics, until at last a loud doleful cry, sounding from the vaulted depths within, announced that the service was over, and put them to silence—

'Requiescat in pace!

'Amen.

'The family returned from the cemetery of Père-Lachaise, silent and saddened. But from that night onwards, the rows began. They had to face a defeat. M. Vabre, with that sceptical indifference which in this matter sometimes distinguishes solicitors, had left no Will at all. They hunted for one everywhere, in vain. But the worst of it was, that they could not find a sou of the six or seven hundred thousand francs that they were in hopes of—no money, no title-deeds, and no shares. The only sum they did find was 734 francs, all in ten-sou pieces, an horde of second childhood. There were, however, some proofs which defied suspicion—a note-book stuffed with calculations, and letters from agents on 'Change,—which revealed to the heirs, (who turned blue with rage) the dear old man's secret vice, viz: an unbridled passion for gambling, a singularly imbecile but persevering lust after stock-jobbing, which was what he really hid under his harmless work of statistics. To this passion everything had been sacrificed—all his savings at Versailles, all the rents he got from his house, even the few pence out of which he cheated his children. But it was more than that. In his last years, he had mortgaged the house for an hundred and fifty thousand francs, payable at three terms. As for the famous strong-box, where they had imagined that there was a fortune locked up under key, the family, when once it was opened, sank down before it all-of-a-heap. It was found to contain a variety of very curious objects—all sorts of things picked up here and there in the rooms, old bits of iron-work, old bits of glass and crockery, mixed up with broken toys, secretly stolen from little Gustave.

'Then broke out the torrents of abuse. They called the old man a mere swindler, whose shameful career had consisted in gambling away his money and all the time acting an infamous part of deception in order to cheat his heirs into conferring advantages upon himself, while he was robbing them in secret. The Duveyriers grew rabid at the recollection of how they had afforded him board and lodging for twelve years on the stretch, without ever asking him once for the eighty thousand francs which he had bound

* This is a favourite demonstration of French freethinkers. Why they draw a distinction between a funeral and a marriage, is hard to guess.

himself to give Clotilde for her dowry, and of which they had never had more than ten. Théophile recriminated violently that ten thousand francs was ten thousand francs anyway, but that he himself had not yet touched a single sou of the fifty thousand which had been promised to himself as soon as he married. Auguste complained more bitterly, that his brother had at least managed to pocket the interest of the sum for three months, while he would never get anything out of the equal sum promised to himself as well as to him, in his marriage settlement. Berthe, at the instigation of her mother, used a variety of expressions, sufficiently cutting, as to having married into a dishonest family. Valérie railed about the rents which she had been fool enough to pay the old man for so long, under the fear of being left out of his will, and which she now reproached herself with having thrown away to subsidize vice.

'The whole house rang with these discussions for a fortnight. The upshot was that there was nothing left but the real property, valued at three hundred thousand francs; and, when the mortgage of one hundred and fifty thousand had been paid off, there would be still another hundred and fifty thousand to divide among M. Vabre's three children. It was fifty thousand a piece—not much to bless themselves with, but it was everything they could get. Théophile and Auguste determined at once to dispose of their shares; and it was agreed that there should be a public sale. Duveyrier undertook, as acting for his wife, to manage the whole thing. He began by persuading his brothers-in-law to consent that the sale should not be a forced one, by order of the Court; with their concurrence it could take place before his own solicitor, Maître Renaudin, for whose uprightness he was ready to stake his own word. After this, he suggested to them, by the advice (he told them) of the solicitor himself, to offer the house at the low reserve price of only one hundred and forty thousand francs, this being a very astute stroke, which would cause a competition, of speculators, and raise the ultimate biddings beyond all their hopes. Théophile and Auguste chuckled in anticipation. However, on the day of the sale, after five or six bids, Maître Renaudin suddenly adjudged the house to Duveyrier, for the sum of one hundred and forty-nine thousand francs. Thus, there was not even enough to pay off the mortgage. This was the last straw on the camel's back.

'No one ever really knew what were the details of the terrific scene which took place that same evening, at the Duveyriers'. The echoes of it were drowned in the solemn walls of the house. Théophile must have plainly designated his brother-in-law a low scoundrel, who had bought the solicitor by a promise to get him nominated a justice of the peace. Auguste talked of nothing but the criminal court, whither he would bring Maître Renaudin, whose rogueries were already the talk of the whole quarter. But if no one ever learnt precisely the details of the steps through which the family, as was commonly reported, ended by coming to blows, the last

words which were exchanged upon the threshold were heard, as they resounded brutally up the dignified and highly respectable staircase—

““Dirty blackguard!” cried Auguste, “sending people to the hulks who’ve done nothing equal to it.”

“Théophile came out the last. He held the door ajar, and gasped in a voice half choked by passion and cough—

““Thief! thief! thief!—and you, Mrs. Thief! d’you hear? Mrs. Thief!!”

At last, the ruin of Berthe is known. The shame completes the misery of her father, who dies heart-broken, uttering only the name of his younger son, Saturnin. Uncle Bachelard is now forced to promise the fifty-thousand francs, and it is proposed to negotiate on this basis with Auguste, with a view to his taking back his wife. The Abbé Mauduit is requested to be the intermediary. He undergoes the usual struggle; he is the preacher of pardon and of reconciliation, the teacher charged with the command of forgiveness,—but is it not a degradation to his sacred office to mix himself up, even for such an end, in the conclusion of a bargain so base? The usual argument of avoiding a public scandal is added; moreover, Berthe’s restored position is almost her only chance of a better future. He consents. The quasi-condonement is effected, but with an amount of foul recrimination and shameless cynicism that gives a far keener point than we dare here convey to the extract with which we conclude.

“The Abbe Mauduit and Dr. Juillerat went slowly down stairs. An absolute peace reigned; the court was empty; the staircase deserted; the doors looked as if they had been walled up, and the flats manifested only a dignified silence.

“When they had entered the porch, the Priest stopped, as if his strength had utterly failed him, and said in a tone of despair, as though to himself—

““Misery.”

“The doctor made a little movement of the head, and answered—

““Life.”

“They sometimes exchanged these mutual avowals, when they were coming out side by side from a death or a birth. Contradictory as their respective beliefs were, they sometimes found a common ground in the wretchedness of mankind. They both knew the same secrets, for, the Priest heard these women’s confessions, and the doctor looked after their health.

““God is giving them up,” said the Priest.

"No," said the doctor, "you needn't count any God in the matter at all. They're unhealthy or badly brought up; that's all."

'And then he proceeded to spoil the point of his own words, by dragging in his political ideas. He declared the Empire guilty; if the government was once a Republic, no doubt things would be much better. But in the midst of these pettinesses, there were some very true observations of an old practitioner who knew his own range of patients thoroughly. He denounced the women—creatures who had been made perverse or idiotic by being brought up like dolls, or were born with inherited physical tendencies which distorted their natural feeling and passion; but he was no gentler for the men—fellows who made a mess of their existence, under a mask of respectability; and then, with his Jacobin vehemence, he proceeded to sound the death-knell of a whole class, the decay and collapse of a professional and mercantile society, whose rotten props were giving way of themselves. Then he got out of his depth again, talked about savages, prophesied the approaching universal happiness of man, and wound up by saying—

"I am more religious than you."

The Priest had the air of listening to him in silence. But he did not really hear what he said. He was alone with his sorrowful thoughts. There was a silence, and then he said in a low tone—

"If they know not what they do, may God forgive them."

'They left the house, and walked slowly down the Rue Neuve-Saint-Augustin. They were both silent under the fear of having said too much, for both of them, in their respective positions, had to be very prudent. When they got to the end of the street, they looked up, and saw M^{me}. Hedouin smiling at the door of her shop, with Octave, as cheerful as she, standing behind her. That very morning, after a business-like conversation, they had agreed that they had better marry each other. They had decided to wait till the autumn, but they were both in a state of pleasure at having brought the matter to a conclusion.

"Good morning, sir," said M^{me}. Hedouin, gaily, to the Priest, and then to the doctor, "always hard at work, sir?"

'He congratulated her upon how well she was looking.

"Oh," she said, "if there was nobody but me, it would never do for you."

'They stopped to talk a little. He told them of the birth of Marie Pichon's third daughter. They exchanged some pleasantries. The Priest alone remained mute, and looking at the ground. M^{me}. Hedouin asked him if he wasn't feeling well? Yes, he said, but he was very tired, and was going to lie down for a little. They exchanged some civil phrases very warmly, and he went down the Rue Saint-Roch. The doctor still accompanied him, and when they got to the church, said to him sharply—

"No business doing there—eh?"

"What?" said the Priest, in astonishment.

"The lady who sells the calico—she snaps her fingers at both you and

me. She doesn't want the Almighty any more than a black-draught. Never mind, when a case goes on so well as that, there's no interest about it."

'He passed on, and the Priest entered the church.

'The great windows of white glass, with borders of yellow and pale blue, filled the interior with clear daylight. There was not a sound. There was perfect stillness in the empty nave, where the marble panelling, the cut-glass chandeliers and the gilded pulpit all stood out in the clear light. It had all the respectability, the luxurious comfort of a middle-class drawing-room, where the covers have been taken off the furniture preparatory to an evening party. The only exception was one woman, in front of the chapel of Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows, who was watching the votive candles as they burnt away upon their stand, emitting the while a faint smell of melted wax.

'The Abbé Mauduit was going up to his room. But a strong perturbation, a strange feeling of need for something, had made him turn in there and kept him there. It was as if God was calling him, but with a voice so far-off and so indistinct that he could not catch the exact commands. He passed slowly through the church, trying to understand what was going on in himself, and to argue away his feeling of fear, when, in an instant, as he was passing round behind the choir, he saw something which is more than man, and his whole being reeled and shook, down to its depths.

'This is what it was. Beyond the chapel of the Virgin, with all its marble and its great white masses of lilies—beyond the chapel of the perpetual adoration of the Sacrament, with all its splendid plate, with its seven golden lamps, with its golden candlesticks, with its golden altar, all lying in the yellow light of its golden-tinted windows—beyond these mysterious shadows, far away beyond even the perspective of the Tabernacle—a terrible apparition, one group perfectly simple—Christ nailed to the cross with Mary and Magdalen weeping beside Him. The light came from an unseen window above, and threw the whole forward on an enlarged scale, against the bare wall behind. The bleeding humanity of that death and of those tears, seemed like the divine emblem of a perpetual sorrow.

'The Priest sank involuntarily upon his knees. It was he himself who had thought of the white plaster, invented the peculiar light, devised this striking effect, and now as soon as the hoarding was down and the architect and workmen gone, he was himself the first person to be struck. From the naked self-sacrifice of Calvary there seemed to come forth a still small voice, which felled him to the earth. He seemed to himself as if he felt that the Lord was passing before him, he grovelled before the voice, torn by doubt, tortured by the thought that perhaps he was a bad Priest.

'Oh, Lord God! was the hour striking when he ought no more to spread the covering of religion over the wounds of a putrid society? Was he no longer to abet the hypocrisy of his flock, no longer to intervene

like a master of ceremonies, to marshal in a semblance of propriety their folly and their sin? Ought he rather to let the whole thing go, at the risk that the Church herself might suffer in the cataclasm? Yea, this he felt was the Command, for the strength was gone from him to wade any farther through human pollution, he sickened hopelessly under the sense of powerlessness and repulsion. The vileness in which he had been working since the morning seemed to rise and choke him. He stretched out his hands beseechingly, and asked for pardon, pardon for his falsehoods, his cowardly politenesses, his base associations. The fear of God seized full possession of him, the fear of God Who refused to sanction his acts, Who forbade him any longer to abuse His name, the fear of the God of vengeance determined no longer to spare the guilty. All his smiling tolerances as a man of the world disappeared before the scruples of his terrified conscience, and there remained only one feeling—the strong faith of a believing Christian, thrown into alarm, and agonised with the uncertainty of salvation. Oh, Lord God! In what path was it his duty to walk? What was it he was behoven to do in the midst of a society which was rotting away, and whose corruption tainted even its Priests?

‘And the Abbé Mauduit, gazing upon Calvary, wept bitterly. He wept, like Mary and Magdalen, because the Truth was dead, and heaven a blank. Away beyond the marbles and the goldsmith’s work, the great plaster Christ had not a drop of Blood left.’

ART. VII.—THREE REPRESENTATIVE POETS:—MR. TENNYSON, MR. SWINBURNE, AND MR. BROWNING.

MANY of us have recently been reading with considerable interest the latest works of two eminent living poets—Mr. Browning’s *Jocoseria* and Mr. Swinburne’s *Century of Roundels*. Though we do not here intend to indulge in a special criticism of these volumes, but reserve our remarks upon them for another page, their appearance among the books of the season seems to provide both an opportunity and apology for a general survey of the nature and scope of the entire mass of their authors’ work; and it seems fitting that such a survey should include as well the works of Mr. Tennyson, which, to say the least, are of equal significance and importance. Of poetry even more than of playing it may now be said that it shows ‘the very age and body of the

time, his form and pressure.' There is no really vital tendency of our generation which does not find expression in the verse of one or more of these poets; and therefore an account of their work which is in any degree comprehensive and veracious, must serve in its measure as a record of the thoughts, emotions, and impulses which have uttered themselves in the English song of the Victorian age.

Of late years, criticism—once the most uninspired and uninspiring of all literary products—has won for itself a wider interest and an intenser vitality. It is not difficult to see how this has come to pass. Criticism is an art, but as Professor Tyndall suggested in his speech at the banquet given to Mr. Henry Irving, even art wins its brightest successes when it instinctively adopts some of the methods of science; and critics had availed themselves beforehand of the Professor's hint. We know that a very ordinary looking piece of stone in which the careless observer sees nothing noteworthy, gains significance when it is surveyed in its relation to the life of the world, and is perceived to be a record of its past, a part of its present, a prophecy of its future; and, in like manner, a work of fancy or imagination even if poor and imitative, becomes rich in fertile suggestion the moment it is made to tell the tale of its ancestry and environment. We may, without blame, say that we do not care for it as it is, but if we go on to say that we do not care to know how it came to be what it is, we are really confessing indifference to the life of humanity of which it is a fragment—a life in which every interval between dawn and sunset is charged with the interest of a remembered yesterday and an anticipated to-morrow. The true criticism of a poem, a painting, or a piece of sculpture, which is not merely entertaining for the moment, but permanently instructive and illuminating, is a contribution not to æsthetics alone but to history and psychology—to every study, indeed, which takes for its province the works and ways of men under the sun.

Much of all kinds of criticism, and not a little of this best kind, has been devoted to the work of the three distinguished poets whose names stand at the head of this page; and to say

of them anything absolutely new, which should be at the same time true, would probably prove an all but impossible critical feat. It is certainly one which we shall not attempt; but we are consoled for foregoing it by the thought that a writer who aims at nothing but simple veracity, may in the modest attempt achieve something of freshness as well, because even if his vision be less clear, his perceptions less keen, than those of his predecessors, he at any rate observes his object from a new standpoint, reflects it in a virgin mirror. The often-quoted saying that the eye sees nothing but what it brings with it the power of seeing, is one which should never be forgotten by either critics or their readers. No criticism can exhaustively represent the work with which it deals: the critic cannot escape from the limitations of his individuality; but then the very things which when viewed from one side we call limitations, appear from another side as special sensibilities, and a person's feeling may soon blunt in one direction simply because it is intensely acute in another. Probably no living man, howsoever catholic-minded, feels sufficient all-round sympathy with three poetic artists so different from each other in every way as Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. Browning to do equal and full justice to each and all of them; but if he write with simplicity and honesty he will not lead us seriously astray, for we shall readily note the point at which he fails in full fellowship of feeling, and therefore in clear apprehension of intellect.

It has been said that modern history began with the French Revolution. This may be an accentuation, if not an exaggeration of truth, for the march of events is more regular and unbroken than we are sometimes wont to suppose it; but there can be no doubt that the great upheaval of the last century has changed the world's moral and intellectual atmosphere by altering the proportions and the distribution of its constant elements. Of such a change poetry, indeed all art, is the first and most noteworthy because the most sensitive indicator. Imagination is not a conscious effort of the intellect but its instinctive and unconscious play, and the artist without knowing is a musical instrument made variously melodious by

the slightest breezes which blow around him. Mr. Tennyson's immediate poetical ancestors were Wordsworth and Keats, and both these poets were largely though very differently influenced by the great movement. We know how it was with Wordsworth. Thrilled at first by quick sympathy with the mighty rising of a great nation, Wordsworth was speedily and permanently repelled by the excesses which substituted a tyranny of lawlessness for a tyranny of law; and thenceforward the voice from the mountains was a voice raised in solemn pleading for obedience, for order, for reverence, for stable truths and firmly based tranquilities. Keats was a spirit cast in another mould. Born later than Wordsworth he was not a witness of the great catastrophe, but the years of his early manhood—and his latest manhood was early—were full of the turbulence which took long to subside, and which has not even now perhaps wholly subsided. There were, to use a now historic phrase, 'three courses' open to him. He might like Shelley throw in his lot with the party of revolution, he might with Wordsworth set himself in opposition to it, or he might quietly ignore the conflict and in a far-away world of imagination find the undisturbed calm of spirit which was denied him in the world of fact. Keats chose wisely, as all men choose when they elect to walk along the lines of their own individuality. He refused to be either a revolutionist or a reactionary, and as his present neutrality was inconsistent with the keen and eager life for which he panted, he turned his back upon the present and found his home in an ideal past, his mission in peopling that past with new shapes of beauty. Keats became not a prophet but an artist, and as the artistic element in poetry is ever the most attractive to young men of poetic sensibilities, it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Tennyson's earliest independent volume should bear obvious traces of Keats's influence. The later poet, like the earlier one, was an artist by nature, his gift of feeling things and expressing his feeling in an artistic fashion has always been and is still by far his most prominent endowment, though other endowments have been added to it; and one noteworthy poem, 'The Palace of Art,' seems to indicate that he has felt the prompting to which Keats

yielded, the prompting which comes to every artist nature in an age of agitating turmoil, to fly from the crowd—seen but as ‘darkening droves of swine’—and to find a ‘God-like isolation’ in some ‘lordly pleasure-house’ of imaginative sensation. In his case the prompting has been resisted, and the resistance has its outcome in numerous poems and portions of poems bearing directly or indirectly on the thought and life of his time. Even here, however, it is the art rather than the message which is the thing of main interest; we recognise and are drawn to the sayer rather than the seer; and yet both substance and form are characteristic of the man and of the tendencies which he represents.

Mr. Tennyson’s most important hero is described as the blameless king; and, the epithet being used in an artistic sense, Mr. Tennyson himself might be described as the blameless poet. Were he not a master of that most difficult of arts, the *ars celare artem*, he would impress us as being like his own Maud, or rather like Maud’s face—‘faultily faultless;’ we should praise him as Pope was praised in the last century, for his correctness; and though correctness is an admirable quality in a world where there is so much that is incorrect, it has the disadvantage of inducing a feeling of monotony. Now Mr. Tennyson is never monotonous, because his blamelessness or correctness—call it what we will—consists simply in the exquisite adaptation of fitting means to varied ends, in the definiteness with which he conceives the object he has to describe, the thought he has to express, the emotion he has to render, and the satisfying perfection of the description, expression, or rendering. He is not afraid of rhetorical exuberance which might strike us as florid were it not clearly demanded by the main intention, nor does he shrink from a direct simplicity which would seem bald were it not so imaginatively adequate. He is, in short, a craftsman with an absolute control over his implements; but the thing to be taken note of is that it is not an irresponsible control. In every poem, in every line, the poet seems to be saying ‘I also am a man under authority’—pledged to obey every law of beauty, of harmony, and fitness.

These qualities of manner are reflections and manifestations of qualities of matter. In one of the most profound and penetrative of recent critical studies Professor Dowden has shown that in the worlds of thought and fact, as well as in the world of art, Mr. Tennyson's natural instincts or acquired habits of emotion are all on the side of law, order, obedience, and are sternly set against license, disorder, and revolt. He regards the life of the world not as a speculative thinker who craves for logical consistency between ideas and facts, or as a practical worker who fixes his gaze on certain definite evils to be removed or definite advantages to be achieved, but as an artist who demands that it shall justify itself to the receptive imagination—the faculty which craves for restful harmony, and is disconcerted by breaks and discords because they result in a confusing disintegration. There is, of course, a higher imagination which is not thus daunted—which can delight itself even in confusion and chaos when it can find therein the material out of which it can construct a new order which shall be at once fairer and more stable than the old—but the imagination of Mr. Tennyson is not of this creative kind. It is rather the faculty which enables him to accept the present as satisfying for the present because it is discovered to be quick with the life of a richer future, and which forbids him to sacrifice the dignity of an ordered progress even for the sake of the most precious gains of a convulsive and disturbing upheaval. He is as truly an anti-revolutionary as ever Wordsworth was; but he treats the spirit of revolution as it might be treated by a politician trained in the traditions of Whiggism, while Wordsworth was driven by violent re-action into Toryism of the most rigid type. Mr. Tennyson might indeed be described as the Whig of the modern imaginative world, and he is such not only in the sphere of politics alone, but in every realm of thought and activity. Professor Dowden quotes and makes a very just comment upon the stanza in which Mr. Tennyson declares it to be the special praise of England that she is

‘A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,

Whose freedom broadens slowly down
From precedent to precedent,'—

and the lines are certainly very characteristic and splendidly Whiggish; but the distinguished critic passes with a mere mention the poem 'Love thou thy land,' which is even more interesting as an exposition of the poet's habit of thought. From it we learn that the true wisdom is to 'pamper not a hasty time;' to keep the word free from 'crude imaginings;' to see that reverence is not merely the companion but the 'herald' of knowledge; to escape from the dominion both of the 'ancient saw' and the 'modern term,' in order that the fitting season may bring the fitting law; above all, to 'regard gradation,' and to entertain a proper horror of 'raw haste, half-sister to delay.'

We speak of 'the judicious Hooker,' but we might with even a finer appropriateness speak of the judicious Tennyson. A poet of this order speaks so accurately and adequately the sentiments of people of comfort and culture, living amid embryonic influences which threaten the one and offend the other, that we cannot wonder at the wide acceptance of his utterances. We who are at ease in our respectable Zion are so satisfied to hasten slowly that we may not care much for the low but by no means inaudible voice of 'the herd,' who have become rather tired of gradation, and who do not feel repelled from 'raw Haste,' even by her alleged objectionable relationship to Delay; but, comfortable as we are, the herd is there; and its voice is something more than a *vox et præterea nihil*. For a time the Whiggish optimism which proclaims that the golden year 'is ever at the doors,' and is content with the somewhat dilatory march of freedom 'from precedent to precedent,' may be accepted without too curious questioning; but if Mr. Tennyson were the only spokesman of the people, some of us would certainly feel that the last word of progress has yet to be said.

It is natural that a poet whose attitude is one of firm trust in the all-sufficing beneficence of the law of ordered advance, who believes that whatever is, is best for to-day, because the

life of to-day is a nidus protecting and nourishing the germ of the higher life of to-morrow, should be repelled equally by the chilly scepticism which denies the law of progressive development, and by the heated enthusiasm which seeks to override it. He pleads for faith and for patience, finding justification for each in the conviction that there is 'a Hand that guides,' or, as Mr. Arnold would say, 'a something, not ourselves, making for righteousness.' To deny the guidance is profanity; to attempt to hurry or forestall it is presumption; and both are impiety. In 'The Vision of Sin' we are brought face to face, not with overt iniquity, but with that blank denial of a soul of goodness at the core of things which renders all iniquity possible, and indeed inevitable. The key to the moral decomposition of the lotos-eaters, is found in their thought of the gods as careless of mankind, lying idle beside their nectar, and finding music in the doleful song of human lamentation. The nature of Lucretius becomes a ruin when he looses his hold of an order in his own life and the life of the universe. To the lover of Maud the same loss brings the same catastrophe; but he finds recovery in the stroke of war which hurls him once more into the current of human progress. In the more recently published 'Despair,' and in the luckless drama, 'The Promise of May' the poet less successfully, perhaps, but even more strenuously, insists on the mental and moral overthrow resulting from a want of this apprehension of the something which gives life its ethical meaning; and though, in an often quoted passage, Mr. Tennyson says—

' There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds,'

he seems inclined to question the honesty of all doubt which is final—which is anything else than the shadow cast on faith by a passing cloud.

Nor is Mr. Tennyson one whit more tolerant to the enthusiasm which is faith's excess, than to the scepticism which is faith's defect. Illustrations of this intolerance are numerous, but two must suffice. In 'Locksley Hall' the poet celebrates with unwonted exuberance of rhetoric the rich boons which

the unborn years have in store for mankind ; and tells how, in his vision of the future, he beheld the thoughts of men widening with the process of the suns,

‘Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were furled
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World ;’

but the vision must keep its fixed place in the future to which it belongs ; the appointed seasons must not be hurried ; and he has nothing but scorn for the fervid enthusiasm which would rob the wealthy millenium to enrich the starving present. Hear him as he speaks in ‘Maud :’

‘Last week came one to the country town,
To preach our poor little army down,
And play the game of the despot kings,
Though the State has done it and thrice as well :
This broad-brimmed hawker of holy things,
Whose ear is crammed with his cotton, and rings
Even in dreams to the chink of his pence,
This huckster put down war ! Can he tell
Whether war be a cause or a consequence.’

It is difficult at first sight to realise that these passages were written by the same pen, but if our view of Mr. Tennyson’s attitude be the true one, the difficulty vanishes.

Equally characteristic is the episode of the ‘Holy Grail’ in the ‘Idylls of the King.’ In the hands of most poets the sacred quest would have been the part of the story at which the interest would have found its climax, and the spiritual impulse of the knights of the Round Table its fullest manifestation. To Tennyson, who here as elsewhere in the poem, looks through the eyes of Arthur, it is a fatal fanaticism, drawing men away from the paths of appointed service in search of wandering fires which beckon them to a quagmire, and leave them with a ‘dying fire of madness’ in their eyes. The king must sadly tolerate the weakness of his knights who have seen the vision and vowed the vow ; but he himself, the strong among the weak,

‘Must guard
That which he rules, and is but as the hind

To whom a space of land is given to plough,
Who may not wander from the allotted field
Before his work is done ; but, being done,
Let visions of the night or day
Come as they will.'

'Keep to the allotted field':—this is Mr. Tennyson's first and last word. 'Be not drawn away by lusts of the flesh, or even by phantasies of the spirit; be obedient: learn the great lesson of "self knowledge, self reverence, self control;"' and if the command to you is but to stand and wait, then only in standing and waiting do you enter into true relations with the great order of things—with

'That God who ever lives and loves.
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves.'

For various reasons it seems most convenient to pass directly from the work of Mr. Tennyson to that of Mr. Swinburne. It will be seen that we are not attempting an adequate estimate of the total outcome of the three poets under consideration, but simply endeavouring to show the attitude of their art and mind with relation to various prominent manifestations of contemporary thought and feeling. Keeping this purpose in view, the one remark to be made concerning Mr. Swinburne is, that the spirit of his poetry is the spirit of revolution which found an earlier voice in Shelley, just as that of Mr. Tennyson's poetry is the spirit of protest against revolution which found an earlier voice in Wordsworth. And as in the mere style of the Laureate there are various indications of his mental and emotional temper and habit, so in the work of Mr. Swinburne do we find the form of his thought suggested by its vesture, and we feel the burden of the song in the melody of its music. Both singers have the ardour and the restraint of the poet-artist, but in the elder poet we are impressed by the restraint even more than by the ardour, in the younger we are carried away by the ardour and are hardly conscious of the restraint. When Mr. Tennyson expresses himself most characteristically, it is in metres which are somewhat slow, and

always graceful and dignified, quickening sometimes to an airy gaiety, but seldom to passionate impetuosity. His epithets are always imaginative, but we are struck mainly by their exquisite fitness, or it may be that we are not struck at all, but simply satisfied. Mr. Swinburne, on the other hand, finds his truest voice in swift bounding measures, which hurry us along as the foam-bell is hurried along the smooth surface of the rapids; and even when the movement grows more deliberate, it is the deliberateness of passion, not of calm. When the impulse of utterance is strongest, words and images invest the thought in a driving mist, and instead of having command of language, one might say that language has command of him. His epithets and his figures may and do fascinate us at last, but at first they arrest and startle. His verse is full of fire and foam, of the red of blood and of roses and poppies, of the voice of the wind and the hunger of the sea, of hot embraces in which love is fierce as hate, of desire which is cruel, and delight which is vain.

It is not thus that men sing of reverence for the past of contentment in the present or of calm hope for the future; and none of these things inspires Mr. Swinburne's muse. Instead of reverence we have revolt; instead of contentment, protest, instead of calm hope, a fiery impatient yearning and aspiration;—everywhere the cry of unrest, of protest, of rebellion. To call a man a rebel is not to condemn him. In the world as we know it, and as our fathers have known it, there is room for the rebel, nay, there is need for him; for what is the history of progress but the record of his successes? We dread the fever of anarchy, but we have reason also to dread the paralysis of custom, not of evil custom merely, but of good which may equally, as Mr. Tennyson himself reminds us, 'corrupt the world.' There is, however, always the danger—and it is a danger which is most pressing in times of ferment—that a noble rebellion for the sake of health, life, and progress, may degenerate into that ignoble thing, rebellion for its own sake: and the danger is one from which a typical rebel such as Shelley or Mr. Swinburne hardly ever entirely escapes. Custom is defied not because it is seen to be corrupting or

false, but because it is assumed that it must necessarily be so ; and the custom based upon universal instinct is likely to be attacked even more savagely than that founded on general conviction, for this is the custom which is most firmly established. Shelley, in his 'Laon and Cythna' represented the lovers as brother and sister ; not that he had become a convert to incest, but that the thought of any closed question irritated him into contradiction. In the first volume of Mr. Swinburne's which attracted general notice, he showed himself to be in this respect a true follower of Shelley. In the pamphlet entitled, *Notes on Poems and Reviews*, which was written in answer to some of the criticisms upon the *Poems and Ballads*, Mr. Swinburne professed to feel not only indignant but surprised at the reprobation which the volume had evoked. The indignation may have been sincere ; the surprise could not possibly have been other than affected. No man, save one utterly insensitive to the ordered rhythm of the life around him, could have printed such performances as 'The Leper,' and 'Les Noyades,' two elaborate studies of the revolting delirium of erotic fever, which are not so much immoral or indecent as simply loathsome, without knowing that he was throwing a gage of defiance not at the feet of opinion or of custom, but in the teeth of all wholesome human sensibilities. When these were assailed, the most sacred faiths and the most elementary moralities were not likely to be spared. Bitter mockery—which a decent reverence almost shrinks from quoting—of the 'ghastly glories of saints, and dead limbs of gibbeted gods' found a fitting place beside renderings for modern Englishmen and women of the unnatural lusts which the genius of Sappho has unhappily immortalised. For believers in God there were words like these :—

' O earth, thou art fair ; O dust, thou art great ;
O laughing lips and lips that mourn,
Pray, till ye feel the exceeding weight
Of God's intolerable scorn,
Not to be borne.

'Behold, there is no grief like this ;
 The barren blossom of thy prayer,
 Thou shalt find out how sweet it is.
 O fools and blind, what seek ye there
 High up in the air?'

Those who hoped in immortality were met by the assurance that—

'The grave's mouth laughs into derision,
 Desire and dread and dream and vision,
 Delight of heaven and sorrow of hell ;'

while those who even if all else were gone, held fast by the virtue which their souls knew to be good, were startled by the song, 'Before Dawn,'

'Ah, one thing worth beginning,
 One thread in life worth spinning,
 Ah sweet, one sin worth sinning
 With all the whole soul's will,—'

and the question and invocation of the address to 'Dolores,'

Thou wert fair in the fearless old fashion,
 And thy limbs are as melodies yet,
 And move to the music of passion
 With lithe and lascivious regret.
 What ailed us, O gods, to desert you
 For creeds that refuse and restrain ?
 Come down and redeem us from virtue,
 Our Lady of Pain.'

We have no wish to forget what Mr. Swinburne in his own person said of all this. In the pamphlet to which reference has been made, and which is valuable as a presentation of the poet's attitude as seen by himself, he says,—'With regard to any opinion implied or expressed throughout my book, I desire that one thing should be remembered: the book is dramatic, many-faced, multifarious; and no utterance of enjoyment or despair, belief or unbelief, can properly be assumed as the assertion of its author's personal feeling or faith. Were each poem to be accepted as the deliberate outcome and result of the author's conviction, not mine alone, but most other men's verses would leave nothing behind them but a sense of cloudy

chaos and suicidal contradiction. Byron and Shelley, speaking in their own persons, and with what sublime effect we know, openly and insultingly mocked and reviled what the English of their day held most sacred. I have not done this. *I do not say that, if I chose, I would not do so to the best of my power; I do say that hitherto I have seen fit to do nothing of the kind.*' The words which we have printed in italics suffice to show that in regarding Mr. Swinburne as a defier of current instincts and convictions, the critics were right in their conclusion, even if their premises were insufficient to support it. But were the premises insufficient? We have too much respect for Mr. Swinburne's genius and too much regard and admiration for many beautiful and blameless embodiments of it to allow us to be consciously unfair to him; but this question is one which it is impossible honestly to answer in the affirmative. In the dramatic form of utterance, the personality of the utterer is certainly to some extent disguised, but the disguise can never be so perfect as to hide him from recognition. There is something to be gathered from the mere choice of the character to be dramatically represented, something from its pose and attitude, and still something more from the manner of expression which gives even to a dramatic utterance the personal quality of a lyric. By this note of individuality we track the man Shakespeare through the maze of purely objective comedy and tragedy, find hints of him in Romeo, in Hamlet, in Prince Henry, in Prospero, and never think of doubting the power of our vision to pierce the dramatic veil. No sensible critic ever thought of identifying Mr. Swinburne completely with those dramatic beings, the men or women who are supposed to speak in such poems as 'Anactoria,' 'The Leper,' 'Dolores,' 'The Hymn to Proserpine,' and half a dozen others that we could name, any more than Shakespeare can be completely identified with any one of the characters just named, but there is no mistaking the sympathetic touch wherever it is found in either set of portraits; and in Mr. Swinburne's case we can verify inferences drawn from the purely dramatic utterances by finding their parallels in poems which are to all appearance not in the least dramatic, but

purely lyrical and personal. As dramatist and as lyricist alike the poet presents himself to us as a revolutionary, or, as we have called him, a rebel; engaged sometimes in noble rebellions against the tyrannies of force or custom which cripple the free energies of the human spirit, and sometimes, particularly in these early poems, in rebellions which are less noble or even positively ignoble, against the necessary and wholesome laws by which those energies are guided into channels of fruitful service. We have dwelt at perhaps too great length upon the latter tendency, but it has been convenient to emphasise the points in which Mr. Swinburne's message differs from that of Mr. Tennyson. The elder poet calls his contemporaries to a wise acquiescence and content, the younger is full of questioning and discontent which may at times be unwise, and which must always *seem* more unwise than their opposites, but which may be at other times a divine madness which is the highest wisdom. Mr. Tennyson found rest for the spirit in the contemplation of his England, where Freedom broadens slowly down from precedent to precedent; Mr. Swinburne has dreamed the dream of Mazzini for his Italy, a dream of conquest over precedents of bondage, and turning to look at home is mournful rather than jubilant.

‘ England, what of the night ?
 Night is for slumber and sleep,
 Warm, no season to weep.
 Let me alone till the day.
 Sleep would I still if I might,
 Who have slept for two hundred years.
 Once I had honour, they say :
 But slumber is sweeter than tears.’

There may be, nay, there is, exaggeration in this; but even in the face of exaggeration it may not unsuccessfully be pleaded that there is more of the breath of eager life, more of the element that is sanative and stimulating, in the shrill chant which emphasises the distance between what is and what might be—between the ‘petty done’ and the ‘undone vast’—than in the sweeter more soothing song of fulfilled satisfaction in the achievements of a thousand yesterdays. Each word

has its season : one is the poetry of youth, the other of maturity ; and while youth has its extravagances which maturity corrects, youth has its vitalising enthusiasms and quick insights which maturity too often cools and dims.

With Mr. Swinburne the years are dealing kindly. So far, there is no sign that they have impaired the swift potency of his passion, but they have led it into calmer ways than those in which it once loved to wander. The wine of genius has been clarified without losing strength or flavour ; has gained a delicacy and aroma far better worth having than the first fiery stimulation. The second series of the *Poems and Ballads*, published in 1878, showed what the poet had gained in sanity of outlook and breadth of comprehension in the seven years which had passed since the appearance of its startling predecessor ; the *Songs of the Spring-tides* told the same story ; and it the *Century of Roundels*, while there is still the old fervour, it is chastened and sweetened into an attractive calm. He has found other promptings to song than the impulse of protest and defiance, and can delight himself fully in singing graciously of gracious things,—of the love of friends, of noble painting and music, of little children in life and death, of the gladness rather than the passion of air and sea. Of pure thought or of suggestion of thought, there is less in the work of Mr. Swinburne than in that of either of his great contemporaries ; he is a poet of simple emotion, rather than of that interpenetration of thought and emotion which gives to poetry its highest interest ; and the element of permanence in his work is found less in its substance than its form,—in his comprehension and command of the uttermost possibilities of rhythmic speech, in the wealth and splendour of his varied music, in the quick sympathy which has enabled him to give penetrating expression to the inarticulate restlessness of an age of transition.

In both quantity and quality of purely intellectual interest, the poems of Mr. Browning are beyond doubt much richer than those of Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Swinburne. So much so that certain critics, astute rather than profound, seem inclined to regard him as a thinker *par excellence*, and a poet *par hasard*.

This is, of course, a superficial view, founded on a vague notion that poetry and thought are somehow mutually exclusive, and that a poem is the expression, not of the intellect, but of the emotions. This notion is the more influential because it is not wholly false, but half-true. Neither naked thought nor naked emotion is the material of poetry, but either becomes such when clothed in the vesture of imagination; and emotion lends itself more readily than thought to such investment, because only when thought is touched and warmed by emotion, does it become susceptible of imaginative conception and expression. The thought, 'all men are mortal,' has not in itself any more of the nature of poetry than the thought, 'parallel lines can never meet,' but the former has been made poetical by a thousand poets, because it appeals to the emotions, and through them to the imagination, while the latter which is or seems destitute of emotional value, must always belong to the region of prose. Mr. Browning's poems are undoubtedly packed with thought, but he has interfused the thought with the poetical quality: and the reason why this interfusion has been missed by some critics is found in the facts that Mr. Browning has not sung of the old themes in the old way, that he has deserted the beaten highways and the familiar fields, that he has broken and annihilated recognised frontiers, and has widened the region of imaginative apprehension by wholesale annexation of new territory. His gamut of emotional sensibility is so wide that he can strike notes unstruck before; and because his is a new music—a veritable addition to the world's store of harmonies—it is declared by those who are accustomed to the old chords and the familiar harmonies to be no music at all.

When we understand all that is meant and implied by this enlargement of the world of imagination, we see that it is Mr. Browning's special gift to the men of his time. Moods, situations, and crises in life which have seemed to most of his predecessors—if indeed they have noticed them at all—mere isolated and therefore barren facts, appealing only to the perceptive intellect and belonging to the realm of prose, are discerned by his imaginative vision to be symbolic presenta-

tions—*avatars* and embodiments—of universal facts, coming home to universal interests, united in marriage to other moods, situations, and crises, which we had thought altogether unrelated to them, and abundantly fertile in all kinds of new and helpful suggestions. Mr. Browning never touched a deeper or more inexhaustible thought than when he sung—

‘Flowers in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies ;—
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all.
I should know what God and man is.’

This is a parabolic description of Mr. Browning’s method, but his flower in the crannied wall is some obscure life, some foiled aspiration, some perplexing incompleteness, some moment in a history which stands apart from other moments, something which, like the weed among the stones, tempts him to question it in the hope that it may have some secret to tell concerning the great whole of things,—a hope which gains a certain painful keenness from what seems its isolation from the whole, its perplexing apartness, and there its want of apparent significance.

For an example of this imaginative habit, a single poem will serve as well as many. In ‘A Grammarian’s Funeral’ the poet contemplates a life which would strike the ordinary observer as pitifully incomplete, because lived apart from the main current of the life of the race. The dead man who is being carried to his grave has lived not with things or with thoughts, but with dead words. Through all his allotted years he has been what we call a mere *Dryasdust*; an accent or an etymology has been more to him than a revolution; and still when the end comes,

‘So, with the throttling hands of Death at strife,
Ground he at grammar;
Still, through the rattle, parts of speech were rife:
While he could stammer
He settled *Hoti’s* business—let it be!—
Properly based *Oun*—

Gave us the doctrine of the enelytic *De*
Dead from the waist down.'

Here it will be seen is a miniature embodiment of a great human problem, or rather of two human problems—the problem of the inevitable incompleteness and fragmentariness of some lives, and of the same incompleteness and fragmentariness which in other lives is not inevitable but is voluntarily chosen, as it was by the dead grammarian. What is the explanation of the first, what is the justification of the second? To both questions one answer can be returned. The earthly life is to be seen and understood and lived in the light cast on it by another and a larger life. Were earth all, even the completeness of earth whenever realised would be torturing to the hunger of the spirit that can only be satisfied by the illimitable. The speaker in 'The Last Ride Together,' says—

'Who knows what's fit for us. Had fate
Proposed bliss here should sublimate
My being—had I signed the bond—
Still one must lead some life beyond,
Have a bliss to die with, dim descried.
This foot once planted on the goal,
This glory-garland round my soul,
Could I descry such? Try and test!
I sink back shuddering from the quest.
Earth being so good, would Heaven seem best?
Now, Heaven and she are beyond this ride.'

And on the other hand there is a certain satisfaction even in the incompleteness which compels us to look beyond it,—which testifies to a completeness of which it is a hint and a prophecy. The dying patriot on his way to the scaffold can rejoice over what man would call his failure, for its promise is larger, surer, and more glorious than the fulfilment of apparent success.

'Thus I entered and thus I go!
In triumphs people have dropped down dead.
Paid by the world,—what dost thou owe
Me? God might question: now instead
'Tis God shall repay! I am safer so.'

This, too, was the inspiring thought of the dead grammarian, as interpreted by the singers of his rugged funeral hymn. They recognised this in him as his 'peculiar grace,'

'That before living he'd learn how to live ;
 No end to learning :
 Earn the means first—God surely will contrive
 Use for our earning.
 Others mistrust and say, 'But time escapes !
 Live now or never !'
 He said, 'What's time ? leave now for dogs and apes !
 Man has Forever.'

'Was it not great ? Did not he throw on God,
 (He loves the burthen)—
 God's task to make the heavenly period
 Perfect the earthen ?
 Did not he magnify the mind, show clear
 Just what it all meant ?
 He would not discount life, as fools do here,
 Paid by instalment.

'That low man goes on adding one to one,
 His hundred's soon hit.
 This high man, aiming at a million,
 Misses an unit.
 That has the world here—should he need the next,
 Let the world mind him !
 This throws himself on God, and unperplex
 Seeking shall find him.'

We have dwelt at some length upon Mr. Browning's attitude in this poem, because it is a specially characteristic one. It is also an attitude which differentiates his work very sharply from that of Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Swinburne. The latter, in all his more important volumes seems to doubt if not to deny the doctrine of a larger life beyond the present, and while the former implicitly accepts and in 'In Memoriam' explicitly affirms it, it can hardly be said that the apprehension of immortality is so vivid and vital as to mould and colour his work in the same way that it moulds and colours the work of Mr. Browning. For both Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Swinburne life answers its own questions; supplies the premises for all

necessary conclusions; and their calculations are not complicated by the presence of an unknown quantity. Their position is more easily definable and their method more readily comprehensible than those of their contemporary, because their standard of values is more ordinary and therefore more understandable than his. When Mr. Tennyson pleads for order, the general reader knows what he means, and can appreciate the force of his plea; and when Mr. Swinburne pleads for liberty, he is in the same position: but Mr. Browning seems to render simple questions puzzling by introducing new and confusing elements. He is neither reactionary nor revolutionary; he cares neither for order nor for liberty as such, only as indications of a great reality of which they are but modes and conditions. Not to obey, not to disobey, but to live, to find somehow, either by obedience or rebellion, what life's meaning is—this, according to Mr. Browning is the great call to us.

But how are we to live? how is life's true meaning to become known to us? Not, Mr. Browning seems to say, by observation, by curious analysis, by taking much thought, but rather by heeding and following the sudden impulse which we recognize as a true word from the unseen. This life is a sphere of twilight, and the twilight is more misleading than the darkness; but every now and then comes a gleam from the surrounding light, which at least shows us the new few steps of the true track. As he says in 'Cristina,'—

'Oh, we're sunk enough here, God knows!
 But not quite so sunk that moments,
 Sure, tho' seldom, are denied us,
 When the spirit's true endowments
 Stand out plainly from the false ones,
 And apprise it if pursuing
 Or the right way or the wrong way,
 To its triumph or undoing.
 There are flashes struck from midnights,
 There are fire-flames noondays kindle,
 Whereby piled-up honours perish,
 Whereby sworn ambitions dwindle,
 While just this or that poor impulse
 Which for once had play unstifled,

Seems the whole work of a life-time
That away the rest have trifled.'

These moments, these flashes, these fire-flames are the revelations in this life of the true laws of the other life; the things which for the instant give us the vision of a higher and more enduring order than that of custom and convention:—higher even than that of what we may have been taught to call duty. In at least one poem, 'The Statue and the Bust,' the foregone impulse was an impulse to what would be called a sin, but the lesson of the poem is that even a sin of instinctive ardour, of selfless passion may be less damning and deadening than the self-regarding virtue which narrows the soul and chills the heart. In the greater number of instances, however, the call of the supreme moment is to something which the world condemns much more bitterly than it ever condemns mere sin—to a splendid recklessness, an heroic imprudence, a divine disdain for the vulgar success of fame or pounds, shillings, and pence. The soul asserts itself,—it may be in a great love which calls into life all the possibilities both of rapture and of nobleness,—but in the same instant the world arrays herself against the soul, and whatsoever the issue may be, this at any rate is clear to the poet, that the world's success is the man's, the woman's failure.

Thus, when Mr. Browning strives after an answer to the enigma of the age and the ages, he seeks it not in some wide generalisation concerning law or order or progress or liberty; but rather follows the example of the scientific experimentalist, taking his 'men and women' one by one, hearing what each has to say, believing firmly that no crisis in any human life is of private interpretation, but that the one Spirit speaks to every human soul, and that any authentic message from the Heavens is a message not only to the individual but to the race. As the husband says in 'By the Fireside,'—

'How the world is made for each of us;
How all we perceive and know in it
Tends to some moment's product thus,
When a soul declares itself—to wit,
By its fruit, the thing it does!

Be hate that fruit or love that fruit,
 It forwards the general Deed of Man,
 And each of the many helps to recruit
 The life of the race by a general plan ;
 Each loving his own, to boot.

I am named and known by that moment's feat ;
 There took my station and degree.
 So grew my own small life complete,
 As nature obtained her best of me—
 One born to love you, Sweet !

* * * *

So the earth has gained by one man more,
 And the gain of earth must be Heaven's gain too ;
 And the whole is well worth thinking o'er
 When autumn comes : which I mean to do
 One day, as I said before.'

This man has in the largest sense of the word sowed his soul alive by knowing the day of his visitation ; by recognising before it was too late the golden thread let down from Heaven, to be a clue through the labyrinth of earth ;—just as the two in 'Youth and Art' lose the soul by letting the day pass, and leaving the thread untouched. She marries—a rich lord ; he is a knight and an R.A. ; and surely this is success and completeness of life. Perhaps they try to think it so ; but all the time they are well aware that the angel of opportunity once offered them a better gift, and that they 'missed it, lost it for ever.'

What we said concerning a new standard of values being introduced by the apprehension of an upper breaking in upon the lower darkness is best elucidated in the noteworthy poem entitled 'An Epistle,' containing the Strange Medical Experience of Karshish, the Arab Physician.' Karshish in his travels in Palestine comes upon the resuscitated Lazarus, and studies him keenly. To Lazarus the great revelation has come not in the blinding flash which dazes a man so that perhaps he doubts the thing he has seen, but in four days of steady illumination. And what is the result ?

'The man is witless of the size, the sum,
 The value in proportion of all things,

Or whether it be little or be much.
Discourse to him and prodigious armaments
Assembled to besiege his city now,
And of the passing of a mule with gourds—
'Tis one! Then take it on the other side,
Speak of some trifling fact—he will gaze rapt
With stupor at its very littleness,
(Far as I see) as if in that indeed
He caught prodigious import, whole results;
And so will turn to us the bystanders
In ever the same stupor (note this point)
That we too see not with his opened eyes!
Wonder and doubt come wrongly into play,
Preposterously, at cross purposes.
Should his child sicken unto death—why, look
For scarce abatement of his cheerfulness,
Or pretermission of his daily craft—
While a word, gesture, glance, from that same child
At play or in the school or laid asleep,
Will startle him to an agony of fear.'

It will be seen that the life of Lazarus has been thrown out of balance, as it were, by the fullness of knowledge, too great to be fruitfully utilised in the cramped conditions of earth. The thought, 'It should be,' is backed by the other thought, 'Here it cannot be'; and there is little for him but to wait

'For that same death which shall restore his being
To equilibrium, body loosening soul,
Divorced even now by premature full growth.'

He has sight in a world where it is appointed to us to walk not by sight, but by faith—where we may not know, but only realise that there is something to be known. As Rabbi Ben Ezra says—

'For more is not reserved
To man, with soul just nerved
To act to-morrow what he learns to-day:
Here work enough to watch
The Master work, and catch
Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true play.'

But even these glimpses of the Master's working, these hints of the heavenly craft will in their measure change our

estimate of the comparative worth of things. We shall not, like Lazarus, be thrown out of harmony with our human environment; we shall still feel the throbbing of every human emotion; we shall recognise with calm delight the order which is the earthly correspondence of divine law; we shall exult in the impulse towards freedom which is, at its best, the stirring within us of that life of God which is a union of perfect liberty with perfect righteousness;—but it will be with the purged eyes of those who have beheld things transfigured by that upper sunshine which reveals their true nature, their real significance, those who—perhaps on a mad journey to some Damascus of mistaken duty—have seen a light and heard a voice, and been thenceforward ‘not disobedient unto the heavenly vision.’

ART. VIII.—SCOTTISH PATRIOTISM AND SCOTTISH POLITICS.

1. *The Local Government Board (Scotland) Bill*, 1883.
2. *A Rectorial Address*, delivered before the Students of the University of Edinburgh, Nov. 4, 1882. By LORD ROSEBERY. Edinburgh, 1882.
3. *Address by Lord Rosebery at Edinburgh*, July 21, 1883, on being presented with the freedom of that city.
4. *Scotland's Version of Home Rule*. By W. SCOTT DALGLEISH. *Nineteenth Century* for January, 1883.

ON the 21st of August, the Local Government Board (Scotland) Bill was rejected on the Second Reading in the House of Lords, by a majority of forty-seven votes to thirty-one. Before this decision was come to, the leading advocate of the measure, both in the Upper Chamber and on Scottish platforms, gave the members of his own Order this warning, ‘If you think fit to reject this Bill—and I am far from saying that the Bill is perfect—I can only say that those who support it must appeal from the judgment of this House to the judgment of those

whom this Bill chiefly affects. It is in the interest of Scotland that it should be passed. It is the desire of Scotland that it should be passed, and I venture to say that the expression of opinion in Scotland as to the fate of this measure, if your Lordships think fit to reject it, the expression of opinion not as to the measure itself, but as to the principle it represents, will convince your Lordships that you make a great mistake, in judging public opinion in Scotland by the opinion of this House, if you think that it is hostile to this Bill.' The same day the House of Lords rejected the Irish Registration Bill, and, on the following forenoon, the Premier was asked by Mr. Parnell what were the intentions of the Government in respect of that measure. Mr. Gladstone at once replied that the Bill would be brought forward early next session and pressed upon the consideration of Parliament. Sir George Campbell then put a similar question as to the Scottish Bill. Mr. Gladstone's reply was significant:—'My hon. friend will see, I am sure, that the Local Government Board (Scotland) Bill is a measure of general political expediency. The other measure, besides being a measure of general political expediency, is a Bill to supply an obvious demand of justice.' This remark has been taken, and no doubt correctly taken, to mean that while Government are resolved to press forward the Irish Registration Bill next session, they have not come to any such resolution in respect of the Scottish Local Government Board Bill, because they do not consider it of equal importance.

It will be well to take the statements of Lord Rosebery and Mr. Gladstone together, for, between them, they throw some light on the prospects of the defeated measure. Speaking distinctly and emphatically in the name of its champions in Scotland, the late Under-Secretary for the Home Department said that it was 'the desire of Scotland,' that is, of course, of the people of Scotland in the wide, constitutional and only proper sense, that the measure should pass, that there would be an appeal to the public opinion of Scotland from the House of Lords in the event of its rejection, and that the expression of that opinion would prove such rejection, so far as it professed to reflect the Scottish mind, to

be a mistake. In other words, there is to be an agitation in Scotland during the Recess in favour of the Bill, or at all events of what Lord Rosebery calls its 'principle.' Unless there is some such agitation, and unless it indicates 'the desire of Scotland' to be unmistakeably to the effect that this or an equivalent 'measure of general political expediency' should pass, the Government, as Mr Gladstone's statement clearly indicates, do not pledge themselves to urge it on the consideration of Parliament.

A word or two as to 'the desire of Scotland' in regard to the defunct measure, and 'the expression of opinion in Scotland as to its fate,' by way of clearing the ground for argumentation upon its 'principle.' It will be admitted that 'the desire of Scotland' in respect of matters affecting its national well-being—take, for example, political reform, the abolition of the corn laws, the establishment of a national system of education, the overthrow of the late Beaconsfield Government—has hitherto expressed itself by large, influential, and enthusiastic public meetings. It will further be admitted by the advocates of the Scottish Local Government Board Bill, that between the introduction of the measure and the discussion on the second reading in either the House of Commons or the House of Lords, 'the desire of Scotland' might have been, but was not, indicated in this unimpeachable and convincing way. Lord Rosebery said 'every great municipality in Scotland has petitioned in favour of this Bill,' but he did not say that a majority of the Scottish municipalities had so petitioned, or that even the 'great' municipalities had shown enthusiasm for the measure. It may further be said that when the members of the petitioning Town Councils were elected, this question was not before their constituencies, which have consequently not had an opportunity of letting their 'desire' be made known. It is a commonplace with observers of the socio-political signs of the times, that Town Councils do not reflect what is best in the nation in respect of 'desire' or of anything else. Thus, Mr. Herbert Spencer, than whom it will probably be allowed there is no greater living expert in Sociology, says, 'Town Councils are not conspicuous for either intelligence or high character.'

On the contrary, they consist of a very large proportion of ciphers, interspersed with a few superior men.' Whether this dictum be correct or not—and upon it no opinion whatever is here expressed—opinions practically identical with it have, times without number, been given, and by the leading journalistic advocates of the Local Government Board Bill, of the constitution of that 'great municipality' the value of whose petition Lord Rosebery endeavoured to impress upon Lord Salisbury. 'I do not believe,' Lord Rosebery further observed, 'there are six members returned by Scottish constituencies who are hostile to the Bill.' Only twenty-three Scottish representatives were present when the Bill was fully discussed. Four Conservative members—Mr. Dalrymple, Sir John Hay, Sir Herbert Maxwell, and Mr. J. A. Campbell—and three Liberals—Sir Alexander Gordon, Sir George Balfour, and Sir T. E. Colebrooke—expressed views essentially unfavourable to it. A fourth Liberal—Mr. Arthur Elliot—so spoke of it before it went into Committee in the House of Commons, that the Home Secretary said that if he thought Mr. Elliot's sentiments were those of the Scottish members generally, he should abandon the measure at once. Besides, of the Scottish members absent during the discussion in Committee, Mr. Craig Sellar spoke disparagingly of it on its introduction. How many more of the absentees may have taken the same view? It is, at all events, permissible to argue that the majority of the Scottish members felt no great enthusiasm for the measure; as for their constituencies, the question involved in it was not before them when they returned their representatives, and, since it has been raised, they have not been at any pains to make their wishes known.

We come now to 'the expression of opinion in Scotland as to the fate of the measure' after its rejection, which Lord Rosebery said would convince his brother Peers that they had made a mistake. Lord Rosebery will certainly not object to newspapers being cited as containing an 'expression of opinion in Scotland,' for, when he was advocating the Bill, on the occasion of his returning thanks to the Town Council of Edinburgh for conferring its fran-

chise upon him, he said that every organ in the Press was in its favour. It will be allowed that Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and Dundee are the leading cities and the 'greatest municipalities' of Scotland, and that it is perfectly fair to quote the opinions of the leading daily newspapers in these cities. There are three newspapers published every morning in Edinburgh; two of them on the day after the rejection of the Scottish Local Government Board Bill, expressed regret at that event; the third expressed satisfaction. There are three such in Glasgow. One expressed regret, and a second satisfaction. The third said 'we are certainly not prepared to agitate the country in favour of a Scotch office which is only to relieve the Home Secretary of duties which, as Sir William Harcourt has declared, do not appreciably add to his labours—an office, the powers of which are wholly undefined, and which, although tenable by a member of the House of Commons, is apparently only to be filled by one when the supply of Scotch Peers runs short, or when the law officers are unable to find seats in Parliament.' An evening paper in the same city, totally distinct from any morning journal, also wrote—'We do not fancy that the disappearance of the Local Government Bill will arouse a feeling of very pronounced indignation over the length and breadth of Scotland. There will be the tribulation which comes of disappointed hopes and ambitions, but outside the knot of dreamers and schemers the fact of rejection will be accepted without perturbation, and even with an equanimity bordering upon satisfaction.' Of the two daily morning papers in Aberdeen, the one expressed regret and the other satisfaction. Of the two in Dundee, the one expressed satisfaction, the other wrote:—'The Lords' rejection of the Scotch Bill will disappoint many public bodies in Scotland, and all but one or two of the Scotch members of Parliament, but the constituencies will not be deeply grieved by it.' Of eleven daily newspapers, therefore, which may reasonably be supposed to know something of the constituencies of the 'great municipalities' of Scotland, four have expressed regret at the rejection of the Local Government Board Bill, and seven

have expressed either satisfaction or an indifference which is nearer satisfaction than regret.

In spite of these facts and of others of the same kind, it may still prove to be 'the desire of Scotland' that the Local Government Board Bill, or some measure like it, should pass during the next session of Parliament; the methods of proof are not far to seek, and attempts will no doubt, and with perfect propriety, be made to apply them. On the other hand, there is no reliable evidence that the mind of the Scottish people is so irrevocably made up on this subject, that fresh considerations may not be presented to it. The discussion during the Recess, will probably have this advantage over the discussion that took place before it, that it will not be hampered by reference to any individual Scotsman. The 'personal aspersions' that characterised the discussion of the defunct Bill in the House of Commons, are to be regretted. At the same time, it should be borne in mind that these personal aspersions were but the violent expression of a reaction against the personal panegyrics, approaching almost to sycophancy, which played such a portentous part before the introduction of the measure, and which have been quietly, but effectually resented, in Scotland.

But little need be said now of the late Local Government Board Bill as distinguished from its 'principle.' It did not propose to give Scotland Local Government in the true and representative sense; that she will obtain, as she has obtained political and social, educational and economical, reforms in the past, along with her English partner. It did not propose to give Scotland such a Local Government Board as that of which Sir Charles Dilke is the President. It did not propose to interfere with the proper duties, or to reduce the dignity, of the Lord Advocate. What it did propose was substantially, as explained by Lord Rosebery, to transfer certain powers and duties vested in the Home Office, the Privy Council, and the Local Government Board, so far as these refer to Scotland, to a Scottish Board. The Board, even by the contention of those in favour of its creation, was to be but a phantom. Sir William Harcourt allowed that the

duties of which it was to relieve him were slight. The President and the 'principle' involved in his appointment were to be everything. While nominally taking duties off the Home Office, the Privy Council, and the Local Government Board, and, above all things, receiving the annual reports of the existing Edinburgh Boards in place of the Home Secretary, the President was really to attend, if he happened to be a member of either House of Parliament, to the civil as distinguished from the legal business of Scotland. 'At present Scottish Members and those who are interested in Scottish public affairs,' we have been told every second day for more than a year, 'find innumerable difficulties in their way. They are bandied from this official to the other, without getting what is desired. The Minister in authority has no knowledge of Scottish affairs. The Minister with knowledge of Scottish affairs has no authority. The result is a practical denial of necessary administrative attention in all but purely formal matters, and neglect of pressing Scottish requirements.' The 'principle' of the rejected measure, the 'principle' of the measure that is apparently to be demanded next session is the establishment of a responsible official who shall attend to the requests of 'Scottish members and those who are interested in Scottish public affairs.'

All parties to this controversy are probably agreed upon two points. It will be allowed, in the first place that, in matters of really great legislative importance, Scotland fares quite as well as England. When, to refer to matters that will be easily remembered, England obtained a Household Franchise Act, Scotland obtained one also. The Elementary Education for England was followed by a similar measure for Scotland, in one respect, of a more advanced character. During the late session the subject of Agricultural Holdings in the two countries was dealt with in two measures substantially identical. It will be allowed, with equal unanimity, that, in matters of minor legislation and administration, Scotland deserves and requires, in the opinion of the majority of her representatives, more attention than she obtains. It is not necessary to go back to what Lord Cockburn thought of and

wrote in 1836, to Mr. Baxter's motion in the House of Commons in 1858, or to the Camperdown Commission which resulted from it, for historical proofs of the truth of the familiar assertion that the Lord Advocate of Scotland, who, since the abolition of the Scottish, or Third Secretaryship of State, in 1746, has acted as Minister for Scotland, is unable to overtake all the work of such an office, without neglecting his private professional business. More recent events—the introduction by the last Conservative Government of a Bill to give Scotland a special Parliamentary Under Secretary, and the presentation to Mr. Gladstone in January, 1881, of a memorial signed by thirty-three of the Scottish members, to the effect 'that it would be greatly to the public advantage, as well as for the convenience of the members for Scotland, to have in the Government a special representative of the political as distinguished from the legal business,'—prove the state of feeling expressed by the familiar phrase that 'something must be done.' The practical question is how much that 'something' should be.

The extreme demand preferred in the name of Scotland, is that she should have a Secretary of State, or Minister with a seat in the Cabinet, that she should be placed on a footing of administrative equality with Ireland, which, as a rule, has either her Lord Lieutenant or her Chief Secretary in the Cabinet. But this proposal for an addition to the Cabinet ought to be considered in connection with other suggestions for the appointment of other Ministers, either in addition to or in room of those who have already places in the Cabinet, or places of high position outside of it. Of such a character are the proposals to create Ministries of Agriculture, Commerce, and Education. The two first have received the sanction of a vote in the House of Commons, and Mr. Gladstone has so far tried to give effect to them, that he has recently made, as an administrative experiment, a redistribution of and additions to the duties of the President of the Council and of the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. The question of the reorganization of the work of the Vice-President of the Council, so as to make him Minister of Education, as been referred to a Select Committee of the House of Commons; but there

can be no question that necessities similar to those which have led to the creation of the Board of Trade and of the Local Government Board will lead in the long run to the creation of Ministries of Education, Agriculture and Commerce. The reason is obvious. Education, Agriculture, and Commerce, are genuine national interests, in the modern, as distinguished from the old and class sense. They are, further, interests common to England and Scotland, and we may surely say, to Ireland also. At all events, it is one of the undoubted political tendencies of the time, so to reconstitute the various Cabinet offices and so to redistribute the work in them as to make them bureaus for the supervision of special interests common to the Three Kingdoms. The question for Scotland is, will she or can she resist this tendency to unite the Three Kingdoms by a firmer bond than the existing one, or will she elect to have all her interests, her Education, her Commerce, her Agriculture and the like, attended to by one official with a seat in the Cabinet? That is a question which Scotland has never considered formally or fully. But, in the meantime, two things may be said. The one is that already an experiment has been made, in the unification, or at least in the combination, under one roof, of English and Scottish interests. Scottish Education, 'public' or 'national,' is, like English, administered from Whitehall, and there has been no loud or general outcry on this side of the Border, that it has been neglected in consequence. The most important educational measure that has been passed affecting Scotland since Lord Young's Act, the Educational Endowments Bill of 1883, was conducted through the House of Commons not by the Home Secretary or by the Lord Advocate but by Mr. Mundella, in his capacity as Vice-President of the Council or virtual Minister of Education. Another and equally obvious remark is, that, should this tendency of the time be given effect to, as it has already been given effect to in every country on the Continent that is in possession of an organised government, and Ministries of Agriculture, Commerce, and Education for the two (if not three) Kingdoms be established, the Home Office would be relieved of a large number of

its present duties, and the Law Officers of the Crown for Scotland would not be burdened with non-legal work. Thus, to take illustrations from the Parliamentary session of the present year, neither the Scotch Agricultural Holdings Bill, which passed, nor the Scotch Universities Bill, which had to be abandoned, would have been in charge of the Lord Advocate. The one would have been piloted by the Minister of Agriculture, and the other by the Minister of Education, the Lord Advocate and Solicitor General discharging their proper and professional duty of keeping these Ministers right as to the peculiarities of Scottish Law and Custom as regards both agriculture and education.

Until it is seen whether this political tendency, now at work, is to prevail or not, it would seem inexpedient to create a separate Scottish Department under either a Cabinet Minister or the President of a phantom Board. For, if it did prevail, the Department would ultimately have to be disestablished, from all its work of real importance being distributed over the new Ministries. Scottish administration should not suffer, in the meantime, however, and no serious objection has been offered to the creation by statute of a special Under Home Secretary for Scotland. Such an official would be accessible to the Scottish Members, and would see that Scottish administrative and other business received its fair share of attention—an unfair share should not be expected, and could not be given—from the chiefs of the various Government Departments. The functions of the Scottish Under Secretary could further be so defined—much as the functions of the President of the proposed phantom Local Government Board were defined in the late Bill—that while he would relieve and assist, he would not overshadow, the Lord Advocate. That official, indeed, being set free to attend to his own proper work, would stand a much better chance of ‘building himself an everlasting name,’ by effecting long-deferred and much needed reforms in Scottish Law, than he has now, when he is the Scottish Parliamentary man-of-all-work. What is of still more importance, the appointment of an Under Secretary for Scotland, instead of running counter to, would be quite in the line of, the administrative tendency, already

referred to, towards fusing, instead of separating the real interests of the Three Kingdoms. The ideal Home Office or Ministry of the Interior is one presided over by a Minister responsible to Parliament, and having under him three Under Secretaries, one for each of the Three Kingdoms.

A common argument in favour of giving Scotland a Cabinet Minister was very frankly stated by Mr. George Anderson, in the course of the recent discussions in the House of Commons on the Local Government Board Bill, and it may be alluded to here both on account of the fallacy that underlies it, and because it leads up to a suggestion which, if adopted, might facilitate the despatch of Scottish public business. 'There was a feeling,' said Mr. Anderson, 'that members of the Cabinet had measures of their own to push forward; that there was a strong rivalry in the Cabinet, each one anxious to get his own measure pushed forward to the sacrifice of others, and that under these circumstances, Scotland, being entirely unrepresented in the Cabinet, always went to the wall. That was the feeling under which Scottish Members desired to have a Secretary of State.' If this competitive theory of the Cabinet were sound, then the measures which figure in the Queen's speech, delivered at the close of a Parliamentary session, would be there, not in virtue of their intrinsic importance, or of the national necessity for them, but in virtue of the pushing energy displayed by the Ministers in charge of them. Yet, as a matter of fact, when the annual 'massacre of innocents' takes place, it is the weaker measures, not the weaker men, that go to the wall. Is it not the case that the Corrupt Practices and Bankruptcy Bills passed this year, because it was felt that their passing could no longer be delayed? Will Mr. Anderson maintain that if Scotland had had a Cabinet Minister, either of these measures—or, indeed any measure that passed—would have been sacrificed for the Scottish Police or Universities Bill? The Corrupt Practices and Bankruptcy Bills failed to pass in 1882, and the Educational Endowments Bill did pass; yet, no one ventures to say that this result was due to the successful rivalry of Mr. Mundella over Sir Henry James and Mr. Chamberlain. The truth is,—and it is well that it should

be so in the interests of good and especially of popular government,—that the passing of measures depends less on the comparative influence of members of the Government, than on the feeling of the country in regard to them, as reflected in Parliament. The feeling in the country inspires the Ministerial programme in the first place, and selects which must pass in the second; it does so none the less really that it does it informally.

And who are the accredited exponents of the feeling of the country, but Members of Parliament? Leaving out of consideration the small minority of Conservative representatives, the Scottish membership is a solid phalanx, whereas the Irish membership is as yet divided into mutually hostile sections. Yet Ireland, as compared with the sister Kingdoms, has had, during the last three years, the lion's share of legislation, mainly, if not wholly, because one of these sections has incessantly kept the feelings and 'grievances' of the people of Ireland before Parliament and the country. Mr. Scott Dalglish, in his article on Home Rule for Scotland in the *Nineteenth Century*, mentions, and no doubt correctly mentions, among the benefits of the now abandoned arrangement for the management of Scottish public business, whereby the Lord Advocate and Lord Rosebery as Under Home Secretary, attended to it between them, that 'Difficulties in the way of constructing harbours of refuge at Wick and elsewhere have been removed. There is reason to believe that the long delay which has retarded the completion of the great Museum of Science and Art at Edinburgh has at last come to an end.' Yet what would a member of Mr. Parnell's party do, on reading such a statement as this, but ask what can the members for Wick and Edinburgh have been about? Had these gentlemen been Irish instead of Scottish members, who will doubt but that, by means of persistent questioning and by taking full advantage of the constitutional doctrine which places Grievance before Supply, they would have compelled the Home Secretary of the time to remove these Harbour and Museum 'difficulties.' Mr. Chamberlain, referring to the claims of Scotland in a speech he delivered at Swansea sometime before the

late Session began, said, 'I have no doubt that the Scottish members, with that shrewdness and practical business aptitude which we all so much admire, will settle among themselves what are the immediate requirements of their country, and will get what they want without much assistance or interference from their English colleagues.' Mr. Chamberlain's prediction has not been justified by events, but his doctrine is sound. If the constituencies of Scotland have special political or administrative grievances, they have the removal of them largely in their own hands. Let them declare that their representatives shall insist on their interests being attended to, or let them return other representatives specially commissioned to perform this duty. Was a Minister for Scotland needed to secure the appointment of the Crofters' Commission? It requires no Mr. Herbert Spencer to prove, from the experience of the United States, that one of the chief dangers that lie in wait for popular government in a democratic and self-governing country, is the delegation to State officials by its representatives of duties they ought to perform themselves.

We now come to what may be termed the statistical argument in favour of the appointment of a Secretary of State for Scotland. It could not be more clearly stated than it was in a recent speech of Mr. Duncan McLaren in Edinburgh. 'If,' he said, 'a Secretary of State was needed from 1707, the date of the Union, to 1746, much more was one needed now. At the Union, Scotland was a miserably poor country. The total revenue was £160,000, its population 800,000, and the total rental some thirty years before—for there was no exact date for that time—£319,000. The national revenue now exceeded seven millions, which was an immensely greater proportion than the increase of revenue in England, which was returned at between five or six millions at the time of the Union. The population, in place of 800,000, was now 3,800,000. The Income Tax returns showed a rental of 19½ millions in place of £319,000.' Mr. Scott Dalglish writes in a similar strain—'The Income Tax returns show that the annual increase in Schedule D in Scotland is much greater than in England and Wales, excluding London. They show further,

from the abatements claimed on account of life assurance, that fully twice as many persons, in proportion to population, insure their lives in Scotland as do so in England. During the last fifteen years the amount of capital invested in railways in Scotland has been nearly doubled. The number of ordinary passengers by rail has been almost exactly doubled; while the gross traffic receipts have increased by more than one-half.

Let it be at once allowed that these facts, indicative of the increase of the population and material prosperity of the country, may be properly brought forward in support of an increase in her representative or self-governing power—provided always Liberal Scotland does not seek to aid the very Liberal Mr. Chamberlain in enacting equal electoral districts. Mr. John Noble, the well-known political statistician, shows in his *Parliamentary Reformers' Manual*, just published, that of the 658 Members of the House of Commons, Scotland is entitled to 69·88 if they were allotted according to population, and to 77·51, if they were allotted according to revenue derived from taxation; and that if the mean between population and taxation were taken as the basis of representation, the number of Members of Parliament would be for England and Wales, 500; Scotland, 74; and Ireland, 84. An agitation in favour of an increase in the representation of Scotland proportionate to her population and her contributions to the Imperial revenue is quite intelligible. But why these facts should be made the basis for an argument in favour of the appointment of a high officer of State to 'govern' or 'look after' Scotland, is not explained. Lord Rosebery, indeed, asked at Edinburgh in July, 'Can any one doubt that if we had a Secretary of State for Scotland as zealous, as willing, and as able, as, for instance, the present Secretary for Ireland, our march of prosperity would have been much quicker?' But he showed no connection between the march of a nation's prosperity and the fact of its possessing a Secretary of State. His reference to Ireland and its Secretary is, indeed, not remarkably fortunate. Those Irish members whom the Prime Minister now looks to as expressing more adequately than others the sentiments of the people of

Ireland, might retort that the march of prosperity in Ireland has been slow because it has had a Secretary, and rapid in Scotland because it has had none. In any case it may be fairly argued that people who insure their lives for large sums, make a creditable figure in the Income Tax returns, and can afford such luxuries as railway travelling and railway investments, are precisely of the prudent, energetic, self-reliant, orderly kind that need little or no government or supervision. An individual of this character, when increase of prosperity brings increase of business communications, may take into his service a private secretary, amanuensis, or clerk, to answer his letters. Or, if his wife is socially ambitious, he may surround himself with the depressing magnificence of 'an establishment in town,' and subject himself and it to the tyranny of a major domo. Or if his desires are healthy, he may buy a 'place in the country,'—there would be nothing surprising in the present energy and wealth of the Scottish Commonalty seeking to assert themselves by effecting a readjustment of the relations between the people and the soil of Scotland. But he does not submit himself to a governor or a director; any person he may take into his pay is conspicuous for his utility, not for his dignity or his power. Scotland may need a Parliamentary Under Secretary to be a medium of communication between her representatives and the various Government Departments and Offices, but a Cabinet Minister or Secretary of State for Scotland would have no work commensurate with his influence and dignity. There would be a danger—a danger to which communities that are only on the way to perfect self-government, and still have in their midst a privileged or governing class, are especially prone—that the personage appointed to it might not have sufficient good sense, highmindedness, or patriotism, to balance his ambition. He might be less the Minister for Scotland than a Minister by Scotland. 'The principles of Lord Melville's Government,' says Lord Rosebery, 'were wholly bad.' No truer thing was ever said; and Scotland must beware lest her efforts to secure adequate attention for her public business should, owing to her self-government being imperfect, result in her being saddled with a second Melville.

A municipality does not boast of the number of policemen it needs for the maintenance of order within its bounds. Similarly a country that has attained partial, and is aiming at complete, self-government, should plume itself, not on the great number and importance, but on the paucity and plainness of its officers of state. There is none of our Scottish 'national institutions,' in the legal as well as in the real sense, that is so democratic as the Church; yet are not the processions and levées of the Lord High Commissioner becoming every year of less consequence? Lord Rosebery says the history of Scottish salaries is unique, as a history of paring, of reductions, of annihilations. Nothing can be more creditable to Scottish public feeling or more indicative of Scottish progress, than this history. The salaries have been taken away, because the officials have not been needed. 'I believe,' says Lord Rosebery, 'that the sword of judgment is hanging in doom over the Secretary of the Bible Board.' It is to be hoped so. Does any sensible Scotsman pretend that his country now needs a Bible Board, or that the Secretaryship is anything but a sinecure? What Scotland should at the present moment beware of is the creation of a fresh Board, with undefined functions, as little needed as the Bible Board, and whose President might ultimately, if not immediately, be as much of a sinecurist as that secretary over whose office the sword of doom seems to be hanging. The demoralising system of 'spoils' and 'patronage' is the bane of American political life, and well-meant but ill-sustained efforts are frequently made to get rid of it. The progress towards enlightened democracy in this country, which though slow is sure, has been marked by the steady reduction of 'patronage,' and the steady disappearance of 'spoils.' What a self-governing people requires, is responsible servants, not practically irresponsible sinecurists; as its salaries and pensions prove, it can be generous enough to persons who render it genuine service. May we not at least dream with Burke that some day 'all the jargon of influence, and party, and patronage shall be swept into oblivion,' and may we not work towards the realisation of the dream? Happy is the nation whose annals are so dull, and which stands so little in need of govern-

ment, that all she requires to satisfy her administrative wants is an Under Secretary.

But we are told by Mr. Dalgleish that 'the importance of the Scottish nationality should be adequately respected.' How could it be more adequately respected, than by the Imperial Parliament giving Scottish members, when they are united, and when it is absolutely certain that they express the desire of the people of Scotland, all that they ask for? But 'if Scotland had been mutinous and disloyal, she would have had her Viceroy and her Cabinet Minister long ago.' Mr. Dalgleish can scarcely be serious in the representation he here gives of Irish history by implication. As if the classes in Ireland whom he describes as 'mutinous' and 'disloyal,' had acted in the outrageous and illegal way attributed to them, that they might have such political luxuries as a Viceroy and a Cabinet Minister! As if these very classes had not been the loudest in calling out for the abolition of 'the Castle,' in Dublin, as being the cause of all Irish discontent, the centre of all Irish mis-government! As if British politicians were not even now looking forward to the day, when, after the establishment of that efficient system of Local Government which Mr. Parnell now so significantly advocates, 'the Castle' will be abolished, and an Under Secretary prove to be the sole administrative official that Ireland will need!

The 'patriotism' which, in Mr. Dalgleish's words, calls on Scotsmen to rally round such 'national institutions' as 'the law, the school, the university, and the Presbyterian Church, whether established or non-established,' is surely 'patriotism' on a false scent. It might be asked, parenthetically, how both 'the established' and the 'non-established' Presbyterian churches can be considered 'national institutions,' and if they are, whether they may not be allowed to preserve—unless indeed they prefer to destroy—each other. But are these 'institutions' being attacked? No doubt occasionally a decision of the Court of Session has been overturned by the House of Lords; but are Scottish litigants not occasionally grateful for this rather than the reverse? When Lord Westbury described a certain Court of Session judgment as

'a melancholy collection of erroneous sentences,' many Scotsmen believed he was quite right. As for 'the university,' if the patrons of Scottish chairs sometimes go to Oxford for experts in Greek, and to Cambridge for experts in mathematics, does any reasonable Scotsman deny that such are to be found there, in greater numbers and more perfectly trained than at home? It is difficult to understand how 'the school' is in danger. 'The school,' in any national sense, in any sense of which Scotsmen are proud, means the public parochial school, open to and attended by Scottish children belonging to all classes. Yet what has been the tendency of educational legislation on a national scale since the days of Mr. Forster's Vice-Presidency but to Scotticise the English, not to Anglicise the Scottish 'School?' Finally, that has been reckoned the wisest Scottish patriotism in the past which has jealously safeguarded what is truly good in 'national institutions,' not because it is Scottish, but because it is good.

Mr. Dalgleish makes a rather suggestive comparison. 'The institutions of a country,' he says, 'are like the features in the human face; they are at once an expression of character, and the marks by which individuality is recognised.' Is it so? Out of Scotland high cheek bones are commonly declared to be the typical Scottish features; yet, do high cheek bones invariably indicate high Scottish character, and would Scottish individuality be lost if, say, owing to Anglo-Scottish intermarriages, they were in time to disappear? Surely it is not the angularities of national any more than of individual character that constitute its abiding excellence. Individual Scotsmen have been eminent in the past in spite, not in virtue, of their angularities. Thus some of their number have been noted for not possessing or for despising a nail-brush. But they have not been the more admired for that. The just Scotsman made perfect—if he is ever made perfect on earth—will be *perfectus ad unquem*. A Scottish 'patriotism' which aims at the formation of a 'High Cheek Bones,'—or even a 'National Institutions'—Preservation Society deserves and is doomed, to ultimate failure, even if it obtain a temporary success.

Scottish patriotism, in the truest sense, has, at least since the legislative Union of 1707, been essentially subjective.

not objective, a patriotism not of cheek bones but of character, not of 'national institutions'—the bulk of which were originally borrowed or copied—but of national spirit, of freedom, of intelligence, of enthusiasm, of tenacity of purpose, of religion, in the sense of the force that makes the life of action but the complement or realisation of the life of motive. Content with substance, contemptuous of show, it has striven for solid national progress; it has not courted theatrical 'national recognition'; it has not even begged for 'national respect.' It has not been ashamed to open its mind to English ideas, no longer thrust by violence upon an unwilling people. It has not been afraid to let them play upon 'national institutions,' because it has known that what cannot stand discussion, or resents suggestions for improvement, can hardly be worth preserving. Above all, it has thrown itself heartily and ungrudgingly into the work of drawing ever closer the bonds that unite Scottish with English interests. It is too late now to try to force back the tide of genuine Scottish patriotism, much less to make it flow permanently in the channels of political romanticism.

Lord Rosebery's view of Scottish 'patriotism,' which he defines as 'the self-respect of race,' seems at first sight identical with Mr. Dalgleish's. He says 'it would be perilous for any statesman dealing with Scotland to tamper with the 'fundamentals,' and these 'fundamentals' he affirms to be 'her Church, her Law, and her Teaching.' We have already contended that the 'fundamentals' of Scotland in the present day, and from what Lord Rosebery himself styles the 'international' point of view, are not her 'national institutions,' but her racial characteristics, just as the 'fundamentals' of an individual are not his reserves at the bank, his professional position, or the esteem in which he is held in his church, but his heart, his head, his character. Besides, when Lord Rosebery speaks of 'Scotland' he, of course, means by the word the whole of the Scottish people, every class and every grade in it. It is not to be supposed that he excludes what Mr. Dalgleish styles the 'governing class' of Scotland from the privileges and responsibilities of Scottish patriotism. That class was perhaps never more influential in Scotland than it is at the

present moment. It monopolises the soil of the country to an extent probably without a parallel in the world; every book on Land-Tenure Reform tells how 70 persons own Scotland, as against the 4,500 who own England. It dominates the politics of Scotland. There is probably not an important political association in the country, whether Liberal or Conservative, that is not officered by Peers. While the fate of the Local Government Board Bill was in suspense, and speculation was indulged in as to who the first President of the new Board was likely to be, it was the name of some Peer—Lord Rosebery, or Lord Dalhousie, or Lord Camperdown—that was most frequently heard of; the name of a Commoner—Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, or Mr. Baxter, or Mr Ramsay—was scarcely, if ever, mentioned. To attribute this patrician supremacy in Scottish politics to snobbishness, or a ‘sneaking love for lords,’ would be an insult to the intelligence and the spirit of the Scottish Commonalty. If the people of Scotland really desire the services of Scottish Peers in preference to Scottish Commoners, it must be because they are convinced that the Peers would do the necessary work better. But, to nine out of ten, rather to nineteen out of twenty, members of the ‘governing class,’ two of Lord Rosebery’s ‘fundamentals’ are not ‘fundamentals’ at all. They accept neither the Teaching nor the Church of Scotland, and yet one of their number is to be trusted with special powers to preserve both against English or some other mysterious encroachment!

In the same address, however, in which he states his views as to ‘the fundamentals’ of Scotland, Lord Rosebery says, ‘Let us win in the competition of international well-being and prosperity. Let us have a finer, better-educated, better-lodged, and better-nourished race than exists elsewhere; better schools, better universities, better tribunals, ay, and better churches. In one phrase, let our standard be higher, not in the jargon of the Education Department, but in the acknowledgment of mankind.’ Scottish patriots of every school will heartily say Amen to these words. Yet how can ‘better schools,’ ‘better universities, better tribunals,’* be obtained for

* *Apropos* of ‘better churches,’ two recent statements, by well-known

Scotland, but by legislation on the part of some 'statesman,' which certain 'patriots' will be certain to denounce as a 'tampering with the fundamentals'? Lord Rosebery's desire that the Scottish race should be 'better-lodged' than any other, acquires a special significance in the light of what Mr. Bright said subsequently to the students of Glasgow, as to the number of one-roomed and two-roomed houses in Scotland, and of the important and rival declarations of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain, in favour of legislation which shall provide better dwellings for the members of the working class at the expense of the State. It is of far greater and far more immediate importance that the scandal to Scottish civilization which Mr. Bright spoke of, and which ought to make 'patriotism' of the ornamental or vain-glorious kind hide its head in shame, should be removed, than that Scotland should have a Cabinet Minister or even an Under Secretary. Yet this scandal will not be completely removed without legislation of a social, if not of a 'socialistic' kind, and calculated to 'tamper' with those 'rights of property' which it is evident that the 'governing class' in Scotland considers to have much more of the character of a national 'fundamental,' than a Teaching which it does not

Scottish professors, may here be quoted. Professor Flint of Edinburgh, says, 'There must be something professionally far wrong in any body of clergy which manifests little theological activity. How do our Scottish clergy stand this test? Very badly. The amount of their theological work of any scientific value is but small.' Professor Donaldson of Aberdeen, says, 'There is a general impression that we have fallen behind in the study of theology, and that our country does not exercise that influence on theological thought and inquiry that it would be desirable it should. One symptom of this consciousness of weakness showed itself in an earnest desire to establish lectureships, and several important lectureships have been established. But the lectures have not attracted much attention even in Scotland. Most of them have added almost nothing of permanent value or permanent suggestion to theological thought. . . . These then seem to me to be the three conditions of an original theological literature,—adequate preparation for the work, freedom of inquiry, and a considerable body of competent judges of the investigations. I am afraid Scotland falls short in each of these requisites.' Such writing as this seems to point in the direction of the establishment and endowment of free theological research in Scotland. But would this step towards making the Scottish churches "better," even supposing it to be desirable, not involve legislation?

consider good enough for its sons, or a Church which it does not consider good enough for itself.

In his commendable desire to give a cosmopolitan or international turn to Scottish patriotism, Lord Rosebery also says, 'Let the Scottish ploughman make it clear that he is better than the ploughmen of other countries.' This means that Scottish ploughmen should set about comparing themselves with the ploughmen of other countries. If they do so they will infallibly learn something of the condition of their rivals. In that case is there not a possibility of their contrasting their condition and their relationship to the land they plough, with those of the ploughmen of every great or even thriving Continental State? What if they come to the conclusion that since they are better than the ploughmen of other countries, they ought also to be better off, and that they would sing, 'Scotia, my dear, my native soil,' with more patriotic zest, if they had some proprietary interest in that soil? It should be remembered that of the two 'inspired peasants' who played so distinguished a part in the Scottish history of the last hundred years, the one, Burns, was a Jacobin, a believer in Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, and the other, Carlyle, when St. Simonism led him to meditate on the condition of *la classe la plus pauvre*, wrote in his diary, 'In time it is likely the world will be better divided, and he that has the toil of ploughing will have the first cut at the reaping; a man with £200,000 a year eats the whole fruit of 6666 men's labour through a year!' When he was in Scotland some time ago, Mr. Forster rather happily described the proposal for assimilating the County and Burgh franchises, as one to give votes to Burns's 'virtuous peasants.' But when these obtain votes and realise the political power involved in them, what will they do with it? Is it quite certain that they will 'arise a wall of fire around' the landlords* and the land laws of

* Professor Æneas Mackay of Edinburgh, in a recent letter to a newspaper, gives fifteen examples of 'the unfortunate tendency' of the time to make Scotland 'a suburb of London,' and among them, 'the absence of Scottish land-owners from the capital, and, except in the shooting season, from their estates in Scotland, with the result that many of them know more about the clubs and

Scotland? One thing however seems certain, and is unquestionably predicted by the majority of those who read the signs of the times, that the first truly great question that will be taken up by the enfranchised Democracy of England and Scotland, when it has discovered its own strength—one, too, that is likely to be taken up even before that Democracy attains Mr. Chamberlain's ideal of Manhood Suffrage—will be the Land Question, the mere fringe of which is touched by such measures as the Agricultural Holdings Acts. Scotland, owing to its peculiar position in regard to this question, owing both to the small number of its landed proprietors, and to the intelligence of its landless citizens, may well become the battle-ground of peaceful but serious and fruitful controversy between agrarian reformers of all shades of opinion—Mr. Henry George and Mr. A. R. Wallace with their Land Nationalisation schemes, the Free Traders in Land, the Peasant Proprietary Theorists, and the believers in Mr. Mallock and 'the natural craving for inequality.'

Politics has been defined as at once the science and the art of the national well-being; and the best Scottish patriotism is synonymous with the best Scottish politics. In this connection, a quotation may here be appropriately made from a letter recently sent by Mr. J. Boyd Kinnear, a well-known disputant on Scottish and general politics, to an Edinburgh newspaper: 'What Scotsmen have to complain of is that on great vital questions of policy she has obtained no hearing, because it was not for the interests of party politicians that any such questions should be heard. Scotland has been ripe for extension of the

streets of London, than the affairs of Scotland.' A writer on 'The Closing of the Scottish Highlands,' in such an influential English journal as the *Spectator*, says, (Aug. 25), 'If the holders of privilege do not make timely concessions, the results will be far from agreeable. At present, they may buy the Sybilline leaves at a low price. Liberty to stroll through the forests, to climb the mountains, freedom to roam over barren moors, without being checked and bullied by the underlings of the shooting tenant, will give contentment. But let the encroachment go on for a little more, and the right of exclusive solitude on the part of the few will be ruthlessly taken away.' See also what *emeritus*-Professor Blackie has been saying and writing on similar subjects at intervals for the last quarter of a century.

Franchise in counties for the last thirty years. She has been ready to enter into consideration of the relations between State and Church for certainly the last ten years. On the Licensing Question, the Land Question, the Game Question, she has been equally ready to come to a clear decision, and desirous to have a definite reform. But all these questions have been stifled at the instance of party managers. Is it to be supposed that the President of a Local Government Board will take them up? Is it likely that Lord Rosebery or Lord Dalhousie or any rising young commoner, who may be promoted to the new office, will take Mr. Gladstone by the throat, and say in the name of Scotland, I demand that these questions shall be taken up? On the contrary, we know perfectly well that any such official will use his whole influence with Members of Parliament to get them to abstain from pressing any of these questions.' The ripeness of Scotland for the solution of the questions Mr. Kinnear mentions is a matter of opinion. It may be doubted, too, if his suggestion for the formation of a specially Scottish Party to demand reforms—the Church and State problem is an exceptional one, requiring exceptional treatment—which are as much needed by England as by Scotland, could be given effect to, and in any case it savours of separatism in feeling if in nothing more serious. But Mr. Kinnear is probably quite correct in the view he takes as to the tendency of the appointment of such an official as the President of a Local Government Board to retard genuine reforms. It would result in the supersession of truly national and practical by cliquish and sentimental politics.

The best Scottish politics of the future will proceed on substantially the same lines as the best Scottish politics of the past. British statesmen of eminence, whose mission it has been to head great movements, such as the Free Trade agitation and the Midlothian Campaign, have frequently complimented Scotsmen on their openness to new ideas, and the heartiness and unanimity of the support given to public men who try to give effect to them in legislation. There is not self-conceit, but only self-respect, of race in accepting such compliments thus voluntarily given. English politicians have never

been slow to appreciate aid given them by their Scottish colleagues, for that has been rendered no less quietly than efficiently—and why not? Surely the golden Goethean rule—

‘ Give other’s work just share of praise ;
Not of thine own the merits raise,’

holds true of nations no less than of individuals that are united in partnership. Surely Scotsmen are better engaged in doing justice to the love of order, the independence, the passion for justice that undoubtedly characterise Englishmen in their capacity as citizens, than in posing before the glass of national vanity. Scotland is frequently styled the knuckle-end of England. But it is still open to her to be in the future as in the past, the advance-guard of British progress, and if politics must be looked at from the party point of view, the Macedonian Phalanx of British Liberalism. In acting such a part she will be more worthily employed, while at the same time she will more effectually promote her special well-being than in playing at Home Rule or dallying with separatism.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

Revelation and Modern Theology Contrasted; or, The Simplicity of the Apostolic Gospel Demonstrated. By the Rev. C. A. Row, M.A. London: F. Norgate, 1883.

The object of this volume is to develop the position which was assumed by its author as the foundation of his excellent Bampton Lectures, the position, viz. : that Christianity, as distinct from the theological systems of the different communities into which Christendom is divided, consists of a few simple principles which constitute its essence as a revelation ; and to inquire what is really essential to it, and what are merely human additions. A clearer, more candid, or more timely volume we have seldom read. Its great merit is that it brings the reader face to face with the principles of Christianity as actually taught by our Lord and His Apostles, and enables him to escape from the meshes of whatever theological system he may be involved in, and to attain to that liberty of thought and action which the first teachers of Christianity inaugurated and proclaimed. Mr. Row has said little or nothing that is new. His book, in fact, is thoroughly conservative. His conservatism, however, is of the best and most enlightened kind. What he pleads for is a reversion to the actual facts of our Lord's teaching and life. This he has done in the most admirable spirit, and has thus earned the thanks of all who have the interests of Christianity at heart. There is nothing more certain, we take it, than that if Christianity is to make any way in the present, the niceties of theological speculations must be set aside, and the simple but pregnant principles inculcated in the New Testament set forth again with Apostolical plainness and sincerity. Nor is this all. As Mr. Row remarks, 'if Christianity is to retain its hold on thoughtful men, theologians must cease to propound as Christian verities, to be accepted under penalty of exclusion from the fold of Jesus Christ, a mass of dogmas, which are nothing more than the deductions of human reason from the facts of revelation, or super-additions to these facts, introduced into the records of revelation by the aid of the imagination, and then announced as verities resting on the authority of God.' And hence, as he further remarks, 'in the interest both of the believer and of the unbeliever, it is necessary to exhibit Christianity, not as a system elaborated to meet the requirements of the logical intellect, but as a moral and spiritual power, mighty to energise on the heart, and to influence the life.' 'To effect this,' he continues, 'it must be set forth in the simplicity in which our Lord presented it to His fellow-citizens in Nazareth, viz. : as a veritable "message of good tidings to the poor," as a

proclamation of "release to the captives, and recovery of sight to the blind; a setting at liberty of them that are bruised, and a proclamation of the acceptable year of the Lord." As might be expected, Mr. Row draws a sharp distinction between Christianity as a revelation and Christianity as a theology. His opinion as to what it is as a theology, the sentences we have already cited sufficiently indicate. As a divine revelation, it consists, he tells us, of two factors, viz.: the portraiture of our Lord's person and the record of His teaching, as they are presented to us in the Gospels, and the various communications of truth made to Apostolic men, of which the remaining books of the New Testament constitute our sole existing record. The central idea of our Lord's teaching is, as Mr. Row justly maintains, the Kingdom of God. It may be doubted, however, whether he has fully realized the significance which this phrase bore in the mouth of our Lord. According to Mr. Row, 'the kingdom of heaven is the Church of Jesus Christ, from the time of its first erection as a visible community, until it has fully realized the purpose of its institution.' That this often was our Lord's idea there can be no question; but it seems to us that both He and His disciples had often a much larger idea of the divine kingdom, the idea, viz.: of a great divine order working in men and at the heart of society, and of which the Church is but one of the outward forms and manifestations. The proof of this lies in several of our Lord's parables, in the general drift of His teaching, and in many of the sayings of the writers of the Epistles. We point to this, however, not as invalidating Mr. Row's argument, but as confirming it. His volume is a really masterly one, and to those who wish to understand the genuine nature of Christianity, or to be in a position to expound it to their fellow-men, we cordially commend it. Our regret is that we cannot here deal with it at greater length, and show our readers how admirably the argument is carried on, and with what wealth of illustration.

Natural Law in the Spiritual World. By N. DRUMMOND, F.R.S.E.; F.G.S. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1883.

Mr. Drummond's volume marks a decided advance in scientific and theological studies. Were it widely read and pondered, it would prove one of those books which the Germans have called epoch-making. The idea it expounds is not exactly new; but to Mr. Drummond belongs the no small credit of being the first who has ventured to apply it and to work it out in terms of modern thought; and this he has done with great skill and ability. His idea cannot be better described than in the following words from his introductory chapter.

'The position we have taken up, is not that the Spiritual Laws are analogous to the Natural Laws, but that *they are the same Laws*. It is not a question of analogy, but of *Identity*. The Natural Laws are not the shadows or images of the Spiritual in the same sense as autumn is emblematical of Decay, or the falling leaf of Death. The Natural Laws, as the Law of Continuity might well warn us, do not stop with the visible and then give place to a new set of

Laws bearing a strong similitude to them. The Laws of the invisible are the same Laws, projections of the natural not supernatural. Analogous Phenomena are not the fruit of parallel Laws, but of the same Laws—Laws which at one end, as it were, may be dealing with Matter, at the other end with Spirit.

It is impossible to overrate the importance of the doctrine which is here so clearly enunciated, or to foresee the immense influence it is likely to have on the progress of theological studies. Nor is it possible within the compass of a short notice to show how admirably Mr. Drummond here develops it in connection with some of the principal facts of the religious life. Perhaps we cannot do better than cite one or two short passages. The first we take is from the exceedingly able chapter on Biogenesis, or as it is termed in theology Regeneration. Having argued that just as there is no such thing in the Physical world as spontaneous generation, so there is not in the Spiritual, Mr. Drummond goes on to say—

The words of Scripture contain an explicit and original statement of the Law of Biogenesis for the Spiritual Life, "He that hath the Son hath Life, and he that hath not the Son hath not Life." Life, that is to say, depends upon contact with Life. It cannot spring up of itself. It cannot develop out of anything that is not Life. There is no Spontaneous Generation in religion any more than in Nature. Christ is the source of Life in the Spiritual World; and he that hath the Son hath Life, and he that hath not the Son, whatever else he may have, hath not Life. Here, in short, is the categorical denial of Abiogenesis and the establishment in this high field of the classical formula *Omne vivum ex vivo*—no Life without antecedent Life. In this mystical theory of the Origin of Life the whole of the New Testament writers are agreed. And, as we have already seen, Christ Himself founds Christianity upon Biogenesis stated in its most literal form, "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is Spirit, Marvel not that I said unto you, ye must be born again." And again: 'It is clear that a remarkable harmony exists here between the Organic World as arranged by Science and the Spiritual World as arranged by Scripture. We find one great Law guarding the thresholds of both worlds, securing that entrance from a lower sphere shall only take place by a direct regenerating act, and that emanating from the world next in order above. There are not two Laws of Biogenesis, one for the natural, the other for the spiritual; one law is for both. Wherever there is life, life of any kind, this same law holds. The analogy is only among the phenomena: between laws there is no analogy—there is Continuity.'

In the chapter on Death, again, we have a singular justification of the Pauline anthropology, all the more remarkable as it is based on thoroughly scientific grounds. In the same chapter also Mr. Drummond reads both the Christian apologist and the Agnostic a pretty sharp, and, as many will think, a merited lesson.

'The Christian apologist,' he remarks, 'never further misses the mark than when he refuses the testimony of the Agnostic to himself. When the Agnostic tells me he is blind and deaf, dumb, torpid and dead to the spiritual world, I must believe him. Jesus tells me that. Paul tells me that. Science tells me that. He knows nothing of the

outermost circle ; and we are compelled to trust his sincerity as readily when he deploras it as if, being a man without an ear, he professes to know nothing of a musical world, or being without taste, of a world of art. The nescience of the Agnostic philosophy is the proof from experience that to be carnally minded is Death. Let the theological value of the concession be duly recognised. It brings no solace to the unspiritual man to be told he is mistaken. To say he is self-deceived is neither to compliment him or Christianity. He builds in all sincerity who raises his altar to the *Unknown* God. He does not know God. With all his marvellous and complex correspondences, he is still one correspondence short.'

In conclusion we may add that, though approaching his subject from the standpoint of science by speaking of the laws of the spiritual world as prolongations of the laws of the natural, Mr. Drummond regards the spiritual as the foundation of the natural, and the material as simply the realised form and manifestation of the things which are not seen and eternal.

Christ's Authority, and Other Sermons. By the late Rev. ARCHIBALD WATSON, D.D., Minister of the Parish of Dundee, and one of Her Majesty's Chaplains for Scotland. With a Preface by JOHN CAIRD, D.D., Principal of the University of Glasgow. Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons, 1883.

There are many to whom he was personally unknown who will welcome this memorial of Dr. Watson. Before he passed away he had come to be an acknowledged representative of all that is best and most hopeful in the Church of Scotland. He was one of the men in whom, in these days of controversy, her strength lay. As a teacher he combined an unwavering loyalty to the great spiritual truths of Christianity with an intelligent recognition of the facts of human nature and of science. His intellectual and spiritual history is traced by Principal Caird with rare insight and sympathy, in the prefatory sketch with which the volume opens. We there learn how he became the man he was—how the breath of the new time gradually modified his thought—emancipating him from the fetters of a conventional orthodoxy, and giving free scope to his native shrewdness and native sympathy in dealing with spiritual things. Dr. Caird says :—

'In reading the MS. sermons from which this volume has been selected, I have been able to trace in them a mental history such as that which I have just indicated. Even the earliest of these sermons contain at least the germs of something beyond the conventional type of orthodoxy. But there is in them a large admixture of unassimilated matter—of the formulas and phraseology of so-called "evangelical" doctrine, which authority and early associations had rendered sacred to a devout and earnest mind—and the strongly marked individuality which breathes through every sermon of his later years, is as yet all but suppressed. It would be easy, guided by MSS. before me, to trace from this point the steps of the writer's intellectual and spiritual progress ; but I cannot expect that the general reader should follow this process of development with the minute interest it has

had for my own mind. It is enough to say that in almost every successive year of his ministry I can discern the indications of a gradually widening intellectual horizon, of a constant endeavour to infuse a spiritual meaning into doctrines hitherto taken on trust, and of the modification and final rejection or ignoring of theological abstractions in which he had ceased to find food for spiritual thought and life. As the years come and go, the sermons become richer in ideas, the movement of thought in them is more spontaneous and independent, and the style simpler and less formal; but they also become characterised by a deeper insight into the human heart, a tenderer sympathy with the sorrows and struggles of human life, and a more far-seeing practical sagacity in dealing with its manifold difficulties and perplexities.

With an enlarged outlook and wider sympathy, Dr. Watson never lost the fervent piety of his younger days. 'The ever-deepening religious element of his nature . . . infused into his varied intellectual qualities a new inspiration and power.' All that Dr. Caird tells us of his friend's preaching is amply borne out in the sermons selected for publication. These sermons reveal a mind in habitual communion with the Unseen, and yet in sympathy with the manifold struggles and temptations of daily life. They are more practical than speculative. They are characterised by remarkable fairness, and by strong common sense. When we have read them we can understand how it was that though Dr. Watson did not seek the position of a leader, and was never brilliant in debate, he had yet attained the position of a trusted counsellor. The moderation and wisdom of the counsel he gave are well illustrated in his closing address as Moderator of the General Assembly, which is included in this volume. We heartily commend the book to our readers not only for the worth of its teaching, but because it is a fitting monument of one who, if he did not make, yet most conspicuously represented, an epoch in the theological thought of Scotland.

Does Science Aid Faith in Regard to Creation? By the Right Rev. H. COTTERILL, D.D., F.R.S.E., Bishop of Edinburgh.
London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1883.

The purpose of this volume is, to use the language of its author, to discuss the momentous question how the Christian faith on the subject of creation is affected by the progress of physical science. While not professing to be a work on the evidences of Christianity, it is written from the Christian or theological stand-point, not from the scientific. 'It is intended for those that believe, not for those that believe not. Its purpose is to quicken and strengthen the faith of those who have found the spiritual truth which is revealed in Christ to be the Light and Life of their souls, by assisting them to recognise more distinctly what is the relation of revealed truth to such other truths as the enlightened reason of man can discover in nature.' So far good; but why, we are disposed to ask, is not a book like this written for those who do not believe as well as for those who do? If any such book is wanted, it is wanted, we should say, more

by 'those who believe not,' than it is by those who believe; and is precisely the book which in these days of bewilderment and doubt a bishop in his learned leisure might be supposed to write. But taking Bishop Cotterill's book as it stands, though we cannot help regarding the defect we have pointed out as a somewhat serious one, we are far from regarding it as a volume without merit. It has very considerable merits, and marks a very commendable advance in theological thought. It is not so long since the opinion that Science is opposed to faith, was widely prevalent in the Church. There are not a few who still adhere to it. Bishop Cotterill has too much good sense and too large a conception of what Christian faith is, to entertain any such opinion. In science he sees a very valuable auxiliary to faith, and maintains that 'if science expounds nature truly to human reason, the result must be that the voice which testifies of God becomes more distinct and more emphatic, in proportion as it is more intelligible.' And that such is and has been the result there can be no doubt. Bishop Cotterill may claim many chapters both in ancient and in modern history as the proof. Along the many lines of his well-sustained argument we cannot here follow him. We can simply add that he writes not only as a thoroughly accomplished theologian, but also with a very competent knowledge of the modern theories of science bearing on his subject, and that his volume amply bears out the prospectus of the series to which it belongs (The Theological Library), being 'condensed in expression, biblical in doctrine, and thoroughly catholic in spirit.'

La Genèse, traduction d'après l'hébreu avec distinction des éléments constitutifs du texte, suivi d'un essai de restitution des livres primitifs, dont s'est servi le dernier rédacteur.
Par FRANÇOIS LENORMANT. Paris: 1883.

This is the first instalment of a work on the Pentateuch, which will be welcomed by all who are interested in the discussions that are going on in the critical and religious world as to the origin, authorship, and age of that part of the Old Testament Scriptures. That the Pentateuch is a compilation from various sources, and that its component parts differ very much from each other in style, phraseology, and spirit, and that from these differences the respective ages of each can be with more or less certainty determined, is often asserted. The general mass of readers, however, are unable, with our ordinary versions of the Bible in their hands, to feel the force of these assertions, or to judge of their correctness. They do not know what belongs, or is said to belong, to this or to that primitive source, and the tabulated lists of passages given in learned works on the subject as belonging to one or other, if they come under their notice at all, put too heavy a tax on their time and patience for them to profit much by them. They have to be constantly referring to these tables, and if they mark, as advised, the margins of their Bibles with varied coloured leads, they find the mere mechanical labour absorbing all their attention, and

leaving them no eyes to observe the specific differences that are alleged to exist between the passages they mark in black, and those they mark in red or blue. A version of the whole text, in which the constituent (or so-called constituent) parts are set forth in some clear and distinct form so as to be readily caught by the eye, would certainly be an invaluable help towards putting the general public in a position to see these differences, if they exist, and to judge for themselves as to their extent and importance. It is this *desideratum* which M. Lenormant has proposed to himself to supply, for at least the public of France. He is a zealous upholder of the composite nature of the Pentateuch, though, as was to be expected of so zealous and orthodox a Roman Catholic, a somewhat late convert to this opinion; but he is so impressed with the evidences which a comparison of the various texts presents, that he thinks that nothing keeps intelligent readers of scripture from yielding to them but the want of a version in which the constituent parts are readily distinguishable. With such a version before them they can hardly fail, in his opinion, after reading all that belongs to one primitive source, and all that belongs to another, to be struck with the special and distinguishing features of each,—to mark their differences of style, their peculiar and characteristic phraseology, the favourite and ever-recurring formulae of this or of that writer, the consistency of each in the name he gives to the Deity, or by which he designates a country or district, or describes a certain direction, as east or west, north or south, and the spirit, aristocratic or democratic, priestly or prophetic, that animates him,—and so become impressed with an irresistible sense of the individuality of each part, of its unity and harmony with itself throughout. Nothing certainly could be better fitted to produce this result than such an edition of the Pentateuch, on the supposition, of course, that such differences exist, or show the baselessness of the assertion as to its composite character, if they do not. Such an edition, therefore, ought to be welcomed by all parties, provided the time has come when it can be given in a form that can be relied on. Has that time come? Has criticism so far advanced in its work,—have critics come to a sufficient agreement as to what is this writer's, and what is that's, to justify the publication of such a version? M. Lenormant thinks it has. But whether or not, even as a tentative work, it must be of the greatest service, and especially when the product of one so well qualified to give it as M. Lenormant. His scholarship is such as to guarantee at once the accuracy of his translation of the Hebrew text; and his erudition, his acquaintance with eastern literature and modes of thought, his well-known soberness of judgment and sound common-sense, render him a safe guide in discriminating between writing and writing, while his religious convictions and feelings as a sincere and ardent Catholic save him everywhere from presumptuous rashness, and make him lean rather to the side of over-cautionsness and conservatism. We are glad to see that he has had the wisdom not to encumber his version of the Pentateuch with any commentary whatever, but has contented himself with giving a

translation from the Hebrew original, putting all he has to say about its component parts, their origin, their respective dates, the criteria by which they are distinguished, &c., into a short preface of sixteen pages, and only here and there adding a foot-note to explain any little matter in the text that otherwise might be perplexing to the general reader.

The method he adopts to distinguish the different narratives employed by the compiler is a model of simplicity. 'Two great works,' he says, 'are now universally admitted to form the basis of the Pentateuch, which the final redacteur incorporated, limiting himself very much to establishing by slight changes and additions a kind of harmony between them. These are known as the Elohist and the Jehovistic narratives.' He admits, as every critic now does, the inadequacy of these names, but continues to employ them because of their general currency, while intimating his preference for those recently given to them by Professor Reuss, to wit, 'the Law' and 'the Sacred History.' The Sacred History, or Jehovistic narrative, is admitted to be itself a compilation, and to have undergone changes and additions to a very considerable extent before it assumed the form it had acquired when it lay before the writer who combined it with the work of the Elohist—Reuss's 'Law.' In his preface M. Lenormant states the general consensus of critical opinion as to the constituent elements of this earlier compilation and the transformations it had undergone during the course of its separate existence. In his version of the Pentateuch as it is, however, our author takes the Jehovistic narrative as a whole, and prints all that he regards as belonging to it in the form the final redacteur possessed it, in smaller type than he uses for the Elohist, while what he considers to be from other sources is printed in italics. Comparing what he attributes to each of the two principal sources with the various tabulated lists of passages given as belonging to them by Nöldeke, Knobel, Kuenen, Wellhausen, and others, we find that, as they differ from each other as to certain verses and clauses of an undecided and unimportant character, so he differs now from one of them and now from another. The consensus of agreement is, however, very great, and the passages, as to which differences of opinions exist, are more formidable when they are tabulated than when they are read. They are seen then to be only such as have nothing very distinctive about them, and which may be attributed to one or other of the primitive sources without in any way damaging the general conclusion that has been come to. It is of more importance perhaps to notice that M. Lenormant accepts the Work of the Elohist as being the latest or youngest of the component parts of the Pentateuch, an opinion that is rapidly making way in all critical circles. He carries his translation in this volume only to the end of the book of Genesis. He then gives us the Jehovistic Work by itself, as the one that forms the largest element of this part of the Pentateuch. We rather think that this is a mistake, and must interfere, however slightly, with the success of the author's purpose. Would it not have been better to have

given us the united text of all the books first up to the close of Deuteronomy, (if he intends to trace the two component works no further), and then have given us these works in their separate form if he still thought it necessary? We think it a pity, too, that he prints the text in the absurd style of the customary verse and chapter divisions, instead of in paragraphs. We notice also one or two instances of what seems at least carelessness in revision, as *e.g.*, at the close of chap. xvi. in the version of the united text, where three verses are actually omitted. This must have been an oversight on the part of the printer, but it should have been noticed and corrected previous to publication. These, however, are minor matters and do very little to impair either the excellence or usefulness of the work. We trust some enterprising publisher will soon arrange to have it translated into English, and secure permission to give the whole text by itself first without interrupting it by the insertion of the separated parts here and there. Meanwhile we cordially commend this volume to all interested in the criticism of the Pentateuch who can read it.

Outlines of the Philosophy of Aristotle. Compiled by EDWIN WALLACE, M.A. Third and enlarged edition. Cambridge University Press (Pitt Series), 1883.

This is an admirable little work, and in its present shape will be heartily welcomed by all students of Aristotle and of Philosophy. The merits of the two previous editions are already well known. Mr. Wallace has here added a considerable amount of fresh matter, making the outlines fuller and still more serviceable, and also a brief but very valuable introductory chapter on the way in which Aristotle sought to meet the difficulties of preceding thinkers and on the general drift of his philosophy. To this and the following chapter we would call special attention, as containing for their length—and they occupy only some twenty-three pages—one of the best introductions to the philosophy of Aristotle's writings that we have seen. We are glad to see that Mr. Wallace does not admit the justice of all Mr. Benn's objections, as in some of these, and especially in respect to Aristotle's 'creative reason,' we must confess ourselves disposed to side with him rather than with Mr. Benn. We can only add that this volume of Mr. Wallace's is an excellent specimen of a type of book which is greatly needed both for the classroom and for the private student. We should be glad to see the same done for other, both modern and ancient, philosophers as Mr. Wallace has here done for the Staggyrite.

The Church History of Scotland from the Commencement of the Christian Era to the Present Time. By JOHN CUNNINGHAM, D.D. *Second Edition*, 2 Vols. Edinburgh: J. Thin.

To students of Scottish History and to that large class of readers, who, though not students, are now having their attention directed to the past

life of the Scottish people, a new edition of Dr. Cunningham's admirable History of the Church of Scotland, carefully revised and brought down to the present time, cannot but prove extremely acceptable, and more especially as the work has for several years been out of print. Among Scottish Church Histories Dr. Cunningham's stands alone as covering the whole period of the Christian Era. It has other merits, however, of a higher order. Its strict impartiality, the honesty of purpose with which it is written, its careful accuracy and the transparent clearness of its style place its author in the front rank of Church historians. It is much more, however, than a mere history of the Church. It is a history of the Scottish people. A clearer insight may be gained in its pages into the life and thought of Scotland since the introduction of the Christian faith than can be obtained in the larger, though not more scholarly, works of Tytler and Burton. Among no people of the modern world has religion played so large a part, or contributed so much to the formation of the national character as in Scotland. Whoever therefore would understand the Scottish race must study it first and chiefly on the side of its religion: and for this purpose he can obtain and desire no more impartial or trustworthy guide than the volume now before us. While endeavouring to be fair to others Dr. Cunningham is fair to himself, and though the reader may differ from him on some points, he cannot fail to admire the candour with which he states his opinion.

The Free Church Principle: its Character and History. By Sir H. W. MONCRIEFF, Bart., D.D. Edinburgh: Macniven & Wallace, 1883.

This is the first series of the 'Chalmers Lectures' and deals, as according to the deed of its institution it could alone deal, with 'the Headship of Christ over His Church and its independent Spiritual Jurisdiction.' That Sir Henry Moncrieff has done his work well we need hardly say. In fact from the Free Church point of view he seems to us to have left very little to be said by his successors in the lectureship; and we cannot help thinking that it would have been better for the Free Church and better for the cause of Theology, and better indeed for the Church at large, if before signing the deed instituting the lectureship Mr. Macfie could have been induced to allow the lecturer a few more subjects to choose from, and not to confine him for all time coming to the one which in the volume before us has for all practical purposes been pretty well exhausted. The subject is doubtless of great importance, and to the Free Church as the Free Church vital. Yet a volume upon it every fourth year in all time coming is calculated to make it a weariness both to the flesh and the spirit. As introductory to the discussion of the doctrine which forms the main subject of his lectures, Sir Henry Moncrieff traces in four lectures the origin and growth of Dr. Chalmers' views on Spiritual Independence, and shows how that great church leader clung to the principle with unswerving fidelity

from the first up to the last days of his ministerial life. Next, we have six lectures dealing with the doctrine itself and also with its history. Besides being doctrinal and historical, these lectures are largely controversial, the reverend author dealing at considerable length with the to him obnoxious doctrines of Dean Stanley and Drs. Story and Charteris. The obtuseness, or unwillingness of British Statesmen to admit the principle for which the Free Church contended at the Disruption is throughout the whole of the lectures complained of and condemned. As defined by Sir Henry Moncrieff the real meaning of that principle is this:—'the entire subjection of all Church action to the revealed mind of Christ as her living Head, and the absolute authority of his inspired Word as understood and applied by her own conscientious judgment. It means that the mind of Christ thus apprehended must be followed out at all hazards by members and office-bearers of a church, and that no earthly power must be allowed to interfere with her practical adherence to the conclusions thereby reached.' 'This,' continues Sir Henry, 'is the most general description of it—a description which includes the obligation, under Christ's guidance, to obey civil rulers in all secular matters. But it also includes what requires a more particular description, the obligation to carry out the intimations of Christ's Word in spiritual matters, without regard to the commands or prohibitions of secular authorities.' Criticism of this principle we must leave to the theologian and ecclesiastic. Statesmen and politicians and lawyers we are afraid will remain as unwilling to recognize or to admit its validity as they were in 1843. Sir Henry Moncrieff, however, has here dealt with it in a most interesting way; and whatever may be thought of the idea for which he contends, there can be no doubt that his lectures form a very valuable contribution to the history of religious parties in Scotland, and that they will be generally accepted as an authoritative statement of the principle to which the Free Church owes its origin and for the maintenance of which it exists.

Leaves from the Diary of Henry Greville. Edited by the
VISCOUNTESS ENFIELD. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.,
1883.

Though much less voluminous than that of his brother, Henry Greville's Diary is in every way worthy of publication. If it cannot aspire to the depth of thought or pungency of satire which characterised the journals brought out under the editorship of Mr. Reeve, there is much in it to amuse and to interest, with little or nothing to wound the most sensitive feelings. While Charles Greville was attending to his duties at the Privy Council, Henry was attached to the British Embassy in Paris. There, and in England he moved in the highest circles of society, and met with most of the leading spirits of the last generation and with not a few of those who are still living. A sharp and shrewd observer and with no inconsiderable amount of literary ability, in the 'Leaves' before us, which begin abruptly

with the 25th of June, 1832, and end without a note of warning with the 15th of September, 1852, he has recorded many extremely interesting reminiscences of the men and events of that somewhat stirring period. One of the principal figures in his pages is Talleyrand, into whose company he was frequently thrown, and of whom he has much to tell. For instance, under the date October 23, 1834, we have the following :—

‘The Prince gave us a curious account of his first interview with Barras. The meeting had been arranged by Madame de Staël, and on a certain day he received an invitation from Barras to dine with him at Suresne at four o’clock. He had expected Madame de Staël would have met him, but she did not come. Being anxious to have some conversation with Barras before dinner, Talleyrand arrived there at three o’clock, and finding Barras had not come home, he established himself with a book in the salon until he should return. Whilst sitting there two young men, with whom Talleyrand was not acquainted, but to one of whom he afterwards learnt, Barras was greatly attached, came into the room, and looking at the clock said they thought they should have time to bathe before Barras returned, and left the room. Almost half an hour afterwards, and just before Barras came home, some person came to the house to say that one of the young men was drowned; and Talleyrand heard Barras, in an agony of grief, rush upstairs to his room. Shortly afterwards he received a message from him to say he was too much distressed to join him, but begged Talleyrand would dine without him. After he had partaken of his solitary repast, Talleyrand sent up a message to Barras to ask if he would see him; and, upon his agreeing to do so, Talleyrand found Barras in an agony of grief. When this had in a measure subsided, Barras asked Talleyrand to take him to Paris; and, starting immediately, they landed at the Luxembourg, where the sittings of the Directoire were then held. Barras took him upstairs and they had a long conversation, and Talleyrand said it was evident Barras had taken a fancy to him. After this they separated, and Talleyrand heard no more of him for some time, until one day when, sitting in a gaming-house, there arrived a *gendarme* with a letter from Barras offering him the appointment of Foreign Secretary. He put the letter in his pocket and *finished his game*. The first time he attended the sitting of the Directoire, Barras and Carnot had a violent scene, Carnot having irritated Barras by something he said to him. Barras said: “Tu mens, tu sçais que tu mens.” The other replied: “Je te réponds, c’est toi qui mens, et pour te donner le démenti, je lève ma main.” “Ne lève pas ta main,” interrupted the other, “car il en dégoûteroit du sang.”

“Ah, mon Dieu! je me disois,” said Talleyrand, “dans quelle jolie compagnie je me trouve! Car alors je n’ avais rien vu de pareil.”

Among those whom Mr. Greville met were many whose names are now well known in literature and art. Bellini, Mignet, Balzac, Guizot, Rogers, Moore, Lord Houghton and others figure in his pages. In fact open the book where we may one is sure to meet with something of interest. It is one of the most readable books which have appeared for a long time. We could go on filling page after page with stories always genial and well-told of men and women whose memory is in most instances fading away.

Life of Alexander Fleming, D.D., Minister of the Parish of Neilston. By JOHN FLEMING, M.A. Paisley: Alex. Gardner, 1883.

It is not often that the life of a minister of a country parish in Scotland is the centre of so much interest as that of Dr. Fleming seems to have been. Nor is it often that a country clergyman finds so laborious and enthusiastic a biographer as he has found in his nephew, Mr. John Fleming. We have here a large octavo volume of over five hundred closely printed pages, all of which have more or less of local interest, and some of which have an interest for the general reader. Dr. Fleming was born as far back as the year 1769, in the town of Kilmarnock, where his father, following the occupation of his ancestors for some generations back, was a miller. For his education he was indebted to his native town and subsequently to Glasgow in the University of which he seems to have made a considerable figure. Of great strength of mind and thoroughly conscientious, Mr. Fleming hesitated for some time as to joining the church, but having overcome his doubts and having succeeded in arranging matters between his conscience and the standards of the church, he offered himself for license to the Presbytery of Glasgow, and obtaining license waited an appointment. At the time ten or twelve years was no unusual period for a probationer to wait before he obtained a living. Mr. Fleming had scarcely so long to wait, for in September, 1804, he was ordained minister of Neilston, and inducted to all the rights and privileges belonging to the office. These he soon found were no sinecures. In fact, from the moment he entered Neilston Manse on to his latest days he lived a busy, and at times a very stormy life. Into the numerous controversies in which he was engaged we cannot of course here enter. The curious reader must turn to Mr. Fleming's pages where he will find them all minutely discussed together with a great deal of valuable information respecting the ecclesiastical life of Scotland during the first half of the present century. An active and devoted minister of the Church of Scotland, Dr. Fleming took part in all its more important affairs. At the period of the Disruption he appears to have done zealous and faithful work; while in several of the reforms he advocated he was in advance of his times. His biography will be of service to the future historian; and though Mr. Fleming is not without serious faults as a biographer, he may be congratulated on having written a large and useful, and, in the main, interesting book.

Italian Byways. By JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS. London: Smith, Elder, & Co., 1883.

Mr. Symonds is so well acquainted with Italy and the Italians, and in such thorough sympathy with them that it is almost impossible for him to touch upon either the one or the other without commanding the attention of his readers and communicating to them something of his own enthu-

asiasm. The sketches which he has here collected and completed are well worthy of republication, and deserve to be carefully read both by the traveller who wishes to know the country through which the byways here spoken of run, and by the student of the Italian Renaissance. They are full of interest and instruction. We scarcely know which to admire most, their charming descriptions of natural scenery, or Mr. Symonds' skill as a critic dealing with the remains of Italian art, or as an historian recounting the vicissitudes of fortune or the terrible tragedies which more than one of the places he visited recall. As a piece of word painting, nothing can be more exquisite than 'Italian Petimus,' or 'La Spezzia.' In 'Monte Oliveto' we have a thoroughly appreciative account of the works of Bazzi and Luca Signorelli; while in 'Montepulciano' we have the story of Aragazzi, who so 'thirsted for diuturnity in monuments,' retold, as well as a masterly critique of the 'sculpture for which he spent his thousands of crowns, which Donatello touched with his immortalising chisel, over which the contractors vented their curses, and Bruni eased his bile.' Perhaps the most interesting of the sketches is the 'Folgore da San Gemignano,' in which, besides a translation of Folgore's sonnets not already translated by Mr. D. E. Rossetti, we have a lively picture of Italian manners in the middle ages, and an account of some curious customs of the time in connection with the order of knighthood in Italy.

A Visit to Ceylon. By ERNST HAECKEL. Translated by Clara Bell. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., 1883.

The contents of this volume originally appeared in the *Deutsche Rundschau*, under the title 'Indische Reisebriefe,' and in our summaries of that excellent periodical have already been referred to. For the naturalist Ceylon has innumerable attractions and judging by his book Professor Haeckel seems to have spent there some of the happiest months of his life. Everything seems to have charmed him, and the account he has written of his visit is one of the most delightful books of travel we have seen. Unlike many German Professors Dr. Haeckel can make himself perfectly intelligible. He writes with both simplicity and elegance, and the charming scenes with which his pages are filled together with the large amount of information they convey respecting the fauna and flora of that wonderful island make the journal of his visit specially attractive. His scientific observations he has reserved, we presume, for publication by themselves. Here we have just as much science as is requisite to convey an accurate conception of the physical phenomena of the island; and to those who wish to learn what Ceylon and its people are and to those also who desire to read a really enjoyable book we strongly commend this of Professor Haeckel's.

Scottish Characteristics. By PAXTON HOOD. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1883.

Mr Paxton Hood has, with great industry and adroitness, compiled a

very interesting and amusing book. His knowledge of the Scottish language cannot be said to be great ; nor can he claim to have much acquaintance with his subject, except, so far as it is to be met with in books. The distinction between the Highlands and the Lowlands he scarcely seems to appreciate ; nor does he seem to be aware that in the Scottish language there are various dialects, and that it is as little surprising that some Scotsmen do not understand Dr. George Macdonald's Aberdonian Scotch, as it is that a Cornishman does not understand the dialect of Cheshire or Yorkshire. On the other hand, he understands the Scottish language sufficiently to appreciate much of its wit and humour, and without touching the *Laird of Logan*, or Dean Ramsay's *Reminiscences*, he has brought and cleverly strung together a large number of stories illustrative of the humorous side of the Scottish character, which, even if old acquaintances will be read by most Scotsmen with pleasure, and by Englishmen with, we should say, a real sense of enjoyment. Before another edition is issued, Mr Hood might do worse than get some Scotsman well-versed in his 'mither' tongue to revise his Scotch. The errors are not many, but their correction would be an improvement, at least in the eyes of Scotsmen.

Jocoseria. By ROBERT BROWNING. London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1883.

This latest little volume from the pen of Mr. Browning will appeal mainly not to the profane vulgar of the reading world, but to the smaller—though growing—circle of Browning-lovers and students ; and even they are hardly likely to regard it as one of his most noteworthy and characteristic performances. In it he abandons the direct narrative style of the *Dramatic Idylls*, and returns to the elaborate analysis, edged with the thinnest narrative framework, which is to be found in such poems as *The Inn Album* and *Fifine at the Fair*, the only exception to this criticism being the poem entitled 'Donald' which is a simple story very forcibly told of an act of treachery so callously inhuman that one almost regrets having read it. There is, however, one very remarkable and suggestive study—the poem entitled 'Jochonan Hakkadosh,' which tells the story of how a dying Jewish sage had his life miraculously prolonged for a year by the self-sacrifice of four disciples, each of whom gives up three months of his own life in order that the sage may live three months as a lover, three as a poet, three as a warrior, and three as a statesman. Great results in the way of teaching are expected from this great experiment, but the result is altogether disappointing. The new wine gains no marvellous quality by being poured into the old bottle ; it is simply flattened and soured ; and the poem is a remarkable embodiment, from a different standpoint of the teaching of 'Rabbi Ben Ezra,'—

'As it was better, youth
Should strive, through acts uncouth,

Toward making, than repose on aught found made ;
 So, better, age, exempt
 From strife, should know, than tempt
 Further. Thou waitedst age ; wait death nor be afraid !'

Of the remaining contents we are touched most keenly by two lyrics—'Wanting is—What' and 'Never the Time and the Place'—both inspired by an imaginative motive of which Mr. Browning never wearies and never treats otherwise than freshly. These are in the poet's finest lyrical manner ; but we think on the whole that no volume of Mr. Browning's contains less really memorable work. That it is Mr. Browning's work is, however, sufficient to give it interest.

A Century of Roundels. By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. London : Chatto & Windus, 1883.

We do not know whether Mr. Swinburne, like Wordsworth, has felt 'the weight of too much liberty ;' but in this volume he has for the time given up his unchartered freedom and voluntarily subjected himself to the trammels of an arbitrary form. The result is so charming that were it not for the remembrance of certain mighty choruses, unfettered lyrics, and passages of masculine dramatic blank verse, we might wish that Mr. Swinburne would go on writing 'roundels' for ever. In previous works Mr. Swinburne has provided material for such fierce ethical controversies that it may be well to say at once that this volume is, from its first page to its last, absolutely 'void of offence ;' but it is something more than mere blameless work for it is full of high imagination, of noble emotion, of varied and exquisite music. The work may be roughly but not inclusively divided into poems treating of nature, of friendship, and of little children ; and while those in the first class are perhaps the strongest and most sustained, those in the last have such captivating grace and tenderness, such homely universality of emotional interest that they will probably linger longest in the ear of the human, as distinguished from the merely critical, world. There is a series of seven poems on 'A Baby's Death' which we would transcribe entire did space allow ; as it is, we must content ourselves with taking one from its fair companionship.

'The little hands that never sought
 Earth's prizes, worthless all as sands,
 What gift has death, God's servant, brought
 The little hands ?

'We ask : but love's self silent stands,
 Love, that lends eyes and wings to thought
 To search where death's dim heaven expands.

'Ere this, perchance, though love know nought,
 Flowers fill them, grown in lovelier lands,
 Where hands of guiding angels caught
 The little hands.'

For just another quotation we must find room. It is one of a roundel sequence written in Guernsey and dedicated to that poet and friend of poets, Mr. Theodore Watts.

'Across and along, as the bay's breadth opens, and o'er us
Wild autumn exults in the wind, swift rapture and strong
Impels us, and broader the wide waves brighten before us
Across and along.

'The whole world's heart is uplifted, and knows not wrong;
The whole world's life is a chant to the sea-tide's chorus;
Are we not as waves of the water, as notes of the song?

'Like children unworn of the passions and toils that wore us,
We breast for a season the breadth of the seas that throng,
Rejoicing as they, to be borne as of old they bore us
Across and along.'

North Country Folk Poems. By WALTER C. SMITH. Glasgow:
J. Maclehose & Sons, 1883.

This latest volume of Dr. Smith's lacks the largeness of grasp and the sustained interest which distinguish some of his earlier works. This is due mainly to the subjects he has chosen to treat of. We have here some six-and-twenty poems with no other connection with each other than that which they receive from the title page and the binder. Still, taken separately, they all bear ample evidence of the author's peculiar power. The same acquaintance with human nature, the same fine perception of the higher reaches of its experience, and the same artistic skill which belong to his larger works belong in a measure to these. Of the series 'Wee Curly Pow' is probably the best and most characteristic. In 'Dick Dalglish' we have Dr. Smith's typical workman, whose confession is—

'The Dord did not seek His own honour and glory,
But stood by His craftsmen and fishers all through;
He held to His class that their ills he might cure,
And lift up the head of the needy and poor.
Well, that is our gospel too, that is our Ark,
Not to rise from our class, but to raise the class higher,
Not to take the nice ways of lawyer and clerk,
Not to turn from the hammer, the file and the fire;
But to stand by our order, and stick to our tools,
And still win our bread by the sweat of our brow,
And to organise labour by Christian-like rules.'

'Provost Chivas' and 'The Mad Earl' have considerable merit, and are written in a strain of keen and biting irony. One of the best is 'Deacon Dorat's Story.' There is something extremely weird-like about it. The picture of the three gipsy children standing at the foot of the gallows on which their father hangs, and quietly remarking—

'Mother will soon be here,
She is coming to curse the Law and the Judge'

is particularly good. The whole poem however should be read. Another noteworthy poem is 'Parish Pastors.' In each poem the main interest is in the story. The ideas are for the most part such as readers of Dr. Smith's poems are familiar with.

The Temple: Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations. By Mr. GEORGE HERBERT. Introduction by J. H. SHORTHOUSE. (First Edition, 1633. Facsimile Reprint.) London: T. FISHER UNWIN, 1883.

The value of this excellent facsimile reprint of good old George Herbert's *Temple* is greatly enhanced by a charmingly and sympathetically written introduction by the author of *John Inglesant*. Mr. Shorthouse tells us that the invitation to write the introduction reached him 'with a surprising appropriateness upon Easter Day,' and we cannot but think that the selection of one so well fitted by tastes and studies as the author of *John Inglesant*, to write the introduction, was an extremely happy thought on the part of the publishers, and equally appropriate. That he has performed his task almost to perfection, we need hardly say. We are inclined to think, however, that Herbert has many more admirers than Mr. Shorthouse seems to believe. But whether he has or not, we do not think we are far wrong in saying that, notwithstanding his quaintness and frequent obscurities, Herbert will continue to have a goodly company of readers as long as the English language is spoken. Henry Vaughan has given us several poems which, in our opinion, are much finer than anything Herbert has written. Yet his hold on the popular religious mind is scarcely so deep or enduring. There is tenderness and a breadth of Christian simplicity running through all that Herbert has written, which give both to his poetry and prose a perennial charm.

SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN REVIEWS.

DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU (June).—It would perhaps be difficult to mention an historical, character in modern times, who has been the subject of such contradictory judgments as those which have been passed on the Galician peasant Jacob—or James—Szela, landed proprietor in Smarzowa, in the district of Tarnower. Whilst some consider him a leader, others look upon him as a seducer of the people. The former behold in him 'a model of admirable loyalty,' the latter a robber and an incendiary. Even his age at the time of his appearance in 1846—a year so important and so unfortunate for Galicia—is the subject of controversy. This remarkable man is the subject of a sketch by Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach.—On the 22nd of March, the anniversary of the Emperor of Germany's birthday, Professor Ernst Curtius was appointed to deliver the obligatory loyal discourse in the hall of the Friederich-Wilhelm University, in Berlin. It is reproduced as an article on 'The Greeks as Master of Colonization.' That an essay by such a master of the subject is eminently interesting and instructive needs no mention. Whether the subject and the occasion were quite fitted for each other, and whether the reference to Germany is quite apt is a question which we are not called upon to consider.—The substance of Herr Karl Theodor von Inama-Sternegg's paper on 'National Riches' is contained in his own conclusion: 'That which mercantilism had only a vague idea of, which physiocracy recognized with reference to the soil merely, and which Adam Smith himself gave expression to in a general and indefinite way only, we are now able to formulate with perfect precision: No people will ever become rich except through the accomplishment of something special, through the progress which it makes in the service of the community of nations.' The double, or even treble application of what follows is not obscure: 'No commercial policy, be it ever so cunning, no natural advantages, be they ever so great, can create such sources of wealth as an energetic and pushing, a mentally fresh and educated, an economical and strictly moral people bears within itself.'—Baron von Richthofen closes the sketch of his official career, and 'A German Officer' gives us the last instalment but one of his somewhat long-winded but not uninteresting narrative.—Translations seem in favour. 'Poison,'—the slightly sensational title of a story which, however, shows no sign of sensationalism, so far as it has yet gone—is a translation from the Norwegian, the author being Alexander L. Kielland.

DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU (July).—After the continuation of the running tale, 'Gift,' Professor G. Hirschfeld relates his travelling experiences during an 'Excursion into the North of Asia Minor.'—The closing chapters of 'Aus zwei annectirten Ländern'—the narrative of which we have so frequently made mention—contains an excellent and striking account of the fatal victory or victorious defeat of Langensalza.—The age of stone was followed by the age of bronze, the age of bronze was succeeded by the age of iron, and now the age of iron is about to make place to an age of steel. On the strength of this metallurgic prophecy Herr Hermann Kranichfeld contributes a technical article on the history, the manufacture, and the advantages of steel.—Madagascar supplies materials for a geographical, historical and even slightly political article, by Herr Gerhard Rohlf, the occasion for it being, of course, the late embassy to Berlin. As interesting scraps of information we may note that in Madagascar 60,000 of the population are able to read, that there are two periodicals, *Teny Soa*, or Good Words, with 1200 subscribers, and *The Children's Friend* with a circulation of 800. The political organs are *The Madagascar Times* published in three languages, and *La Cloche*, published in French, and boasting of 70 readers.

THEOLOGISCHE STUDIEN UND KRITIKEN (Viertes Heft), 1883.—The approaching celebration, for which all Protestant Europe, all Protestant Christendom, is preparing, of the fourth centenary of Luther's birth, is giving already to all questions bearing on the Reformation a very prominent and special interest.

more particularly, of course, in Germany. Almost every periodical there is now appearing with, and giving the place of honour to, articles dealing with some aspect or another of that great event in the religious and political history of the country, and the printing presses everywhere are busy at work with brochures and books of both moderate and immoderate size and pretension on the Monk of Wittenberg, or some of his associates in the work of reform, or on the work itself, its causes and results. Under the circumstances this is just what might have been expected, and it is well that advantage should be taken of the fourth centenary of the great leader's birth to remind the present generation of what great things were done for us in those days, for, in the pressure of modern life, and in the marvel and pride of modern discovery, we are apt to forget the debt we owe to our fathers through whose brave deeds and heroic sufferings it is, to a very large extent at least, due that we are what we are and can accomplish what now we do. The *Studien und Kritiken* is not behind in this timely and laudable effort to revive the interest of its readers in the Reformation, and minister subject matter to them for profitable reflection in connection with it. The chief place in this number is given to Professor H. Hering of the University of Halle, who gives us here the first section of what promises to be a very exhaustive and valuable essay on the charitable institutions of the church,—on the part played by those of the pre-reformed church in preparing that condition of things which led to the Reformation, and the effect which the Reformation had on the charitable activity of the churches in Germany after it. This first paper is taken up with the ecclesiastical organizations in the German towns and provinces prior to the sixteenth century, especially those originating after the preaching of the first crusade. They are treated pretty much in their historical order, the circumstances under which they severally took their rise being incidentally pointed out and the general nature of their constitution or governing rules described. The good they did is gratefully recorded while the evil effects of their ever increasing number and eventual general maladministration are set forth with an unsparing hand. The influences of these alms-houses, convent-gate charities, leper hospitals, founding, orphan and widow refuges, begging licences, and so forth, in sapping the moral strength of the industrial, social, political and religious life of the people, and so preparing a state of matters that loudly called for reform, and ensured its success when undertaken, are exhibited here with masterly force and graphic power. The article betrays wide and accurate acquaintance with a somewhat obscure chapter of social and religious history, and will be read with pleasure and profit by historical students of all shades of opinion. It cannot but contribute, we think, to the right estimation of a too-much overlooked factor in the work of reform in the 16th century. Pfarrer Usteri follows up his previous contributions to *S.u.K.* on the Reformers' opinions as to the sacraments, especially Baptism, by an account of Bullinger's teaching on the subject, as taken from his commentaries on Scripture and his letters. Professor Kleinart of Berlin discusses the question, 'Are extra hebraic influences to be recognized in Koheleth?' His paper is more or less of a review of recent publications on Ecclesiastes, especially the works of Tyler, Plumtre and Renan. He endeavours to show how these writers have exaggerated the supposed influences of Greek and Alexandrian philosophy, and have mistaken seeming coincidences of expression for substantial unity of conception and identity of source. He does not deny, however, that the writer was to some extent affected by his Alexandrian surroundings, but claims for his work a truly Jewish authorship, and maintains that in thought, and especially in its religious philosophy, it is almost entirely Hebraic. Professor Kleinart still adheres to his view, published in 1864, that the place of its composition was Alexandria. Dr. W. Schmidt of Cirtow has here an interesting little monograph on the significance of the Talents in the Parable, Matthew xxv., 14-30. Two reviews follow, first a review of Dr. Orelli's fifth volume on Old Testament Prophecy, and, second, a review of Professor Renss' recent work on the history of the Old Testament Scriptures. The first work is of a thoroughly orthodox character, the second belongs to the 'advanced' order of modern critical works, and is yet pretty generally regarded as heterodox. That *Studien und Kritiken* should open its pages to so appreciative an estimate of the venerable Strasburg profes-

son's views (and not merely of the literary merits of his book) is one of the signs of the times, and may be taken as auguring well for their future progress in critical circles, even the most cautious.

PREUSSISCHE JAHRBÜCHER (June).—The inhabitants of Europe in pre-historic times form the subject of a paper which Herr Moritz Alsberg contributes, and the materials for which he has drawn from Geikie's 'Pre-historic Europe.' It has no pretensions to independent research, but it describes in attractive form the mode of life of palæolithic man, and reconstructs the landscape in which he moved. It explains from what data we are able to judge of the conditions of climate to which he was subject, and from what remains we deduce our knowledge of the other animals which inhabited the earth during the long centuries of the quaternary age.—The relations between Prussia and France from 1795 to 1807 are pretty well known to those who have any acquaintance with the history of Europe during this eventful period. Those who have not will read with benefit Herr Christian Meyer's essay on the subject.—It is 'the fashion to give great men an 'apprenticeship.' Not to speak of others, we lately had to do with Bismarck's, now we have Cavour's. Apart from the title, to which, after all, there can be no serious objection, Herr Lang's biographical sketch of the great Italian statesman, founded on the letters published within the last few months, is excellent reading. The extracts from Cavour's correspondence are judiciously chosen and seldom introduced without effect. Indeed, this applies no less truly to those passages which record the opinions of Cavour's contemporaries. As an orator, for example, he is thus described in a quotation from Angelo Brofferio: 'His stoutness, his common appearance, his unrefined manner, his disagreeable voice were prejudicial to him. He had no trace of a liberal education, philosophy and the arts were perfect strangers to him, there was no atom of poetry in his heart, his knowledge was very slight, the words that rose to his lips were those of a rude dialect, so great and so numerous were the mistakes which he made that it would have been a hopeless undertaking to put him on good terms with the Italian dictionary.'—The erection of the statues of Alexander and William von Humboldt in front of the Royal University of Berlin has given Herr Herman Grimm a favourable opportunity of recalling their high merits and of making them the subjects of a well-deserved eulogy.—The editor's political article deals with 'The Church-law on the 5th of June.'

PREUSSISCHE JAHRBÜCHER (July).—In a review of Herr Max Lehmann's publication of State Papers, Herr Fechner traces the history of the connection between Prussia and the Catholic Church since 1640. After Holland, Prussia was the first State which not only tolerated the three christian sects to which its subjects belonged, the Catholic, the Reformed and the Lutheran, but also recognised them as possessing equal rights. With the exception of the difficulties to which the annexation of Silesia gave rise, Prussia had enjoyed some two hundred years of religious peace when the present troubles came upon her. From this it may be judged that this chapter of politico-ecclesiastical history may be read with profit at the present day.—In a paper on 'The Revolt of the Netherlands and Ultramontane Historians,' Herr Wenzelburger exposes the manner in which history is written to suit sectarian purposes. For us, who can fall back upon Motley's famous work, the prejudice and the inaccuracies of Nuyens or Holzwarth are of comparatively slight importance.—A paper, chiefly statistical, on 'German Settlements in Countries out of Europe,' shows the importance numerically and commercially of the German population in America, Australia, and various parts of the East. It is stated that in the United States alone the German element is represented by over eight millions.—Besides the political correspondence and the usual notices, there is an article by Herr von Lüdinghausen Wolff: 'Drei Stufen in der Weiterkenntniss.'

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA (June 1st).—The first place is given to an article by Signor Antonio Gandolfi, on 'Garibaldi, considered as a Soldier,' in which the author mentions the difference of opinion on the subject existing in Germany and France. Signor Gandolfi, by careful argument, and review of the facts of

Garibaldi's military career, proves that Garibaldi's personality is a subject worthy of study both by philosophers and military men; and that a first place among the noblest of the earth should be given to Garibaldi by Italians, because of the almost exclusive preference which he gave to the moral element in his mode of making war, a preference which gives special importance to his military genius at a time when the spiritual side of the moral life is evidently suffocated by elements and sentiments of a totally opposite kind. Signor Bonghi writes on the Duc de Broglie's *Frédéric et Marie Thérèse*, and, without much previous criticism, closes by saying that the author in his book shows that the work of Frederick, in all the period described, was commenced with violence, prosecuted with duplicity, and ended with deceit. 'In fact,' says Bonghi, 'it seems impossible to judge Frederick's policy otherwise, from the documents laid before us, and specially from the King's political correspondence, were it not that, according to Frederick himself, who had written the *Anti-Machiavelli*, violence, duplicity, and deceit become necessities when no other means are left to accomplish what seems politically, just and legitimate. The fact that Frederick 'saw into the heart of the things' was sufficient to justify his actions in the eyes of his defender Carlyle, just as it will suffice to absolve from all political guilt other heroes, for example, Mahomet, Luther or Cromwell. The work of which Frederick II. laid the first stone is now completed. If there was something odious and immoral in the commencement of this great work, so much the worse for the history which allowed it to be performed. Continuing his articles on 'Polar Ice,' Father Stoppani masses together many interesting arguments in favour of the hypothesis in which he firmly believes, that is, the existence of an open sea, or at least an archipelago of small islands, at the North Pole, and of a large continent, twice the size of Australia at the South Pole; a continent which, as has been the case till now, will perhaps remain a mystery for ever. The story 'Tornato al Secolo' ends without having been able to excite much interest. Signor C. Baer closes his articles on 'Reform of the Commercial and Provincial Laws' with a long paper on the 'Provincial Administrative Commissions.' The Musical Review notices the performance in Italy of Wagner's great work, and the proceedings of the Roman Musical Society. The Political Review speaks of the ministerial crisis in Italy, Count Moltke's journey—ridiculing the suspicions of the French, the French in Tonquin and the Czar's coronation.—The second number for this month (June 15), opens with the first part of a tardy but discriminative critical article on 'The Life and Works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. The writer mentions the 'Skeleton in Armour' as one of the best ballads ever written, not so perfect as Goethe's *Erl-König*, but quite equal to Burger's *Leonora*. Incidentally we learn that two translations in Italian have been made of 'Evangeline.' The author considers that everything is wanting to make 'The Golden Legend' a drama, except the dialogue and division into scenes. 'Hiawatha,' which has been compared to the Edda, cannot claim to be a national poem; though the poem is deliciously melodious, the characters therein are too fantastic and un-human for their actions to move our feelings. It is an Indian and Pagan world animated with Anglo-Saxon and Christian thoughts and sentiments, and is therefore not true, and does not attract. The next article, 'Raphael at Rome under Pope Julius II.,' is a sequel to other articles published in 1890, 1881, and describes the twelve most glorious years of Raphael's life, correcting some mistakes in other biographies of the great painter. Signor E. Galloni gives a detailed account of the inundations in Italy, in 1882. A new story, 'The Regaldina,' by Neera, attracts attention at once by its clever delineation of character, and local colouring, which places the scenes mentioned vividly before the imagination.—A long statistical article on Italy's commerce and colonies, by Signor A. Gallenga, argues that it is no evil for Italy that she has few or no colonies.—The Scientific Review speaks of the proposed sea in the interior of Africa, etc., etc. The Review of Foreign Literature notices only French works; the Political Record notices home affairs, the ecclesiastical law in Prussia, the expedition to Tonquin, and the new magisterial laws in France. The Financial and Bibliographical Bulletins close the number.

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA (July 1st).—Opens with 'Thomas Henry Buckle and his 'History of Civilization' by P. Villari. The writer distributes praise and blame impartially. He concludes that Buckle's book, though an admirable sample of perseverance, labour and eloquence, can never be the basis of any solid edifice. 'It is almost a permanent protest against the error of trying to exalt intelligence at the expense of the moral character, which constituted the best part of its author, as it is the best part of the whole human race.'—G. Boglietti writes an article on 'Ugo Bassville in Rome,' who, he says, would be forgotten but for Monte's 'canticles.' Bassville was the representative in Rome of Jacobite policy, which, in turn, was one of the most curious manifestations of the great Revolution. Signora Pigorini-Beri communicates very interesting 'Walks in Calabria.' Father Stoppani, continuing his articles on 'Polar Ice,' articles which later may form a book, speaks of the probable equalizing of the mean temperature of the two hemispheres; the excesses of the boreal and uniformity of the austral climates; the circumpolar regions; why the austral sea does not freeze; the disproportion between the northern and southern ice; the supposed influence of marine currents; the decided greater warmth of the Arctic ocean; and the minimum value of such an influence on the problem of disproportion. The tale 'The Rigaldina' continues interesting, and is well-written. Signor Bonghi writes a long article on the ecclesiastical policy of Prussia, undisguisedly approving of Bismarck, and his choice of another path, when he found that the first he had taken only led him away from, instead of towards his object.—Signor Marucchi writes on the 'Temple of Isis and Recent Discoveries.' The Political Review, among other things, speaks of the French in Tonquin. The Financial and Bibliographical Bulletins close the number.

July 15th. This number opens with a second article on Longfellow, drawing an interesting comparison, among other things, between the American poet and Manzoni, in which the author says that the former undoubtedly wrote poetry with more spontaneity than the latter, but that Manzoni was a much more acute and patient observer, so that he became more popular in prose, while Longfellow's popularity was founded entirely on his poetry. After a careful criticism of the poems of Longfellow, the writer says that, although the Americans regret that the poet did not become their national poet, *par excellence*, his very cosmopolitanism and large-heartedness gained for him the universal fame that is reflected back on his whole nation. An excellent translation of 'Excelsior' is given, and the curious fact is mentioned that nowhere in Europe did the word 'Excelsior' become so much the fashion as in Italy, where it was dragged from its high estate and mixed with the commonest things, being used by persons who had never read 'Excelsior' either in English or Italian, among whom was a certain inn-keeper who put it as a sign over his door at Verese. Signor A. Borgognoni gives a very interesting sketch of a book just published from an old manuscript of the fifteenth century. It is the life of a certain Sister Felice, written by a nun who was her affectionate and devoted companion, and contains much that is important and instructive. There are strange pictures of the nuns, 'foolish, with evidently truthful details of life in that century as to render the book extremely bad manners, drunken, gluttonous, inconsiderate, blasphemous, and full of faults and vices!' But Sister Felice herself was full of goodness; a poetess and musician, she was courted by many lovers both before she became a nun and after—indeed there is a great deal of love-making in the convent—but she never gave her heart away until, when past forty years of age, a noble gentleman, happening to see some of her letters, fell desperately in love with them and her, and gained her affections, though they never met for eight months, and then only rarely and separated by the bars of the *parlatorio*. For three years the lover remained faithful, then he began to tire, and poor Sister Felice, who could not forget him, fell ill, and never entirely recovered her health. She was twice made abbess, and died soon after reaching her sixtieth year. Signor Errera writes on 'Insurances on Life and Property.' The story, 'La Rigaldina,' closes in a very sad way; it is written with great truth to nature, and the heroine and

hero, after sacrificing their whole lives to their families, are *not* united, but have indeed to learn that virtue is its own reward. Signor Boratini writes a long article on the military condition of China, and concludes that everything induces the observer to believe that China is seriously preparing for war. Signor Ercolei gives a short description of the mural paintings discovered in the palace of the *Conservatori* in the Capitol. The literary notice criticises Fornaciari's edited and inedited *Studies of Dante*. The Political and Bibliographical Reviews speak of the usual topics of the day, and Italian works.

RIVISTA EUROPEA (June).—The first number for this month contains a lecture on 'Poor Girls,' delivered last April at Trieste; an article by A. Medin; the conclusion of the story 'Guancibella;' and more chapters of 'Akbah.' The Literary review besides French and German works, notices Andrew Wilson's *Chapters on Evolution*, saying that the author has undertaken one of the most difficult tasks, and that it seems he has not sufficiently developed the geological part, though it was demanded by the plan of the book.—The second part, June 16th, commences with an article on 'Witches, Sorceresses and Wizards in Rome in the 16th Century,' by A. Barloletti, containing an account of the supposed witch, Bellezza Orsini Fallucchiera and giving many curious facts. Thereafter follow the continuation of the 'List of Unusual Gifts and Donations made by Sovereigns from 1729 to 1816,' and a short article in French by N. Plaffaine, on a 'Passage in the Divine Comedy,' supposed to allude injuriously to St. Louis, King of France.' The next paper is the first part of a comparative study of the 'Universities of England and America.' More chapters of 'Akbah' are given, and an historical sketch called 'On the Slopes of Etna,' being an incident of 1860, and the story of a spy named Gambacorta. In the Review of Foreign Books we find noticed Murphy's *Cromwell in Ireland*, and Haweis's *American Humourists*.

THE RASSEGNA NAZIONALE.—The May number opens with an article by G. B. on the Records of the Parisian Communists, describing their origin and proceedings. The author closes by saying that rather than being a political party, the communists are nothing but a handful of unhappy persons perverted in heart and mind by vice, pride, presumption, and half-education. Signor Pietro Pasello writes on the 'Government of Sardinia after the close of the Dominion of the Byzantine Emperors.' The 'Glances at the Political and Literary Papers of Marchese Luigi Dragonetti' is continued. Signor Tarra writes a memorial of Father Tommaso Pendola, who introduced the oral intuitive method of instructing deaf mutes. A little society tale by Signor Checchi occupies a short half hour not very pleasantly. Signor A. Vezzani concludes his careful and valuable papers on 'Agriculture and the Agricultural Classes in the Province of Emilia.' Signor G. Talorsi writes a short article on Raphael, for the fourth centenary of the great painter's birth. Signor Norsa writes on 'The Reform of Communal and Provincial Laws,' and Signora Malaspina on 'The Fine Arts in Rome.' Professor de Johannis has another article on the abolition of the forced currency in Italy. The Political Review speaks of home affairs; of the finances of France, Italy, and England; of the colonial jealousy between France and England—saying that though the latter has proved that she possesses a peculiar talent for the difficult science of colonization almost unknown to the other states, it requires great boldness on her part to accuse France of being over-ambitious for colonies, while she herself accomplishes such facts as the recent annexation of a large part of the West Coast of Africa, and all New Guinea.

RASSEGNA NAZIONALE.—The June number contains the conclusion of preceding articles on 'Rome and the French-Italian Government from 1796 to 1855.' There are also articles on 'True Democracy' by Signor Brunialti, and on Taine's *Les Origines de la France Contemporaine*, by Signor Boglietti. Signora Malaspina writes a story entitled the 'Marriage of Maria;' and then follows the first of a series of articles on 'The Principles of Exegetical Criticism,' by Professor Stoppani. Signor Ricci has a discourse on Ercole Ricotti; Signor Mazzei, an article on the labour question; Signor Alfieri, some 'Notes on Italian Affairs;'

Signor Fontanelli, a paper on 'The School of Social Science,' and the number closes with a letter in French from Eugène Rendu to Ruggero Bonghi on the Pope and the Italian government. The Literary Review notices exclusively Italian books, and the Political Review the topics of the day.

RASSEGNA NAZIONALE.—The number for July commences with an article by Signor Grabinski on 'Religious Interests and Italian Interests in Palestine and Syria.' A translation is given of A. Franck's article, published in the *Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne*, on the 'Moral Situation of the Israelites.' The descriptive articles entitled 'From Salerno to Cilento' are continued, as is also the paper on the Principles of Exegetical Criticism. The first five chapters of Miss Montgomery's *Misunderstood* are well translated. C. F. Bardi writes an article called 'What is the Mediterranean?' and answers the question by saying that it is the 'peaceful messenger of true civilization.' Signor Catapano gives his readers 'A Little Philology;' and we are favoured with more glances at the literary papers of Marchese Dragonetti. Professor de Johannis criticises Martello's book on 'Money;' and Signor Bonghi replies to Rendu's letter. The Bibliographical Review notices Italian books, and the Political Summary, besides home affairs, talks of Prince Bismarck and the end of the *Kultur-Kampf*.

CIVILTA CATTOLICA (July).—The first number commences with the third part of the paper on 'The Decline of Literature in Italian Schools.' It would occupy too much space to follow the writer's arguments against the government, the monopoly of which in the matter of education he says 'has now-a-days become as ridiculous as it was always unjust,' but the following, the last sentence of the paper, will give some idea of the tenor of the whole. 'The education which prepares 23,000 minors annually for crime and the galleys; which gives Italy 116,000 admonished persons in nine months; which raises the number of actual prisoners to about 80,000, and presses out of the people more than 32,000,000 francs annually for the maintenance of the prisons; which involves all Italy in a thick net of houses of correction, and multiplies vice everywhere; this education, which excites the youth of Italy to give the name of republican league to such facts as that of the Borgo-Nuovo at the Vatican, and that of Piazza Sciarra in Rome, and spurs those youths to celebrate the apotheosis of Overbeck;—this education, as all liberals may be persuaded, is very differently pernicious to their aims and idolized institutions, than could ever be the liberty so much feared of the priests being permitted to teach the catechism and the decalogue as well as classic literature. In our opinion, a liberal, who, from hatred to the christian teaching of the decalogue, is eager to fasten a chain on the teaching of Italian, Greek and Latin literature, and prefers rather the barbarizing of his country than its moral dignity, is, without doubt, either a mere animal, or a great rascal.' Then comes an article on the last Babylonian King, and the continuation of the papers on 'The Cell and Life.' More chapters of the journey in India and China, and the usual literary notices and chronicle close the number. The second number for this month contains an article on 'The Reports of an Agreement between the Vatican and the Quirinal;' the continuation of the paper on the state of linguistic study; an article on 'A Golden Work by Cardinal Pecci;' 'The Journey to India and China;' reviews of Italian books, and the contemporary chronicle.

LE LIVRE (May).—In this number bibliophiles will find a highly interesting and valuable notice of a work, lately published by M. Clouard, on the 'Bibliography of the Works of Alfred de Musset.' M. L. Derôme, the writer of the article reproduces, as a *rarissimum*, a song of which M. Clouard seems to have known only two verses. It is the song of Stenio, which appeared in the second edition of George Sand's *Lélia*, but which has dropped out of later reprints, probably owing to the rupture which occurred, about 1834, between the novelist and the poet. As a literary curiosity the 'Inno Ebbrioso' may be worth preserving, but even its force and undoubted poetical merit can scarcely reconcile us to a production absolutely reeking with drunkenness and sensuality. At the age of eighteen Alfred de Musset wrote a translation of de Quincey's *Con-*

fessions of an Opium Eater. Translation is perhaps scarcely the right name, for Musset translates only when he thinks fit. Most of the time he comments, expands, or improvises. As a specimen of these interpolations M. Derôme gives us what has been called the 'Anatomical Dream,' a production in which the morbid imagination of later years already begins to make itself felt.—The studies on 'The Illustrators of Books in the Nineteenth Century' are continued by M. Eug. Forgues who makes Gustave Doré the subject of an article illustrated with several unpublished sketches by the great master. Not the least interesting parts of the article are those where the writer avails himself of the autobiographical notes put at his disposal by a near relative of Doré's. From this we reproduce the passage in which the artist relates his first visit to Paris, and his first steps in the career which was destined to become so brilliant. 'In September 1847,' writes Doré, 'my parents having been called to Paris on urgent business, took me with them. Our stay was intended to last only three weeks, and the idea of going down again into the country, after having seen this centre of light and learning, made me feel very disconsolate. I at once set my mind to the discovery of some means or other of remaining behind, for I had no other wish but that of following the career of an artist, though in this I met with the greatest opposition on the part of my parents. Their intention was that, like my two brothers, I should join the École polytechnique. One day, I happened to pass by Auber and Philippon's shop, in the Place de la Bourse, and, on returning to the hotel, it occurred to me to pencil a few caricatures in the style of those which I had noticed in the window. Taking advantage of my parents' absence, I went and presented these few attempts to the editor. M. Philippon looked at my sketches with attention and kindness, questioned me as to my position, and sent me back to my parents with a letter in which he requested them to call upon him. They did so, and M. Philippon, making use of the most pressing language, and calling to his aid all the arguments that he could think of, overcame my parents' opposition and the dread which they felt at the idea of my becoming an artist. He then persuaded them to leave me in Paris, assuring them that he could make use of my works and remunerate me for them. From that day it was decided that I should follow my taste. But for M. Philippon's kindly initiative (I say kindly, for, at that time, what I turned out was very incorrect and very childish), I should have had to go back and lose several years in the depths of my provincial home.' And so, at the age of fourteen, Doré found a publisher, and one of the first in Paris, the maker of Gavarni, Grandville, and of so many others, the king of caricature, the purveyor of fun and laughter to the capital and the provinces.—The London Letter, which is intended to give French readers correct notions—indeed the notions of an Englishman—on the subject of contemporary literature, is written by Mr. J. Knight. Amongst the works noticed by the reviewer we find: *American Literature: an Historical Sketch.* Mr. Knight concludes it with a hope that his judgment may not become known 'on the other side of the Tweed.' We are happy in being able to frustrate his hope, and we think it but right that Scotsmen in general, and Professor Nichol in particular, should know how greatly they are indebted to Mr. J. Knight. We are the better able to help them to this knowledge, as Mr. Knight's French is edifyingly free from any but English idioms. After introducing the Professor of English at the University of Glasgow as 'a distinguished scholar, an original thinker, and a man of talent,' and allowing that many of his judgments are 'admirable,' the reviewer continues:—'Nevertheless, he has two defects. Although brought up in England he has never made himself completely master of our language, and, for poetry, he has the ear of a Scotchman. I know that Professor Nichol is spoken of as a brilliant writer. But in literature, as in the other branches of art, we are beginning to require a care, a perfection of work, not dreamt of before our time. For my part, I can not accept as a master of the English tongue a writer who, in speaking of two objects, uses, for example, *the one* in opposition to *the other*, without knowing to which of the two, according to the genius of the language, each of these terms is applicable. There are other analogous delicate points concerning which Professor Nichol falls into similar errors. If I were to say that a Scotchman is rarely a good judge of the music of English verse, and that he rarely has an ear capable

of feeling high poetry, I should, probably, draw a whole nestful of hornets about my own ears. I shall, therefore, content myself, dear reader, with whispering to you in confidence that such is my conviction, and I hope that no report of my heresy may reach the other side of the Tweed.'

LE LIVRE (June).—In its sitting of the 12th of March, the municipal Council of the city of Paris authorized the erection of a statue of Alexander Dumas. Two full page engravings representing, respectively, the statue which is to adorn the Place Malesherbes, and the group in basso relievo intended for the pedestal, are the chief attractions in this number. They are doubly interesting, for, as is well known, this monument is the last work undertaken by Gustave Doré.—'Les Protecteurs des Lettres au XIX^e Siècle' opens with a first instalment for the subject of which M. Champfleury has selected an eccentric publisher who, on his visiting card, styled himself Eng. Pick de l'Isère, and emphasized the appellation by the double motto: 'Dieu et l'Empereur,' and 'Je dois tout à Dieu, Rien aux Hommes.'—The labours of the 'Société des Bibliophiles Bretons,' the youngest, but by no means the least important of the associations formed with the view of preserving and publishing literary monuments of local interest, are recorded in an interesting article by M. Olivier de Gourcoff.—This is followed by a translation of a chapter from Petrarch's philosophical work: 'Remedies for Good and Evil Fortune.' This fragment, which the translator, M. Victor Devalay gives under the title 'The Love of Books,' contains curious particulars concerning books before the invention of printing.—M. Emile Colombey's paper 'On the Abuse of Retrospective Love in the Books of a Philosopher' is directed, we presume, against Victor Cousin, the biographer of the celebrated heroine of the Fronde, Madame de Longueville. As the work was published some thirty years ago, it is difficult to understand what, called for this rather spiteful and not very witty criticism.

LE LIVRE (July).—Mr. Ashbee contributes a short notice of the 'Index Society.' The titles of the eleven volumes published by this society since its foundation in 1879, with a few introductory remarks of a very general character, and a brief explanation, sometimes contained in less than two lines, of the object of each index, can scarcely be said to constitute a very interesting article.—The curator of the National Library of Florence, Dr. Guido Biagi, communicates a number of letters written by members of the Bonaparte family, and ranging from 1580 to 1834. This 'Bonapartiana' contains a fac-simile of Jérôme's handwriting. Many of the letters are written in Italian, and no special interest or historical value attaches to any of them. Not the least curious is that which shows us Lœtitia, the Corsican Niobe, signing herself *Madame*, in the old imperial style, long years after death had deprived her of her eagle-eyed son,' as the writer of the article styles him.—M. Achille Duval has discovered 'une petite épave d'un grand poète.' This great poet is Racine, the waif is a copy of very loose verses written as an answer to a still more indecent song composed by Mme de Longueval.—In the London Letter, Mr. J. Knight, who lately communicated to the readers of *Le Livre* such valuable information concerning Scotsmen, now takes the opportunity afforded him by the publication of the 'Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle' to edify them with this judgment: 'One of the most delightful and charming of women was sacrificed to the vanity and self-love of one of the most selfish men that ever existed.' The whole question may now be considered settled beyond the possibility of further controversy.

REVUE PHILOSOPHIQUE (May).—M. Ch. Bénard opens the number with an article in which he examines and analyzes Herr Karl Köstlin's work on *Æsthetics*. The question to which he gives special consideration is whether there is an æsthetic life in the same manner as there is a scientific, a moral, a political, a religious, or an industrial life, that is, a life existing distinctly and independently, and such that it may be looked upon as a special organ in the total organism of individual and general human life. On this point M. Bénard differs from Herr Köstlin, and is of opinion that the German philosopher has failed to establish a new system of æsthetics on the experimental basis of

aesthetic life.—The causes which have given rise to the sentiment of duty are extremely complex and varied. Some are to be looked for in the passions, others belong to the intellectual order, whilst a third group takes up an intermediate position, and seems to stand in equal relation to both intellect and passion. In an article on 'Moral Obligation from the Intellectual Point of View,' M. Paulham deals with the second of these three categories. He does not, indeed, pretend to lay down a complete theory of the formation of the idea of moral obligation. His object is to point out the very important part which is borne by a purely intellectual element, expectation. His principal proposition may be resumed as follows:—1st. Moral obligation, at its origin, is confusedly mixed up, in the human mind, with the determination of phenomena in a vague idea of what a being will do under certain given circumstances. The expectation of a phenomenon, determined by certain associations of ideas, is the intellectual foundation of a belief in moral obligation. It becomes associated with the idea that this phenomenon may possibly not take place. The combination of these two ideas constitutes a kind of inferior phase of the idea of duty. 2d. This obligation was first imposed by man on other beings; it was applied to the objective before it was brought to bear upon the subjective world. 3rd. Moral obligation was applied variously according to the various ideas which men formed of other men, or other spiritual beings, being always determined in its form by the ideal, whatever it may be, coarse or refined, moral or immoral, which is imposed on man by the medium in which he lives, but consisting, in substance, of the influence which the conception of the ideal exercises on the actions of man, and being always finally reducible to the expectation or the vivid representation of certain acts. 4th. Moral law tends to become a natural law.—In this and the following number M. Fonsegrive sets himself the task of proving that 'The Alleged Contradictions of Descartes' are merely apparent, that there is no begging of the question in his famous 'Cogito ergo sum,' and no vicious circle in the argument which he uses to demonstrate the existence of God.—The works of which summaries are given are:—CH. RICHET: *Physiologie des nerfs et des muscles*; VAILLIER: *De l'intention morale*; WALLACE: *Aristotle's Psychology*.

REVUE PHILOSOPHIQUE (June).—M. Alfred Fouillée is again to the fore with a lengthy paper on 'Free Will,' which he now considers in connection with 'future contingencies.' The sub-divisions of the study are:—1st, 'Genesis of the Idea of Contingency and of Liberty in the Individual and the Species;' 2nd, 'Future Contingency and its Alleged Verification in the Equal Chances of Games of Hazard;' 3rd, 'Future Contingency and its Alleged Conciliation with the Laws of Statistics;' 4th, 'Conclusion: The Reaction of the Idea upon the Foreseen Future.'—A short but interesting paper by M. Beaunis, Professor of Physiology at the Medical Faculty of Nancy, examines how far the various sensations may be compared with regard to the time of reaction. He lays down, as the result of his investigation, that if a comparison of the time of reaction of the various sensations is justified as regards sight, bearing, and touch, it cannot be so as regards taste and smell. The essentially variable duration of the first of the eight stages into which he resolves the time of reaction, that is of the period of the excitation of the sensitive apparatus by the exterior agent, precludes, he says, the comparison of taste and smell not only with the other sensations, but also with each other.—In a former essay on 'The History of the Conception of Infinity in the Sixth Century B.C.,' M. Tannery omitted the second Milesian physiologist, Anaximenes. He now devotes an article to him, in which he, in the first place, endeavours to fix the philosopher's *floruit*, and then discusses his system of cosmology, and the influences of which it bears traces as well as the influence which it may have exercised upon Heraclitus and other thinkers.—The 'Revue générale' started in this number is a very acceptable innovation. The present review deals with 'Some Italian Criminalists of the New School.'—Two works by G. H. Schneider, the one on 'The Human Will,' the other on 'The Will of Animals,' and the 'Correspondence between Condorcet and Turgot,' are given in the *Analyses et Comptes rendus*.

REVUE PHILOSOPHIQUE (July).—After having shown, in a former paper, that symphonic music possesses a real power of psychological expression, and that,

when a piece has a certain expression it is impossible to attribute to it a contrary one without changing one or more elements essential to the composition, that is to say, without making it another piece of music, M. Lévêque now endeavours to determine methodically the extent and the limits of this power of expression. He defines the various states of psychic sensitiveness and activity which the composer expresses, which the performer translates, and which the hearer is able to recognize and appreciate. This is the fourth article on 'Musical Aesthetics in France,' and the writer does not appear to have exhausted his subject yet.—M. Fouillée takes up once again 'The Metaphysical Arguments in Favour of Free Will' and, in the present article treats of 'Causality and Liberty.' Empirical causality, causality and quantitative infinity, the attempts to conciliate scientific causality and the conservation of energy with metaphysical contingency, and, lastly, intelligible liberty and intelligible causality, are the points which the writer successively develops.—M. Souriau follows with the first instalment of a study on 'Sensations and Perceptions.'—Steinthal's *System of the Science of Language* is the subject of a careful and detailed analysis. The *Bibliographical Notices* treat of two histories of Greek philosophy, Dr. Schwegler's and Ed. Zeller's more important and complete work.—Professor Park, of Queen's College, Belfast, having communicated to the *Revue Philosophique* the examination papers set in Logic and Metaphysics from 1879 to 1883, has called forth the following opinion, which accompanies a few typical examples of the kind of questions given to candidates: 'The questions which we set in France, for the various examinations are usually much more vague than the questions set by Professor Park. It must be allowed that the English system possesses very great advantages. It allows of a more easy appreciation of the knowledge acquired by the candidates, as well as of their grasp and accuracy of mind. Looked at from this point of view our system is inferior to the English system. But it has, at least in our eyes, one advantage, which, perhaps, compensates all its short-comings. It is more favourable to originality. There is, doubtless, great merit in being able to answer a question, but, in philosophy more particularly, the greatest merit consists in knowing how to set questions. When the subject which is to be treated is indicated in a somewhat vague formula, each one takes it after his own fashion, and, thus, often indicates very clearly by his very choice, the philosophical power of his mind. There are certainly things which we might borrow from our neighbours, but we should be wrong in abandoning our system altogether.—A paragraph informs us that Mr. Herbert Spencer, having already refused, on principle, the title of corresponding member of three foreign Academies, has also declined the title bestowed upon him by the 'Académie des sciences morales et politiques.'

REVUE DE L'HISTOIRE DES RELIGIONS. Janvier-Février, 1883. The first article in this number is by M. H. Gaidoz, and bears the somewhat enigmatical title—'Two Parallels—Rome and Congo.' The two 'parallels' turn out, on examination, to be two ceremonies connected with the religious faith and life of Ancient Rome, which, he says, are found existing, with only some slight differences of detail, among the natives in the district of the Congo. The two rites referred to were in full force prior to the Portuguese settlements at the Congo, and at a time therefore when, so far as is known at least, no intercourse had ever taken place between these native races and those of Latin origin, or those likely to be at all acquainted with ancient Latin usages. They have every appearance, M. Gaidoz thinks, of being independent, but yet are so strikingly similar as to provoke inquiry as to whether they may be both derived from one common, and very ancient source, or are the independent creations of the human mind in the presence of problems or circumstances of a like nature. M. Gaidoz does not attempt to decide this question, but contents himself in this short essay with calling the attention of scholars interested in such matters to the striking resemblance there is between the rites in question. One of them is the practice in Lower Guinea of driving nails into the fetish gods when an individual or a tribe wishes to avert some threatened calamity, be delivered from some existing disease or pestilence, bring to a successful issue some undertaking, or gain some great good, anxiously desired. The custom as it exists in the Congo district is

here described and contrasted with the similar practice existing in the south provinces of Europe under the old Roman religion, traces of which, survivals in fact, are found in these provinces yet in the superstitious rites of the peasantry. M. Gaidoz gives a very short but interesting account of this custom of driving nails and pins into sacred trees, walls, and images under the old Pagan régime, and details the instances where it is still found existing. He connects with this ancient religious practice, the *clarus annalis*, the nail which was driven into the wall of the temple of Jupiter Olympus Maximus every year, with much religious pomp, on the Ides of September, correcting Livy's idea as to its origin, which writers of Roman Antiquities have, until recently, unhesitatingly adopted. The other 'parallel' is not so clear or striking as the one just treated of. It seems that among the native tribes of the Congo their high priest or chief fetish-man, who is regarded as the sole possessor of power over the forces of nature, and the dispenser, consequently, of all earthly blessings, enters on office in a very peculiar way. When old age, or disease which threatens to prove fatal, afflicts the existing fetish-man, he selects one of his disciples or ministers to succeed him. This nominee then proceeds, in the presence of the tribe summoned for the occasion, and with much pomp of ceremony, to strangle or club to death the aged or infirm priest, receiving his last breath into his own mouth or nostrils, which last breath conveys to him the power possessed by his predecessor, and therefore enables him to continue to his tribe all the blessings hitherto enjoyed by them. This mode of priestly succession is compared by M. Gaidoz to that followed in the case of the priests of the Temple of *Diana Nemorensis*, at the foot of the Alban Hill near Rome. The high priest here also killed his predecessor, and entered on office by virtue of the deed; but the differences here are greater, we think, than the resemblance is. The priest here was not chosen by his predecessor, nor was the murder of the existing priest a public and legitimate act. The priest was himself in this case a refugee from justice, and lived daily and hourly in fear of some other refugee falling on him treacherously, and by his murder succeeding to his unenviable and perilous post. M. Gaidoz' paper is, however, full of valuable information on a subject which, though obscure, is interesting and attractive. A further instalment of the French translation of Professor H. Kern's recent work on Buddhism is here given, which carries us to the end of Book I. The editor, M. Maurice Vernes, continues and completes his sketch of the Political and Religious 'Origins' of the Israelitic people, discussing here at considerable length the question as to the original form and substance of the Decalogue, as also the origin and nature of Prophecy. He defends the idea, much debated in critical circles at present, that the original decalogue is to be found in substance, not in Exodus xx. and Deuteronomy v., but in Exodus xxxiv., and belongs to the early years of the Monarchy. In the brief space at our disposal here, it would be impossible for us to summarise his argument, and we must therefore simply refer the curious reader to the article itself. It will be found, we think, to contain about all that can be said for the notion advocated, and may be commended for its thoroughness, terseness, and logical precision. The other articles are a brief and not very appreciative notice of a 'Buddhist Catechism,' the work of an American, Mr. Henry Alcott; and a chapter from a book on the Prehistoric Antiquity of Man, by M. Gabriel de Martillet, which is in the press. The chapter given (only in substance, however, and with comments) is that on the Prehistoric Religion of Man. The usual summaries follow of Transactions of Learned Societies, and of note-worthy articles in French *Revues*, bearing on Religious History; and the *Chronique* for the two months.

REVUE DE L'HISTOIRE DES RELIGIONS (Mars-Avril, 1883).—This number contains nothing that calls for elaborate notice here. Like too many of its predecessors of late, it has 'been long in coming to the birth,' but, unlike most of its predecessors, it brings little to reward its readers for their patient waiting and cherished expectations. It opens with a short paper from the pen of M. Michel Nicolas, a continuation of his 'Studies on Philo of Alexandria.' He treats here of Philo's ideas of Inspiration and his manner of accounting for the anthropomorphic and anthropopathic representations of Deity in the books of

the Old Testament. This is followed by another of Professor A. Kuenen's 'Hibbert Lectures,' the fourth lecture, and it occupies most of this number. The whole work has been translated, however, into French, and issued by the publisher of the *Revue* in Paris. It looks here therefore somewhat like 'padding.' 'The Evangelic Legends among the Mussulmans' consists of a series of extracts from the Koran and other Islamic sources, bringing together and exhibiting the references made in these works to the Gospel narratives, and to some of the personages appearing there. This is contributed by M. J. A. Decourdemanche. M. A. Bouché-Leclercq follows with the first part of a translation of the 'Sibylline Oracles' into French prose. This translation embraces Introduction and Book I. The 'Chronique' for the two months consists of a few notes about recent publications of an antiquarian interest, and large extracts from them.

REVUE DES DEUX-MONDES (June 1 and 15).—M. le Comte d'Haussonville opens the first number with an article on 'Official Colonization in Algeria.' He does not pretend to solve the varied and complex difficulties which the subject presents. His aim is merely to recall the successive attempts at colonization which have been made with a view to utilizing the incomparable resources of the magnificent province which France possesses in North Africa. His hope is that, guided by the experience of former years, the ministers, who are preparing expeditions for the purpose of constructing a railway in Congo, of civilizing the Hovas, of bringing the Annamites to their right senses, and protecting French interests in Tonquin, and who, it is said, are also about to make another attempt at official colonization in Algeria, may understand, not merely what it is expedient to do, but also, and more particularly, what it is important to leave undone.—In a former essay on 'Social Psychology,' M. Caro examined what is styled psychological heredity. He endeavoured to prove that the action of heredity, though plainly discernible both in merely organic and in mixed phenomena, decreases as we rise in the hierarchy of the faculties, and tends to disappear altogether in the functions which are characteristics of man, such as pure thought, art, and morality. In a second study the author takes in hand the various phenomena of individual and social life, and shows to what extent they are influenced and modified by human personality, without which heredity could neither surely produce its happiest results, nor transmit them with impunity. The conclusions to which he is led are, that, in the psychological order, heredity is an influence, not a fatality. It penetrates to the very core of our interior life by means of our instincts, by the habits of our race, as well as by physiological impulses and inclinations, but save in morbid cases, it does not sway the moral personality to the extent of depriving it of all power over itself and of creating irresponsibility.—This year's 'Salon' has no great reason to be proud of the judgment which M. Henry Houssaye passes on it. There are, he says, but few first-rate productions, in either painting or sculpture, the masters do not surpass their former efforts, indeed, a few fall short of them; as for the artists of the younger generation, they are clearly becoming weaker and weaker.—For the prosecution of classical and archaeological studies France has three establishments one in Cairo, another in Athens, and a third in Rome. The work done by the last of these is set forth, by M. A. Geffray in an article, which no classical student can read without interest, and, we may add, without envy.—M. G. Valbert has drawn a very readable article from two narratives of arctic exploration, 'Schwatzka's Search, Sledging in the Arctic in Quest of the Franklin Records,' and 'Als Eskimo, unter den Eskimos,' by Lieutenant Schwatzka's fellow-traveller, Herr Heinrich Klutschak.—There is an article on 'The American Vine,' contributed by M^{me}. la duchesse de Fitz-James, and the beginning of a tale, 'Tête Folle,' of which M. Th. Bentzon is the author, in addition to the usual political, financial, and bibliographical matter.—After the continuation of 'Tête Folle,' which heads the second number, M. Gaston Boissier contributes the first of a series of 'Archæological Rambles.' Whoever has read Horace must have experienced a wish to become better acquainted with the celebrated country-house where the poet was so happy. Is it possible to determine where it stood? If we are unable to discover any traces of his villa itself, can we not, at least, determine the charm-

ing site which he has so often described, the high mountains which sheltered his goats from the summer heat, the fountain near which he loved to recline, sheltered from the noon-day sun, the woods, the streams, the valleys, the whole landscape on which his eyes delighted to rest during the greater and best part of his life? All for whom these questions have any interest will find them answered in M. Boissier's scholarly and interesting article.—The presidency of General Jackson marks an epoch in the history of the United States. Of his many biographies, the best known and the most authoritative is T. Parton's 'Life of A. Jackson.' Within the last few months it has been supplemented by W. G. Sumner's, 'Andrew Jackson as a Public Man.' From these two works M. Albert Gigot has drawn materials for a sketch of the American President's 'Youth and Military Life.'—To what extent adulteration is carried on in Paris, and how far the lately established 'Municipal Laboratory' is able to cope with it may be learned from M. Denys Cochin, whose revelations are of a nature to inspire terror to any but the most resolute stomachs.

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES (July 1 and 15).—In the first of the two numbers for this month we have no less than five continuations. Ouida's 'Les Fresques' is concluded, and M. Th. Bentzon's 'Tête Folle' advances another stage. Another instalment of M. Maxime Die Camp's, 'La Charité privée à Paris' acquaints us with the self-denying labours of the Hospitalers of Saint John of God, brethren of an order founded by John Ciudad, whom his church honours as a saint and whom alienists look upon as a madman, but who, whether saint or madman, is one of those heroes of whom humanity may justly be proud.—After M. le comte d'Haussonville, who is still busy with 'Official Colonization in Algeria,' and M. A. Geffray, who considers the French school in Rome in connection with mediæval archæology, M. Eugène-Melchior de Vogüé recalls the dramatic incidents which marked the death of the Empress Catherine II., and the accession of Paul I.—The article to which, under present circumstances, we turn to with most interest, is that in which M. G. Valbert treats of 'Madagascar and the English Missionaries.' Here is a specimen of what the writer has to say concerning the latter and their influence: 'The government of the Hovas is, at present, an absolute monarchy tempered by the omnipotence of a prime minister, who obliges his sovereign to do and say nothing but what he wishes her to do and say, but in his turn, this prime minister does not take the liberty of formulating a wish until he has consulted those who have converted him. His queen is the prisoner of a prisoner. . . . The English missionaries have persuaded Queen Ranavalona's prime minister that since the disasters which it has experienced France is no longer France, that, like the lion burthened with years, it is reduced to bewailing its former power, that, in its weakness it no longer feels insults, and that if it did take it into its head to get angry, England and Germany would lend its opponent a helping hand.' The Hovas themselves are described as being no fools. 'We shall do well,' concludes the writer, 'to be moderate in our terms, but also to be very attentive. The diplomatist whose duty it will be to negotiate peace with the Hovas, will be bound to examine very closely the text of the treaty proposed by them, to weigh the meaning of every expression, to turn each word over and over, as he would turn one of their mats, to make sure that there is nothing rotten beneath.'

DE GIDS (June).—In an article on the present tendency of Dutch literature, Mr. Max Rooses deplores the small scale of literary effort in that country. The writers of poetry do not attempt considerable poems, but produce trifles in large quantities; they polish small objects rather than handle great ones. The writers of fiction also content themselves mostly with short tales, they deal with fragments of life, and take great pains to write in dialect and to render costumes and manners with accuracy. The *Gids* generally contains a story, which is frequently in dialect, scarcely accessible to the reader in another country. These tales are often very slight, and some of the writers are capable of better work. The strictures of Mr. Rooses are true not only of Holland: the whole circumstances of the age seem to favour photographic reproduction rather than large works of imagination; and examples of this might be cited from the modern literature of every country.

The July and August *Gids* contain a study of Shakespeare's *Othello*, by Mr.

M. P. de Haan, which some of our Shakespeare societies would do well to get translated. Some students consider, with Brabantio and Iago, that the union of Othello and Desdemona is physically unnatural and could not be lasting: others that their characters could not match, Desdemona's nature being too slight and butterfly-like to pair with Othello's force and fire. On either of these views the marriage was fated from the first to end in tragedy. Mr. de Haan holds that the marriage was a true one, and would have been happy but for the intervention of Iago. Iago, not Othello, is the impersonation of jealousy. Othello's fault is too great confidence in his friend, too great simplicity. The case is one of moral poisoning, the hero's noble nature being quite perverted from its own instincts.

The August GIDS contains a fine article by Von Hamel on François Villon, student, housebreaker, and poet, as Mr. R. W. Stevenson calls him. The paper is by way of notice of a critical essay on the works of Villon, by Dr. W. Bijvanck, a Dutch scholar, who writes in French. This is the first critical edition of Villon, though a complete critical edition of the poems is also promised by Auguste Longnon, who wrote the biography noticed by Mr. Stevenson. Von Hamel has much more respect for his subject than our own lively essayist, who sneers alike at his studies, his love, and his remorse, and makes him out so thorough a blackguard that he becomes quite uninteresting, and his possession of genius incomprehensible. With the Dutch writer he appears a much more human and intelligible personage, the root of his genius is said to be his frankness and straightforwardness, and he receives credit for studies which were not quite a sham, and for affection which were not disreputable.

In the June and July VRAGEN, Dr. F. A. C. Von Hoff, writes on over-pressure in the upper schools of Holland. The difficulty arising from the multiplication of subjects in modern education, is felt not only in Holland: modern culture is so many-sided, there are so many branches of knowledge which must be at least touched upon in a good education; and the powers of children to assimilate are so limited. The cause of the evil must be looked for mainly in better, that is, simpler and clearer teaching. Latin must be taught—it is essential to a liberal education; but instead of teaching the Greek language an attempt is to be made to give those children who are not destined for a learned profession some acquaintance with the Greek spirit and Greek life and art by oral communication merely. The suggestion appears to us a very sensible one.

THE THEOLOGISCH TIJDSCHRIFT for May contains an essay by Dr. Blom on the Apocalypse. He holds the unity of its authorship against some recent critics, and sees in the John, who is said to be the writer, so great a resemblance to the Apostle John in the synoptic gospel, that the work ought to be ascribed to the Apostle, there being no conclusive argument to shew that this was impossible. The Island of Patmos is a literary fiction. The writer was in Patmos as a watch-tower to receive his visions, as Daniel received his at Susa or on the Hiddekel, places he had not really visited. Dr. Blom thinks the polemic against Paul unmistakable, and finds it not only in the Epistles to the Churches, as most modern critics do, but in other parts of the book as well. The false prophet of chapter xiii., 7, is St. Paul, his concessions to the Gentiles being a flattering of the ungodly world-power.

In the July TIJDSCHRIFT, Dr. Bruining has an elaborate article on Von Hartmann's new philosophy of religion, 'The Religion of the Spirit.' The criticism is for the most part unfavourable. 'In spite of Von Hartmann's merits as a philosopher,' it concludes, 'and his conspicuous services to the science of religion, I can see in this work nothing but an attempt to fuse two things into one, Hegelianism and the views on religion and science which have come to the front since Hegel's day. The attempt has not been sufficiently considered and prepared, and is in plain terms a failure. Into Hegel's theory there has been imported a foreign element, which destroys its unity without supplying what it wanted.' Professor Robertson Smith's lectures on the Bible in the Jewish Church have been translated into Dutch, not at Leiden by one of the moderns, but at Utrecht under the auspices of the Evangelical School there, who see in the work a pillar of orthodoxy. A notice of the translation, by Dr. Oort, expresses high appreciation of Prof. Smith as an able and independent critic, but fails to understand,

as many in this country find it hard to understand, the curious combination of strict scientific criticism and belief in the Bible as a supernatural, and therefore miraculous, revelation. Scientific criticism proceeds on the assumption, Dr O. holds, that the Bible is to be explored and treated in the same way as any other book. But Professor Smith holds that the Bible is not like any other book: that it is a supernatural revelation. There is an interesting notice of two prize essays on the Christian idea of marriage and its modern assailants, who appear to be more numerous than we could have conceived. But we notice that Darwin and Sir J. Lubbock figure in their ranks, and we feel somewhat reassured.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- Leaves from the Diary of Henry Greville. Edited by the Viscountess Enfield. London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1883.
- Natural Law in the Spiritual World. By H. Drummond, F.R.S.E., &c. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1883.
- The Bible: Its Revelation, Inspiration, and Evidence. By the Rev. J. Robson, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1883.
- The Church History of Scotland. By John Cunningham, D.D., 2 vols. Edinburgh: J. Thin, 1882.
- Loys, Lord Beresford, and other tales. By the author of 'Molly Bawn,' &c., 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1883.
- Does Science Aid Faith? By the Right Rev. H. Cotterill, D.D., &c.. Bishop of Edinburgh. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1883.
- Sunday for our Little Ones. By the Rev. E. M. Geldart, M.A. London: W. Swan & Sonnenschein & Co., 1883.
- The York Buildings Company. By David Murray, M.A., &c. Glasgow: J. Maclehose & Sons, 1883.
- North Country Folk Poems. By W. C. Smith. Same Publishers.
- Creed and Conduct. By R. H. Story, D.D. Same Publishers.
- Lectures on Medical Nursing. By J. W. Anderson, M.D. Same Publishers.
- Spero and Celestus: an Allegory. By W. Naismith. Paisley: A. Gardner.
- Mine own People. By Louisa M. Gray. Edin.: Macniven & Wallace, 1883.
- Dynamic Sociology. By Lester F. Ward, A.M., 2 vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1883.
- Lorenz Oken. A biographical sketch. By Alex. Ecker; translated with notes by Alf. Tulk. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., 1883.
- Selections from Wordsworth. By J. S. Fletcher. London: A. Gardner.
- Journey to Parnassus: by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, translated by Jas. Y. Gibson. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., 1883.
- Poems. By J. B. Selkirk. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., 1883.
- Life of Alexander Fleming, D.D. By J. Fleming, M.A. Paisley: A. Gardner.
- Inchbracken. By Robert Cleland. Glasgow: Wilson & McCormick, 1883.
- The Relation of Christianity to Civil Society. By S. S. Harris, D.D., &c. London: J. Nisbet & Co., 1883. (Bohlen Lecture, 1882).
- The Westminster Assembly: Its History and Standards. By A. F. Mitchell, D.D., &c. London: J. Nisbet & Co., 1883. (Baird Lecture, 1882).
- Scottish Characteristics. By Paxton Hood. London: Hodder & Stoughton.
- The Principles of Logic. By F. H. Bradley, L.L.D., &c. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co., 1883.
- Selections from the Writings of Archbishop Leighton. Edited with Memoir and Notes. By W. Blair, D.D. Edinburgh: Macniven & Wallace, 1883.
- The Temptation of Christ. By G. S. Barrett, B.A. Same Publishers.
- Scottish Divines, 1505-1872. St. Giles' Lectures; 3rd series. Same Publishers.
- The Yetholm History of the Gipsies. By J. Lucas. Kelsø: J. & J. H. Rutherford, 1882.
- David Blythe, the Gipsy King. By Charles Stuart, M.D. Same Publishers.
- The Life of John Duncan, Scotch Weaver and Botanist. By W. Jolly, F.R.S.E., &c. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co, 1883.



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STATEMENT for Year ending December 31st, 1881:—

|                                                                                                 |            |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------|
| ACCUMULATED FUNDS ... ..                                                                        | £9,689,905 |
| SURPLUS over all Liabilities and Reserve Fund, according to Valuation made by the Government... | £2,023,372 |
| INCOME FOR YEAR ... ..                                                                          | £2,126,120 |

CHIEF OFFICE FOR GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND:—

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To illustrate the practical working of Policies on this plan, the following is one of the Estimates which have been prepared. The age 38, at entry, at which the calculations are made, is selected as being a fair average age, but the results at different ages of entry, and in different classes of Policies, must necessarily vary from these given, in the same manner that Dividends and Reserves on different classes of Policies vary.

## Estimate—ORDINARY LIFE—20-Year Tontine Policy.

EXAMPLE:—A person aged 38, by the Annual Payment of £29. 3s. od., can secure for 20 years an Insurance of £1000, and then either—

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\* See full particulars, see Prospectus.

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Besides combining the Tontine System with all the ordinary plans of Insurance, the Company issues Policies on the following plans, with Annual Bonuses:—

### ORDINARY LIFE.

On this plan the Premiums are continued during the life-time of the Assured, and the amount is payable at death.

### LIMITED PAYMENT LIFE BY 10, 15, OR 20 YEARS' PAYMENTS.

On these plans the Premiums cease in 10, 15, or 20 years (according to plan originally chosen), the amounts being payable at death.

These Policies continue to participate in Bonuses after all the Premiums have been paid on them.

### ENDOWMENT BY 10, 15, OR 20 YEARS' PAYMENTS.

On these plans the amounts are payable in 10, 15, or 20 years (according to plan originally chosen) to Assured, or in case of previous death to their representatives.

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This Company grants ANNUITIES upon more favourable rates than British Companies, the higher rate of interest obtained by their investments in first-class American securities enabling them to do so.

### COMPARATIVE ANNUITY RATES.

The following is a comparison of the New York Company's Rates, and the average Rates of British Companies:

| CASH REQUIRED TO PURCHASE ANNUITY OF £100. |    |    |                  | AGES.        |              |            |
|--------------------------------------------|----|----|------------------|--------------|--------------|------------|
|                                            |    |    |                  | 50           | 60           | 70         |
| 37 British Companies                       | .. | .. | Males            | £ 1,365 18 0 | £ 1,063 4 0  | £ 746 14 0 |
| 24 Do. do.                                 | .. | .. | Females          | £ 1,500 12 0 | £ 1,237 15 0 | £ 840 19 0 |
| NEW YORK COMPANY                           | .. | .. | Males or Females | £ 1,165 10 0 | £ 907 6 0    | £ 637 14 0 |

\*. ANNUITIES PAID TO FEMALES SAME AS MALES.

## ACTUAL RESULTS.

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The following Policies were taken out at the London Office of the NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY (76 & 77, CHEAPSIDE), in 1871 and 1872, and having matured, have all recently been paid :—

Plan—TEN-YEAR ENDOWMENT—10-Year Tontine.

POLICY NO.	POLICY AMOUNT.	ANNUAL PREMIUM.	TOTAL AMOUNT PAID BY COMPANY.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
84,353	250 0 0	26 8 9	349 9 8
84,355	250 0 0	26 18 3	351 13 5
84,358	250 0 0	26 7 8	349 3 10
86,278	1,000 0 0	105 15 0	1,384 9 9
86,632	1,000 0 0	105 2 2	1,380 19 4
86,848	1,000 0 0	106 0 0	1,385 18 3

NOTE.—The Policy-holder in each case was insured against death during the ten years, and being alive at the maturity of the Policy, HE RECEIVED AN AMOUNT EQUIVALENT TO THE REFUND OF ALL HE HAD INVESTED, WITH NEARLY FIVE PER CENT. COMPOUND INTEREST; THUS HIS INSURANCE DURING THE TEN YEARS COST HIM NOTHING.

POLICIES taken on 15 and 20-Year Endowment—Tontine Periods, are much more remunerative, as the following examples from the Company's estimated results show :—

FIFTEEN-YEAR ENDOWMENT—15-Year Tontine Policy.

EXAMPLE :—A person aged 38, by the Annual Payment of £68. 14s. 7d., can secure for 15 Years an Insurance of £1000, and then either :—

A Cash Payment of	£1,688 0 0
An Annuity for Life of	154 19 0
Or a Paid-up Policy for	3,625 0 0*

TWENTY-YEAR ENDOWMENT—20-Year Tontine Policy.

EXAMPLE :—A person aged 38, by the Annual Payment of £50. 17s. 2d., can secure for 20 Years an Insurance of £1000, and then either—

A Cash Payment of	£2,183 0 0
An Annuity for Life of	230 6 0
Or a Paid-up Policy for	4,115 0 0*

* For full particulars, see Prospectus.

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1st.—It is a **MUTUAL COMPANY, AND NO LIABILITY IS INCURRED BY ITS POLICY-HOLDERS.** There are no Shareholders. Profits are divided *annually* among the Policy Holders only.

2nd.—**BONUSES** can be used to reduce the second and following years' premiums, or to increase the amount of Policy.

3rd.—**BONUSES** are *larger* and Rates on the average *lower* than British Companies, owing to the higher rate of interest obtained on first-class investments in America.

4th.—**SECURITY** is guaranteed by the stringent laws of New York, which restrict Investments, fix a positive standard of solvency, and require a rigid annual examination to be made by the Government Insurance Department.

5th.—**STABILITY.** The accumulated funds, December 31st, 1881, were **£9,686,965** securely invested. The annual income is **£2,126,120**, and the surplus over reserve and all liabilities **£2,023,572**.

6th.—The **TONTINE POLICIES** of this Company practically combine Life Insurance with an Investment or an Annuity, at the ordinary premium rates.

7th.—**ANNUITIES.** The amounts required to purchase these, average 20 per cent. less than those charged by British Companies.—The rates for females are the same as for males.

8th.—**LIBERALITY** in payment of claims. The records of the Company show many acknowledgments of its liberality and fairness in the payment of claims. There are no Shareholders, and consequently no interests adverse to those of the Policy Holders.

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For Assurance of £100 at Death—With Profits.

Age next Birth-day.	Annual Premium payable during Life.	ANNUAL PREMIUM LIMITED TO			Single Payment.	Age next Birth-day.
		Twenty-one Payments.	Fourteen Payments.	Seven Payments.		
21	£1 16 3	£2 10 6	£3 4 11	£5 10 0	£33 0 1	21
22	1 16 9	2 11 0	3 5 9	5 11 0	33 5 10	22
23	1 17 2	2 11 6	3 6 5	5 12 1	33 11 2	23
24	1 17 7	2 12 1	3 6 11	5 13 1	33 16 5	24
25	1 18 0	2 12 6	3 7 3	5 14 0	34 2 0	25
26	1 18 6	2 13 0	3 7 10	5 14 11	34 8 2	26
27	1 19 2	2 13 6	3 8 7	5 15 11	34 16 1	27
28	1 19 11	2 14 1	3 9 5	5 17 1	35 4 9	28
29	2 0 8	2 14 8	3 10 3	5 18 6	35 14 1	29
*30	2 1 6	2 15 4	3 11 2	6 0 1	36 4 0	*30
31	2 2 6	2 16 2	3 12 1	6 1 10	36 14 6	31
32	2 3 5	2 17 1	3 13 2	6 3 8	37 5 5	32
33	2 4 6	2 18 0	3 14 4	6 5 8	37 17 2	33
34	2 5 7	2 19 0	3 15 7	6 7 9	38 9 7	34
35	2 6 10	3 0 2	3 16 11	6 10 0	39 2 9	35
36	2 8 2	3 1 5	3 18 4	6 12 5	39 16 11	36
37	2 9 8	3 2 9	3 19 11	6 15 0	40 12 4	37
38	2 11 3	3 4 3	4 1 7	6 17 9	41 8 7	38
39	2 12 11	3 5 9	4 3 4	7 0 7	42 5 4	39
†40	2 14 9	3 7 5	4 5 2	7 3 7	43 2 10	†40
41	2 16 8	3 9 2	4 7 2	7 6 8	44 0 11	41
42	2 18 8	3 11 1	4 9 3	7 9 11	44 19 9	42
43	3 0 11	3 13 1	4 11 5	7 13 3	45 19 3	43
44	3 3 3	3 15 3	4 13 10	7 16 9	46 19 7	44
45	3 5 9	3 17 6	4 16 4	8 0 7	48 0 8	45
46	3 8 5	4 0 0	4 19 1	8 4 6	49 2 8	46
47	3 11 5	4 2 8	5 2 1	8 8 8	50 5 8	47
48	3 14 8	4 5 8	5 5 4	8 13 2	51 9 7	48
49	3 18 1	4 8 9	5 8 9	8 17 11	52 14 1	49
50	4 1 7	4 12 1	5 12 4	9 2 10	53 19 3	50
51	4 5 6	4 15 5	5 16 1	9 7 11	55 4 5	51
52	4 9 5	4 18 10	5 19 11	9 13 1	56 9 0	52
53	4 13 5	5 2 5	6 3 11	9 18 3	57 12 11	53
54	4 17 8	5 6 3	6 8 0	10 3 5	58 17 2	54
55	5 1 11	5 10 2	6 12 1	10 8 6	60 0 8	55
56	5 6 4	6 14 9	10 13 7	61 3 8	56
57	5 10 11	6 18 8	10 18 8	62 6 5	57
58	5 15 9	7 2 9	11 3 10	63 9 4	58
59	6 1 0	7 7 3	11 9 0	64 12 11	59
60	6 6 7	7 12 0	11 14 3	65 16 9	60

* EXAMPLE.—A person of 30 may thus secure £1000 at Death, by a yearly payment, *during life*, of £20:15s. This Premium, if paid to any other of the Scottish Mutual Offices, would secure £800 only, instead of £1000.

[These Rates are about as low as the usual *non-participating* Rates of other Offices, which are expected to yield a surplus and whose sufficiency is *guaranteed*.]

OR, if unwilling to burden himself with payments during his whole life, he may secure the same sum of £1000 by *twenty-one* yearly payments of £27:13:4—*being thus free of payment after age 50*.

† At age 40 the Premium *ceasing at age 60*, is for £1000, £33:14:2, being about the same as most Offices require to be paid during the whole term of life.

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EARLY PAYMENT OF CLAIMS.

A RESOLUTION WAS SUBMITTED, PROVIDING FOR PAYMENT OF CLAIMS
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MR. FERGUSON OF KINMUNDY, in moving the adoption of the Report, said :—

THE REPORT just read is probably one of the most satisfactory ever presented to you. That in an ordinary year, without the stimulus of an approaching division of profits, or any other specialty to influence business, the large sum of One Million and Thirty Thousand Pounds of New Assurances should have been effected, is a matter for mutual congratulation. The business, moreover, has been of a safe and genuine character, being entirely a Home Business, and not inflated by large sums on one life, requiring to be reassured in other Offices; and it has been obtained at an exceptionally low cost, as I shall afterwards show. Another feature worthy of note is the moderate ratio of Claims to the Annual Income. These Claims were in all £235,213, against an income of £601,072, evidently a very low proportion.

This statement leads up to a third, and that the most gratifying feature of the Report, namely, that the Realised Funds of the Institution have been increased in the year by the large sum of £307,797,—their amount at the close of 1882 being £4,509,728, against subsisting Assurances of £15,350,000. This, I need not say, is a very high proportion, particularly for an Office in which, from the low average age of the members, the premiums will continue to be drawn for a lengthened period.

It was stated in last year's Report that "the Accumulated Fund has increased in the last nine years by upwards of Two Millions," and that "of

MR. JOHN COWAN, Beeslack, seconded the motion; which, with the Resolution for earlier Payment of Claims, was unanimously approved of.

THE ADVANTAGES which this Institution offers to Assurers are :—

A greatly larger original Assurance—generally as much as £1200 or £1250 for the Premium charged elsewhere (with Profits) for £1000 only.

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THE
SCOTTISH REVIEW.

No. 4.

SEPTEMBER,

1883.

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